THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Richard Washburn Child—F. Britten Austin—Oma Almona Davies—John Scarry
Harry Leon Wilson—Elizabeth Alexander—George Pattullo—Thomas McMorrow

"GETTING UP STEAM"

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The boss didn't fail to notice it. That is why, one day, when someone had to make a hurry call on a customer, he picked—no, not Sam—but dashing, self-confident, dressy Bill Bold. And, of course, as in all stories, Bill came back with a nice order.

Sam was shocked! He knew Bill didn't know much. But Bill didn't know it—he felt sure of himself.

And why not? Didn't he look as well-groomed as the man he talked to? Wasn't he right on the same plane with him as far as appearances went? The customer couldn't tell by his looks that he was only a struggling young beginner—so he didn't talk like one. He got away with it, because he looked the part.

From this point on, the story reads as usual. Bill is by now the star salesman—and Sam is still saving his money. Also, his trousers are still shiny. Once in a while, he gets out to see a client. But, while his head is full of cold, hard, selling facts when he leaves the office, when he gets into the customer's presence, all he can think of are his baggy knees, his bulging collar. When he leaves, the customer phones back and asks what they mean by sending out the office boy.

We said this story had no moral, but Bill says it has. He says "sterling worth" may be a fine thing, but appearances count—and that people take you at your own valuation.

The Bill Bolds of this world are partial to the clothes that *keep* you looking your best. The more than fifty refinements of tailoring that go into their making insure good appearance. What clothes are these? Adler Collegians, of course.

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George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

Churchill Williams, F. S. Bigelow,
A. W. Neall, Thomas B. Costain,
Thomas L. Masson.
Associate Editors

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THE MAKING OF MUSSOLINI

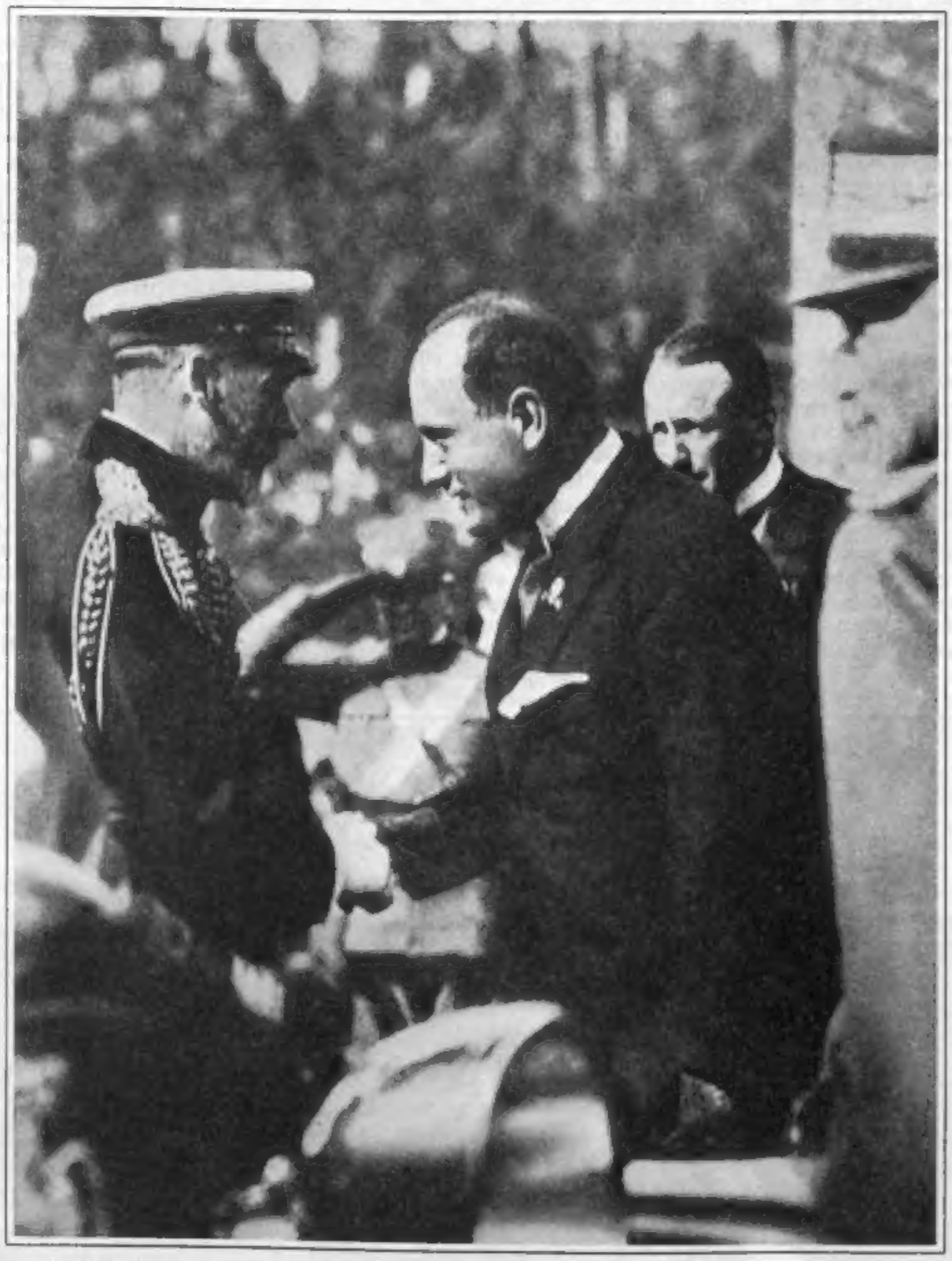
By Richard Washburn Child

WHEN I sailed up the magnificent Bay of Naples in July, 1921, I was the American ambassador to old Italy. When, after nearly three years, I looked back at the Italian Alps on my way home, I was still the ambassador to Italy, but it was a new Italy.

This is merely an untinted fact. There is a new Italy, and some say that Mussolini made it.

I will put it the other way around—there was a new Italy hidden in the hearts and spirit of the people, and it made Mussolini.

At the start let us admit then there are some persons who are saying—usually from a long distance—that Mussolini is a *poseur* and therefore ridiculous; or that he is a swashbuckler in international affairs and therefore is dangerous; and that he is a dictator; and that, together with the philosophy of Fascism, he is a stone wall in front of that thing some persons call the onward march of world democracy and internationalism. Some of this may be so; I pass it by. Endless sensational nonsense has been printed about the Italian revolution. Other national forces in Europe, which have been accustomed to bully and wheedle a weak Italy, have not been pleased and have filled us, here at home, with anti-Mussolini propaganda. We have read hundreds of yards of disparaging editorials written often by men whose knowledge of Italy is of the illustrated post-card type. We have heard from those who are shocked by the word revolution, as if the Magna Charta of England, the Republic of France and the American nation were not founded on revolution.



Mussolini Greeting King George V of England on His Majesty's Visit to the King of Italy

Sound Doctrine

NOT long ago a great American publicist asked me with a pained voice and a sorrowful shake of his head, "When do you hope for a restoration of democracy in Italy?"

I said, "I haven't the slightest idea in these days what the word democracy means to any other man; but if you mean by it an effective expression of the will and willingness of a people, you may be sure there is more in Italy today than there has been since the days of Crispi. Democracy is not created by the label."

It is necessary to say with candor that those who do not like what has gone on in Italy may find some acts to criticize. We have in America a fairly sizable group, still fondly hoping for a world democracy, as they call it, which is to benefit humanity and fabricate a guaranty of peace by imaginary blessings and benevolence flowing down from international bodies to nations, from nations to the people. It irritates this group to face the sterner fact and doctrine that the source of all government power or merit or restraint can only arise from the worth, the discipline, the hard work, the justice and the desire for peace of the people themselves. I believe in this latter doctrine, and so does Mussolini. I do not expect those whose ideas appear to Mussolini to be founded upon a marriage of ignorance with sentimentality to accept Mussolini as a milestone in history without criticism.

There are those others who label themselves liberals or claim managing directorate of Christian morals, who believe that government is such a beneficent device that the more we have of it, and the more centralized it is, the better. It is only fair for me, when I write of Mussolini, to state that I believe in the least possible government consistent with the regulation of the rights of men; that I believe in decentralization; that I detest papa-and-mamma legislation—and so does Mussolini. Mussolini does not believe in the magic of engrossed resolutions, the power of documents, eternal conferences and government by talk. Those who do will seek and no doubt find weak places in Mussolini and Italian Fascism. No doubt these weak places exist. They do—this side of heaven.

Facing the Facts

BUT, after all, there is a fact to deal with—Italy is a new Italy. A strong national spirit? Certainly; and admirable, too, if one believes that service, courage, loyalty are worth anything. We say "Half Europe's troubles would end if the peoples would balance their budgets and go back to work." Italy has gone to work and is balancing her budget. The whole aspect of life has changed. Apprehension and weariness have made way for hope and vigor. I saw Italy as she was; I saw a revolution burst under my nose and into the face of a world which has not yet half understood its significance, and—there is a new Italy.

Whatever anyone believes about theories of social organization, or government, a fact is a fact. I want to make this plain. Even a communist would be foolish to deny a fact; it would be like a man saying "I am against Thursday. I detest Thursday and consider Thursday an evil which should be abolished. Indeed, I am willing to admit that Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday exist; but I assert that there is no such thing as Thursday because I do not wish to believe in Thursday."

When Italy was staggering around after the war the only thing which worked was Italian Fascism and Mussolini; to deny it is like denying the existence of the first day in every month.

Mussolini once said to me:

"In the face of national disruption, I had to face the truth that facts are not the children of theories; they are the mothers of theories. Prospectus and talk are nothing; only performance is worth anything, and that is the reason I demanded time to show performance. The name of any machinery to do a task counts for little. It is no worse or better for being called liberal or reactionary, republic, democracy or commune. The time comes when humanity wants the work done. Then the only piece of machinery worth anything is the one which will go."

When I arrived in Italy the state was on the edge of a breakdown. I do not mean that there was any weakness in the monarchy. The King of Italy is a constitutional monarch. There are a few republicans in Italy. Political campaigns in Italy are always

attended by the paintbrush, and all over Italy one could see scrawled on the foundation stones of buildings and in the villages on masonry walls "Viva Lenine," and occasionally "Viva Republica"; but the spring rains and the summer sun of 1921 had begun to wash out the soviet slogans and the republican smears were too far apart to indicate much zeal. The Italian temperament, individualistic and optimistic, had grown weary of hope from communism, and the Italian mind had never accepted much serious thought of overturning the monarchy.

When I speak of the weakness of the state I do not mean weakness in the House of Savoy. The King is the object of affection in Italy, not of resentment. He does not furnish the slightest obstacle to representative government; he stands ready to help representative government whenever he can. He does help it, and no one knows this better than Mussolini. I have had conversational contacts with half a dozen monarchs in the last ten years and I know of none wiser than this representative of the oldest and perhaps the most virile of the reigning houses. He is a small man, impressive only because of his character, his learning and his kindliness. He can discuss problems of American politics with more facts popping out and more humorous insight than many of our own supposedly competent statesmen. For instance, he knows full well that in America, as everywhere, we are all trying to deal in too large units; he knows that it is difficult and perhaps absurd to try "running traffic from City Hall"; he knows that men are best understood and governed by the local microscope rather than through the centralized telescope.

I have never seen a man who had more politeness from heart outward.

"For goodness sake, put on your hat!" he said to me on a ceremonial occasion when I was talking to him in the Piazza Venezia, before half a hundred thousand troops and people. "The wind is damp and yesterday I heard you were ill."

An Overbenevolent State

ON ANOTHER occasion he spent half a morning to show me particular specimens in his great coin collection in which I had indicated an interest. He is not a showy king. He likes to leave the brilliant settings which are provided for him, in the midst of which he appears like a lonely shut-off man, and go back to his villa in the trees and to his family. He might say to himself at the end of the day, "Well, now that my day's work at being King is done, I can go home." He is that kind of man; useful, indispensable to Italy.

The state, which I say was breaking down, was the constitutional state; the state which was going to pieces was the state of ministries and parliaments which had so much democracy that it had no leadership. It was so liberal a state that it could not maintain order; it was so benevolent that it allowed everyone to come on the pay roll; it was so peace-loving and gentle that it did not always know whether to court-martial its agents of public safety, such as the carabinieri or the regia guardia, because they shot at a mob or because they did not shoot at a mob.

I used to hear the alarming reports of conditions from my colleagues of the diplomatic corps in Rome, and titled Roman ladies next to whom I sat at official dinners, would whisper fearful prospects into my ear. I suppose that I should have been filled with alarm had I not learned early in my observation that modern Italy and the Italians never quite reach a spill; they sometimes go up on two wheels, but they come down on four again. In any other country there might have been the devil to pay with a state—successive ministers and parliaments—as weak as it was; and there is a compliment, indeed, to the Italians that almost orderly life, and fairly good-natured life, went on. Looking back at it, I sometimes believe that it was the hidden currents of national spirit, afterward bursting out into Fascism, which made the mill wheel of life keep turning.

In every direction, however, one could see the signs of feebleness. It was not unpleasant perhaps for an ambassador, who could go through police barriers by virtue of the number plate on his motor, or who listened to the cornet of cavalry trumpeting to disperse an assembly below the window of a palace, which also was almost a fortress; or who could watch the various processions go marching around, ending up at last at a ministry or at Montecitorio, where the Chamber sits, to plead or storm for some hand-out from whatever confused, perplexed and wholly liberal, peace-loving government was then in office.

It must have been depressing to any patriotic Italian. It must have been intolerable. Indeed, Mussolini is the direct issue out of the spirit which could no longer tolerate drifting toward nowhere.

I used to go up to the embassy in the morning, and sometimes the streets would be quieter than usual. A strike—a strike of the street-railway men. It was to protest against something. A carabiniere had struck a dock worker in Genoa. At noon the cars, for some mysterious reason, would be running again; perhaps an apology had been offered.

The major-domo in the Orsini Palace would say, "Your excellency, very sorry—no bread this morning. There is a general strike." A week later the railroad official at the ticket gate would say, "*Tròppo peccato!*"—the train will not go after all. A strike, "*Ecco!*" Ordinary persons lost their trunks.

The railways paid out 3000 per cent more for such losses in 1920 than before the war. The streets during daylight working hours were filled with strollers; they were government clerks from the overstuffed bureaucracy. The government was absorbing the malcontents by the easy process of giving them employment. In villages, idlers hung about the fountains and told one another their complaints. Army uniforms were hissed.

Beggars—the professional lot—loosed from Naples, were on the streets of other cities with their whine, "*Soldi! Soldi!*" Out in the country one would find military barriers against traffic in certain districts. Those who liked sensational ideas could see in this the nine thousand and fifty-first beginning of a red uprising. Next day the roads would be open. In all probability some communist syndic or mayor had claimed that some member of the Popular or Catholic Party had called him a capitalist; in all probability he had telegraphed a demand for Rome to take the military away, and the government—the liberal, democratic, obliging state—had done the favor!

If anyone went to the government and asked why nothing was done to stop this or that, the officials of a ministry which was tottering on the verge of an adverse vote in parliament would say, "Patience! We are working to accomplish all that you desire, but we must not offend other elements. *Paziènza!*" It became the watchword of government—*Paziènza*. The government intended always to show its strong hand—tomorrow. All authority in Italy had good intentions, and there were many good men in office; but it is difficult to get good men into the portfolios of a government which expects every day to be turned out by a parliament so liberal that it contains every shade of passing opinion and consists of shifting elements which have no cause in common except that of combining to overturn a ministry. To be an official of this kind is to be a man always looking over his shoulder to see that no one is displeased.

Communistic Unrest

A REPUBLIC like ours in America may escape this devastating influence, but a democracy as distinguished from a republic will usually go slipping into a jelly of inactivity and feebleness just because officials and representatives will be at the mercy of endless factions, each expressing conflicting demands, each becoming more and more vociferous for special privilege, for their own group salvation, all at one time requiring to be pleased.

One frank member of the ministry which preceded Mussolini said to me:

"Let us not forget that Italy in the last sixty-odd years has had sixty-eight ministries. Therefore if a government official requires anything of the people he should be timid; when he has anything to give away let him be brave as a lion. Such, my friend, is the unforeseen reality of the workings of pure democracy."

During the first year that I was in Italy there were on trial for murder in a state court in America two Italians who happened to belong to the I. W. W. Anarchists, socialists and communists in Italy and the radical groups in other countries were whipped up by their leaders to create an anti-American agitation on the ground that capitalistic interests were railroading two innocent men to execution, not because they were guilty but merely because they were radicals. The secret police of Europe believed all this agitation was one of the means used by leaders of the reds to stir up the jaded zeal for communism; but there is no doubt that the rank and file of the radicals were sincere in their belief that terrible injustice was threatened to their so-called comrades and brothers. This made the situation dangerous. Cranks and zealots do shoot and stab. One succeeded in sending a bomb into Ambassador Herrick's residence in Paris and it blew a hole in the ambassador's valet.

I used to get dozens of letters a day threatening to make me the eye for an eye and the tooth for a tooth. These Black Hand letters promised kidnaping of my little girls and my wife, bombs, stilettos and sulphuric acid for me. My military attaché begged me to enter the embassy offices by the back door, not to walk alone; to have my chauffeur take off his livery and otherwise conceal or protect myself. Of course I refused.

I cannot say that it was comfortable, especially when the Italian officials began to send word that they would do the best they could to protect me, when military guards stood at the door of the offices and at the gates of the Orsini Palace.

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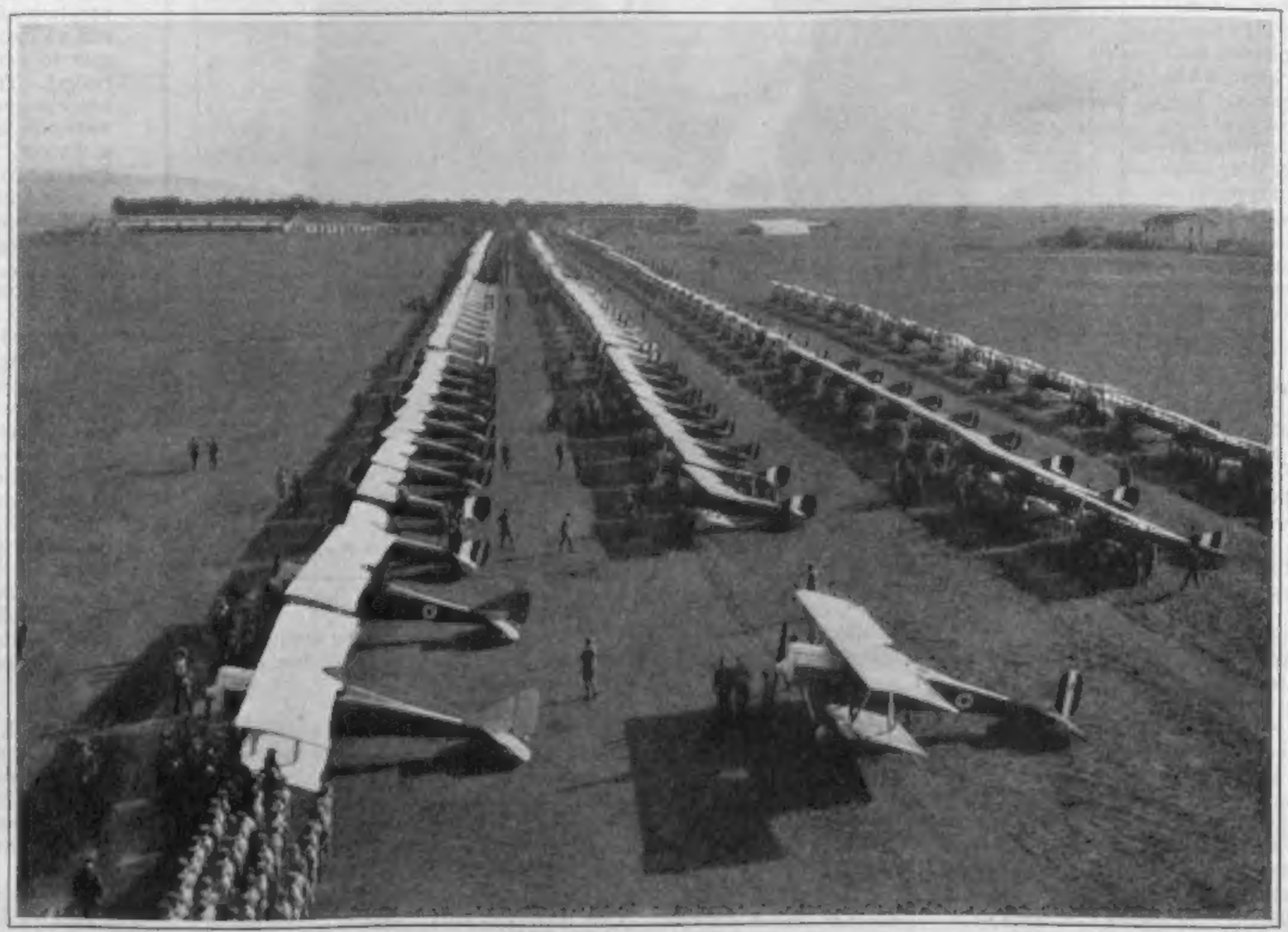

A Part of the New Air Force of Italy Which Was Built by Mussolini

The British Revolution Marks Time—By F. Britten Austin

MAY DAY—"the festival of Labour in every country of the modern world," as the British Labor Government's own daily newspaper characterized it in its trumpet call to the British masses to demonstrate their enthusiasm for revolution; a double-space central column headed with the Marxian-communist battle cry, "Workers unite!"—should have startled the comfortably phlegmatic British bourgeois with a revelation of the class-conscious British proletariat's ecstatic delight in its socialist government and its irresistible determination to urge that government forward from triumph to triumph, from its present discreet pink to the final reddest red, until the peaceful and idyllic conditions of Soviet Russia shall be definitely reproduced in poor old backward England.

PHOTO, BY PACIFIC AND ATLANTIC PHOTOS, INC., N. Y. C.

Labor Held Its Own Once More When It Paraded Through London to Hyde Park for Its Annual May Day Parade

"In Russia, of course, it is a public holiday," that British Government's only newspaper says rhapsodically in its summons to be up and doing, "and all day the streets of the great cities will be thronged by the workers, marching under their red banners, demonstrating at their meetings, or enjoying the loveliness of the Russian spring.

"Here in Great Britain we are holding our first May Day under a Labour Government. And the celebration of that great achievement will necessarily be the prime feature of our demonstrations.

"For London workers today the watchword should be: 'To Hyde Park!' There, from twelve platforms, the message of hope and solidarity will be proclaimed.

"The London Coöperative Society, the Labour Borough Councils, Trades Councils, Trades Unions and youth organisations will all take part."

The May Day Fizzle

"FROM the Embankment, at 1:30, the procession will march through the West End of London to the great gathering ground, made memorable in the history of the British workers' struggle for freedom. At three the actual meeting will begin. So rally to the Park!"

After complaining that, after all, cessation of work is not simultaneous all over the country, the manifesto goes on:

"Surely the time has come to get rid of the muddle, and to make the May Day of British Labour, under a Labour Government, what it should be—a general holiday which would be in a very real sense the Holy Day of the Workers' Cause."

You can imagine the obese British capitalists of the socialist cartoons cowering in dismay behind their moneybags as that formidably exultant procession, majestic in its incomputable numbers, marched through the West End, its revolutionary songs a fierce tocsin of doom to the old order of society.

That, of course, is what ought to have happened if the socialist intelligentzia is right in its reading of the psychology of the British working masses. But it did not happen.

Even according to the naturally optimistic estimate of the Labor Party's newspaper, the united efforts of the London Coöperative Society, the Labor Borough Councils, trades councils, trades-unions and youth organizations succeeded in persuading only 6000 out of London's 7,500,000 to celebrate publicly the "great achievement" of a Labor Government, and to listen to that message, proclaimed from those twelve platforms, of hope and solidarity. The other newspapers, cynically more accurate perhaps, were practically unanimous in halving that estimate. They calculated about 3000 demonstrators, of which the youth organizations, giving little school children a holiday and a joy ride in wagons liberally plastered with Long Live Soviet Russia, provided the greatest percentage. The great mass of Londoners remained totally unaware that anything unusual was occurring. In Glasgow, where the official socialists had fixed Sunday, May fourth, as their day of rejoicing, the communists defiantly insisted on May first for a display of their strength in that stronghold of red revolution. They managed to collect a crowd of about 300. Elsewhere over the country the British workingman simply went to work, stubbornly indifferent to this great revolutionary "festival of Labour in every country of the modern world."

This little incident is significant. Once more the long-haired, wild-eyed, fervent revolutionary theorizers had occasion to bemoan the British workingman's lack of the real revolutionary spirit. Foreign, many of them, and those who are native-born soaked through and through with the morbid Russian literature which reflects their own decadent instability, they persist in regarding the British workingman as psychologically identical with the crassly ignorant, mystically crazed Russian proletariat. He isn't. He will strike for better wages, for better conditions of labor; his trades-union may be stampeded, as it often is, into strikes that are economically futile by a politically active communist minority, and he will loyally obey the orders of his executive. But he will not waste a day, voluntarily, to march in procession and listen to a bunch of patently half-mad orators vociferating prophecies of the downfall of society. He hates to feel himself looking ridiculous just as much as does the undemonstrative product of the English university and the West End club; it is a fundamental trait in the English character, irrespective of class. And for revolution *qua* revolution he does not care a fig.

Significant also is another point arising from the May Day manifesto of the Labor Party's official newspaper.

"For the first time in British history," that publication says, "it is the Prime Minister himself who, in a special message to the Daily Herald, speaks to the workers on May Day, calling on them for fresh efforts in the cause of Labour throughout the world."

Here is that message, printed in conspicuous heavy type halfway down the appeal to demonstrate in Hyde Park:

"THE PREMIER'S MESSAGE

"May Day for the Workers throughout the world brings every year its message of hope and comradeship. This year that message has a new note of promise.

"In the beauty of the earth, decking itself anew with leaf and flower, we see the symbol of our own movement. Within our common life there are forces creating for all a world at once beautiful and happy. May Day calls to the people of every nation to unite and be glad that there is promise in life.

"This year still, May Day finds millions at home and abroad, unhappy, oppressed, fearful. At the same time it brings with it the knowledge that just as the hard crust of the earth is breaking and opening, so, throughout the world the old evil order of distrust, hate, division, is being attacked by the new order of coöperation and service. The truth of Socialism is waking the peoples to a realisation that it is their common work that can alone enrich and glorify the earth.

"At home, Labour is facing the task of government, and despite all the difficulties, is steadfastly applying itself to bringing peace and stability to a warring and a tottering world.

"Everywhere the people are coming into their own. Labour is marching on.

"British Labour sends fraternal greetings to its friends and comrades the world over. It hopes that what it is doing here may give heart to its kindred movements elsewhere, and that before long the powers of oppression and dictatorship will give place to those of democracy and freedom.

"J. RAMSAY MACDONALD."

Grandiloquent Prophecy

POETIC? Very; but also a trifle vague; not quite the inspiring battle cry that will fire the proletariat millions to a wild final mass attack upon a doomed order of society; not quite the kind of thing expected by the 2,000,000 or so of really convinced and fiercely ardent British socialists from the leader for whom the wild men of the Clyde deposed the moderate Mr. Clynes.

The Communist Review for May, in an article which incidentally displayed an almost uncanny gift of prophecy—it was published in the last week of April—summed up the dissatisfaction of the intransigent spirits, communists or merely socialists who mean business; including, it may be remarked, those who edit the Labor Government's own newspaper.

"Within the time of most of us now living," it says, with a pleasing candor, "the occupants of the Governmental Benches were, almost to a man, heralds and leaders

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IN RIGHT

By THOMAS McMORROW

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

Mr. Russell Let Go Entirely of the Tail of His Argument. "I'm Not Hesitating!" He Roared. "And Any Time I Want Any Help From You, Young Man, I'll Ask for It!"

WITH his square shoulders thrown back and his square chin raised, Thomas Jefferson Gentry was sitting bolt upright and rigidly immobile in a chair beside a table. His arms were folded across his broad chest; his bright blue eyes were fastened in a piercing gaze on the blank wall before him. He was alone in the small room, but now he bowed with stern grace, rose to his full height of six feet and two inches and said in a deep voice, "Are you done? Are you completely done?"

He strode toward the wall and stopped abruptly when within three feet of it. He glanced along it, that way and this way, threw out his arms in an embracing gesture and said, "Gentlemen of the jury!"

"Bow to the judge," said the wall in a muffled voice.

Thomas Jefferson turned and bowed to the window, and then resumed. "Would that I had the golden eloquence of my silvery-tongued adversary wherewith to address you. Would that I had his facile command of rhetoric wherewith to present a very poor case in flowery language. But, gentlemen of the jury, I have not got any golden eloquence or any flowery language, and I am just a plain man like any one of you with no advantages of education. This reminds me of a story which is, no doubt, familiar to one and all of you."

His booming voice halted. He looked down and pulled his large and chiseled nose. His large and well-cut mouth opened awry and he stared vacantly at the wall. He shrugged his shoulders, returned to the table, looked at a manuscript, cried boomingly, "An Irishman just landed in this country," stared hard at the writing and then tossed it aside. "Why in blazes don't you write the speech so a fellow can read it?" he complained to the wall.

"Why in blazes don't a fellow write h's own speech?" retorted the wall with spirit.

Thomas Jefferson walked to the wall, opened a door in it and looked in at the managing clerk for the well-known New York law firm of Russell & Barker.

"I'm not kicking on the speech, Bill," he said conciliatingly. "It's a darned good speech. Only, I'd like to leave out that part that says how I was selling papers when my adversary was going to college. Could we leave that out? You know I went to college myself, six years of it, and I never earned a red cent until I was twenty-three years old."

"You got to get the sympathy of the jury, Gentry," said Bill, looking at his helper through double-thick lenses. "You ought to make a good trial lawyer, and I don't know how you keep losing our cases right along; you've got the size and the looks and the voice. About the only thing you haven't got is ——" He pursed his lips and looked down at the pleading he was preparing. He was a skinny little man with a big head and a piping voice.

"Luck," said Thomas Jefferson mournfully, thinking he was supplying the word. "I don't seem to have any luck. You said yourself that nobody can tell what a jury is going to do, didn't you, Bill? Then how do you explain the way they always give me the short end? Darned hard luck. But say, Bill, I'm dead sure to win the next case. Gosh, after losing eleven cases in a row, the chances next time will be end on in my favor. Hey, Bill?"

His voice had been deep and musical, but freighted with tragedy when he began; his lips had trembled and his heavy brows had drawn together in pain and his fine eyes were brooding; but he ended on a soaring note and he clapped the managing clerk on the shoulder.

"The matter with me, Bill," he cried, "is that I don't let myself go and express myself! Gosh, Bill, if I would just let myself go, I bet I would have those blamed juries eating out of my hand. I feel what I want to say, but I don't know how to say it, see? It's all in here, if I only had the words. And then I get mad. I get mad when some little shrimp of a lawyer keeps sticking in objections and balling me all up; and then I'm liable to get rattled and tell him I'll meet him outside. Well, naturally, I wouldn't hit the little sawed-off-and-hammered-down, but he gets nervous and tells the judge what it was I said."

He lit a cigarette, sat down and stared with wide eyes at the thin air beyond the end of his nose. He whistled a bar of popular music, repeating it over and over.

"Here," said the managing clerk sharply, handing him a legal paper. "Get up a general denial in answer to that, right away. I want it served today. It's very important."

"I'll do that, Bill," said Thomas Jefferson, springing up and seizing the tendered paper; he strode from the room. He was about to enter the stenographers' room to dictate the pleading when he saw the two office boys floundering together on the floor of the hall.

"Here, here!" he said authoritatively. "What does this nonsense mean?"

"Harry was trying to do a hand stand and he fell down," one of the boys explained as they jumped up.

"Harry might find something better to do. We have no time here for that sort of thing. You never see me doing a hand stand, do you?"

"No, sir!" The boys laughed heartily, meaning to flatter Mr. Gentry.

"Not that I couldn't if I wanted to," he grumbled, still holding the knob of the door before him.

Mr. Russell, returning from a late luncheon, walked to his office door. He was an old man with three chins and a big stomach, and was senior member of a prominent law firm, and he walked with a consequential air. He opened

the door, looked into the hall and then drew back in alarm. He was looking at his Mr. Gentry doing a hand stand on a chair and doing it so well that the two office boys were incoherent with admiration.

"Gracious!" gasped Mr. Russell, blinking at the polished shoes which topped off the inverted law clerk. And then he threw up an arm and dodged in affright as the shoes shot down toward him in a graceful arc.

"Just showing the boys," mumbled Thomas Jefferson, standing before his employer.

Mr. Russell coughed explosively, choked on a word and stamped into his private room.

A buzzer sounded almost instantly, and one of the boys followed Mr. Russell. He came out again quickly and called "Mr. Gentry!"

Thomas Jefferson entered, pulled down his jacket, passed a hand over his brown and curly head and said in a careful voice, "You sent for me, sir?"

"An idea has just occurred to me, Mr. Gentry," said his employer, lying back in his swivel chair and looking faint. "An idea that is illuminating. When you made your written application for a clerkship here you mentioned, under the head of Scholastic Honors, that you had taken the gold medal for general proficiency in the Frankfort Gymnasium. Were you ever in Frankfort, Germany?"

"No, sir. I meant the high-school gym in Frankfort, Ohio."

"Precisely," said Mr. Russell in a whispering voice. "And probably you do not even know that a preparatory school in Germany is called a gymnasium. The mistake is mine, Mr. Gentry. I concluded hastily that you had been educated abroad; it never occurred to me that an intelligent being would consider himself eligible to a clerkship in an office of our standing because he was proficient in standing on his hands and waving his legs on high. We are the first firm that has had the privilege of your services, are we not?"

"I wouldn't call it a privilege, Mr. Russell," said Thomas Jefferson modestly. "Pshaw, I don't deserve any credit for doing my best, do I? Yes, this is the first law firm I've been with. But it won't be the last, Mr. Russell."

"I am quite sure of that," said Mr. Russell. "You were taken on here to try our smaller cases, our municipal-court cases. I was favorably impressed by your appearance and thought that you would gain experience rapidly and prove your fitness for more important work. I didn't think that you belonged in the municipal courts."

"You were quite right, Mr. Russell," said Thomas Jefferson. "Do you know, I don't think either that I belong in the municipal courts. They're not suited to my—well, to my genius, so to speak. I don't want to brag, Mr. Russell, but after a man has lost eleven cases straight it is pretty good proof that he doesn't belong in the municipal courts. What work are you thinking of giving me now, Mr. Russell?"

His employer lit a cigar and puffed it in silence. "Have you ever thought of going into business for yourself, Mr. Gentry?"

"Oh, I will some day, I guess."

"Don't procrastinate," said Mr. Russell, pointing an admonishing finger. "There's no time like the present! Start out for yourself next Saturday at twelve noon sharp. As proof of good will, the firm will pay you one week's salary in advance."

"But, Mr. Russell ——"

"That's all. Good day, Mr. Gentry."

Thomas Jefferson told the managing clerk about it. "He's a very observing man, Mr. Russell is. Gosh, I didn't think he'd been noticing me at all, but he had been, all right. He said to me, 'Mr. Gentry, you're wasting time around here. You should go out for yourself.' Yes, sir, he must have had his eye on me."

He stopped abruptly; his mobile face expressed doubt. And then he laughed. The managing clerk asked him what was funny. "Do you know, Bill," chuckled Thomas Jefferson, "it has just occurred to me—if it was anybody else, I should have said that Mr. Russell was firing him!"

"If it was anybody else," muttered the managing clerk, "you wouldn't have had to say it to him; he'd have known it."

"What's that, Bill? Oh, yes; certainly. Do you know, Bill, Mr. Russell is a hard man to talk to. I appreciate ever so much the interest he took in me, but I do wish he had given me a chance to discuss the matter at more length. I guess he forgets that it isn't so easy for a fellow to start for himself in the law business. Oh, I'll get along first rate, but if it was anybody else, I mean. And I liked this office too, Bill; there's an awful nice crowd here."

He opened the Law Journal and turned to the Help Wanted column. He picked up the telephone and called a number. His telephone voice was orotund and his delivery was leisurely.

"Is this the Tromper Collection Agency, please? . . . Let me have Mr. Tromper. . . . Pardon? . . . No, no, my dear madam, I wish to speak to Mr. Tromper himself. . . . This is the office of Russell & Barker, Mr. Gentry speaking. . . . Mr. Tromper? . . . This is—ah—Thomas Jefferson Gentry speaking. . . . Pardon? . . . Russell & Barker, yes. Trial attorney for Russell & Barker. You advertise for the services of an attorney, Mr. Tromper. I dare say you are not aware that I am about to sever my connection with this firm and go out for myself. . . . Pardon? . . . No, I've sent out no announcements as yet. Possibly you will wish me to handle your court work, Mr. Tromper. Shall we make an appointment to discuss the matter? . . . Pardon? . . . Oh, I understand all that, Mr. Tromper; I understand that your cases involve only small sums of money. Suppose I call around immediately? . . . Yes, wait for me."

He replaced the receiver softly and sat with his hand resting on the hook and his chin resting on his chest. The managing clerk had many times heard and seen Mr. Russell telephoning, and he recognized the excellent likeness; he snorted when Thomas Jefferson lifted to him the counterpart of Mr. Russell's musing gaze. Thomas Jefferson grinned self-consciously. *(Continued on Page 48)*

"What Do You Want Me to Do With Judge Barclay, Tom?" "I Don't Want You to Do Anything With Him!"

ADVENTURES IN GEOGRAPHY

By HARRY LEON WILSON

DOWN a London street in early war time comes an Australian soldier leading his regimental mascot, a stalwart kangaroo. From citizens along the way he receives much not unwelcome notice. One accosts him:

"I say, mate, what's he?"

THE SOLDIER: Him, silly! Don't you read the papers? He's an Australian, he is.

CITIZEN *(half impressed, but cautious)*: Garn! Him an Austrylian!

THE SOLDIER: That's right; a regular 100-per-cent native Australian.

CITIZEN *(wholly impressed, but still cautious)*: My word! Queer-lookin' cove, ain't he?

THE SOLDIER: Not queer, he ain't. He's a bit of all right. Not queer for a native Australian.

CITIZEN *(no longer cautious)*: Blyme! A native Austrylian! *(He surveys the mascot with reluctant admiration, then with sudden proud humility.)* You know, my sister out there married one of those.

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On the Home Stretch, Melbourne Cup Race, Flemington, Australia. Above—The Famous Circular Quay of Sydney

The Mysterious Continent

A FAIR story as they went in those days, the point of it here being that, in the opinion of Australians, not so many English knew so very much better until Australia had sent them some of the rudest, roughest, most brutal fighting men that ever annoyed an enemy, together with £240,000,000 of war and peace loans, which was a lot of money to come from an island 12,000 miles from civilization. A further and better point is that run-of-the-mill Americans even now know but little more of that far island than the self-fancied brother-in-law of the mascot kangaroo. A canvass of the good ship So-and-So elicited the following reactions of eight such to the word Australia:

A large island in the Pacific, two weeks west of Tahiti because the folder says so. Inhabited by convicts, degraded natives and a handful of whites who have sent us a swimming stroke and a ballot form. Boomerangs, bandicoots, eucalyptus, the duck-billed platypus, bushrangers, socialistic dementia. Good rabbit shooting. Used much in fiction. People flee to the bush of Australia and change their names, appearing in London years later with vast fortunes to clear up or further complicate mystery stories. When the writer of a mystery story has puzzled even himself as to who committed the murder, he simply convicts in the last chapter a heavily bearded person from Australia whom neither he nor the reader ever suspected of existing until that moment.

Of course these run-of-the-mill Americans were presently ashamed of themselves. They were glad Australians wouldn't suspect how little they had known of Australia. They continued to be ashamed even after it became apparent that run-of-the-mill Australians considered California to be a large city of the United States and were inclined, for reasons never ascertained, to call it New California. Some weeks later, it is true, they were a tiny bit cheered. On another ship they steamed interminably along the East Coast of Australia, and one of them, surveying the strange land, remarked to an Australian beside him that it was like the Western Coast of America, being bleak and rugged, with few harbors. The Australian addressed was a lawyer of middle age, and he showed polite interest. So our Western coast had few harbors. Yes, very different from our Eastern coast. The Australian was still interested.

"Ah, your Eastern coast has more harbors than your Western?"

"Yes, many more."

"And are there settlements along it?"

That helped, but it hadn't happened at the time investigation was under way back on the other ship. Here it was soon found that Australia takes up more room on the map than had been supposed; that it is more than three-fourths the area of Europe proved astounding. It then came out that Australia is larger than the United States, and that was shocking. It is still suspected by more than one of the investigators that a mistake must have been made in the surveys. Being, however, undoubtedly a large island as islands go, it was quickly guessed that it must contain more people than had been supposed and that its chief settlements must be rather more than villages.

Again actual figures proved a shock, for an apparently authentic document credited Sydney with 1,000,000 population, Melbourne with almost as many, and gave half a dozen other towns a quite preposterous rating. The six state capitals alone, it was found, mustered something more than 2,500,000; and of course there would be other towns of size to make the urban count, by all laws of growth, something like 6,000,000. And if Australia had 6,000,000 people in its cities, how many would it have outside? Estimates were ready. Expert opinion—even a real-estate man from Los Angeles, California—agreed that there was indicated for Australia a population of from 25,000,000 to 30,000,000 souls or people or whatever they might prove to be. Many expressions of astonishment ensued.

Incredible Beasts

THEN one investigator discovered a returning Australian and summoned him to testify. He was a big-clip sheepman from out back, heavy-boned and well-meated, as most Australians were later found to be. He wore a roomy suit of homespun, his face was weathered to one tint of reddish brown, and under questioning he pulled nervously at the pendent tips of a graying mustache. An examiner told of our discovery that Australia had at least 6,000,000 people in cities and towns, and of our wish to know the grand all-Australian total. The witness meekly said it was 6,000,000—at least they were within cooey of 6,000,000. And how, it was sharply demanded, could this be when there were at least 6,000,000 in the towns? Well, there weren't that many in towns; as a matter of fact, there weren't many towns. There might be 3,000,000 in towns; indeed, the towns had about 63 per cent of the total, the rest being scattered about, just here and there.

Confusion overwhelmed the investigators. Australia was known to be the home of certain incredible beasts; it was now seen that the anomaly should be numbered among them, outranking even the duck-billed platypus. And how could it be, they asked with one voice. The sheepman replied that one worker out on the land could and did support five people in the town; the land was that rich, you tickled it and it laughed with food and precious metals.

"Within cooey of 6,000,000," he said; and then proudly—"And Australia's all white."

The investigators were aghast, but Australia was bigger than the well-known United States, so one of them recovered the wit to retort, "Your Australia isn't white—it's merely empty." When certain applause had died he became inquisitorial with a rigid finger. "And why is your big land empty if it's so rich? If a mere tickle makes it laugh abundance, why haven't you more millions? Why don't you draw a few settlers?"

"That," said the Australian, squirming a bit, "is another matter." And the ship plowed on.

More was happily known about New Zealand. Its lakes, its alpine heights, glaciers, geysers and gifted natives seem to have been better advertised than Australia. Yet New Zealand proved to be farther from home than one had supposed, for a United States gold note offered in payment of a luncheon bill at the Wellington Hotel was rewarded with a mere blank look of rejection. A form of money generally recognized as such is preferred. The situation was saved by another voyager who had found Australian money on the boat. The hotel accepted the Australian money—at a discount of one shilling to the pound. Then the United States notes were taken to a large and impressive marble bank for exchange. The bank took but an academic interest in them. They were handsome notes—a number of the staff were called to admire the design—and very probably in some parts of the world had a money value. But of course here —— More New Zealand money was obtained, at the handsome discount, for Australian money.

Aboriginal Tribesmen Welcoming the Prince of Wales. This Dramatic Posture is Assumed, According to the Rite of the Tribe, in Greeting Distinguished Strangers

Sydney's Jewel of a Harbor

IN AUSTRALIA later some of the left-over New Zealand notes were exchanged for Australian, again at the discount of a shilling a pound. Problem: If a man with £1000 traveled between Sydney and Wellington and exchanged at the hotels of each country the money of the other, how many trips could he take before his arrest for vagrancy? In what part of the world could less value be obtained for this sum? But no matter. Let us be on to solve, if may be, the mystery of Australia with its area greater than ours and its population about that of greater New York. It is still four days west of New Zealand, and perhaps this immense distance explains the unneighborly depreciation of each other's money. As to this, the ship's purser is charmingly neutral. He merely insists upon a full five dollars for a pound sterling in either currency.

Anyway, over a sea that has lost all its Polynesian girlishness, we make Sydney Harbor. We shall hear much of this. No met townsman but will at once ask, trying for nonchalance, "And what do you think of our harbor?" Babies lisp it and children shout it in the street. It is probably a college yell, possibly a church yell, and certainly the official town yell. So thus early it is best to say that Sydney Harbor is even more than a bit of all right, with any amount of closet room. A great hand of clear water broadens from a slender wrist and stretches many fingers inland. It is more harbor—there is 170 miles of shore line—than any city could need; but after dock requirements for the world's shipping are met, the surplus makes an effective frontage for parks and homes that slope their lawns to it, mile upon green mile. And it is a clean harbor, its water of Mediterranean blue. One gathers that if a ship captain, accustomed to common harbors, should dump oil or refuse there, all Sydney would rise and the offender be shot informally, without even a moment's wait for sunrise.

This jewel of a harbor properly acknowledged, we may now debark at anomalous Sydney. One had pictured the town. Knowing the frontier, the out back of saltbush and mulga, to lie just beyond the city limits, one prefigured a magnified Cheyenne of 1870; at the most, a magnified Denver of 1890; a proper frontier town, eloquent of the cattle and sheep and mines that gave it birth so lately. Yet here was a rushing and substantial metropolis, with a center of granite skyscrapers and a border of conservative Old World structures to give it airs of British solidity with their toned reddish browns and their safe-and-sane lines—at first glance New York with a Liverpool trimming. Later, one is reminded more of smaller San Francisco on its own steeper hills, not only by the tonic air and the clean glitter of the buildings but by the people.

The investigators feel instantly at home with Sydney's entire 1,000,000, for they are all in the streets going somewhere in a hurry. Just at present they are being painfully taught—for a reason never learned—to pass one another on the right. Vehicular traffic still goes to the left, but on sidewalks police are stationed to direct unceasing throngs in the new way. The result is a milling in which it is early discovered that the Sydney elbow is composed of something unyielding; lignite, from the feel. But the 500,000 pedestrians—Sydney's other half are in the motor cars and trams and trucks that fill the streets from curb to curb—are entirely good-natured in these goring collisions.

They are big creatures, ruddy of face, with the outdoor look in their eyes, and one sees that they are willing to be companionable after the pleasant manner of our own West. Not here is the rawly suspicious aloofness of New York crowds. Where the New Yorker has learned to tether the humble garbage can and the basement doormat by stout chains and a padlock to his dwelling, it seems clear that the burghers of Sydney retire to their sleeping-put verandas so they have nicknamed them—with never a fear for these minor valuables.

Clews in the Daily Press

IN THIS pleasant, homelike city bustle one forgets at first that outside the city gates—say, as far as from Forty-second Street to Coogan's Bluff—the Wild West begins, the cattle country of early Wyoming; and then, but a few miles beyond, the American wilderness that Daniel Webster called worthless and Lewis and Clark explored. For a moment the puzzle has been forgotten. We must now seek for clews, and why not in the daily press? Here is a conservative sheet, heavily British, solidly typed, with items of any possible human interest keyed down to the passionless level of an inventory and cunningly secreted among yards of stuff that didn't have to be keyed down; the sort of paper that very old gentlemen select to fall asleep with in the club library. And here is another, a mushroom of a day's growth, but giving promise, for somehow its publisher seems to have evolved the novel theory that a newspaper may be made interesting.

As the two schools of journalism are inevitably waging a bitter quarrel, one need only find out the nature of this to have clews in plenty.

Here is the new paper hurling at the old paper a foul epithet—Little Australian. We stalk that clew and discover that they are divided on a question of colonial policy; specifically on questions of primary production and manufactures. "England," says a new sheet—in what the old sheets consider yellow journalese—"one begins to discover, is not entirely disinterested in all her relations with the Commonwealth."

(Continued on Page 137)

Sailors in a Street Fight With Rioters During the Strike of the Melbourne Police

THE TIE THAT BINDS

By George Pattullo

ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD TEAGUE

HARDTACK and Wally lolled on the deck of a cargo boat in the crowded harbor of Piræus, wondering what they would do with the night. The sun was setting, and hills and city lay bathed in a mellow golden glow. Behind them some Moslem deck passengers were at their devotions—bearded patriarchs, making obeisance on their prayer mats before bedding down on the hatch. "Time and money, and no place to spend it," grumbled Hardtack. "I knowed all the while this trip would be a bust."

Wally turned on him angrily.

"You wanted to sight-see, didn't you? Well, whose idea was this, anyhow—yours or mine?"

"Any time there's a idea, it's like to be mine," Hardtack admitted; "but I never meant to do nothin' else except ruins—I like a li'l' action now and ag'in. We ain't even caught up to Noah's ark yet, have we?"

"That's right! Go on and beef!"

"I ain't beefin'. Only let's do something."

"Then let's go ashore."

"What for? There's nothin' to do."

"I promised my sister I'd go see the Acropolis," said Wally stubbornly

Hardtack let out a yowl.

"More ruins, I bet!"

"These," retorted Wally, "are the wonders of the world. The pinnacle of art was reached by them, my sister says. My sister says the Parthenon by moonlight is majestic."

"What does she know about it? I never even knowed you had a sister!"

"Well, I have. And she's had good schooling too."

"Huh! Where is it at, this here—what did you say it was?"

"You seen it just before we come into the harbor. Sure you did—the big white thing way up on top of that high hill."

"Shucks, that's five miles from here!"

"Sure. It's at Athens, you poor roughneck. Ain't you never read nothin'?"

"How'll we git there?"

"Oh, there's bound to be some way. Come on, shake a leg."

"All right," Hardtack assented, "I'll go. But I hope you'll remember your weakness, Wally."

"There you go again! That's just like you!"

"Well, I only wanted to warn you for your own good."

"Do you take me for a fool?"

Hardtack evaded the question.

"You ain't forgot the ruckus we got into in Constantinople?" he reminded him.

"Whose fault was that? Mine, I suppose!"

"The police seemed to think so. Anyhow, every time a woman looks sideways at you, it ain't safe to figure you've got the all-clear signal, buddy—remember that."

"You make me tired."

"Well, I've done my duty, so let's go."

The formality of obtaining a landing permit delayed them two hours, because the steamer had arrived late in the afternoon and the control and quarantine officers showed no hurry about inspection, so it was after eight o'clock before the pair were ready to start.

"No use goin' now," Hardtack complained.

"Why ain't there? The moon'll be just right by the time we get there. She's near full tonight too."

"I wish I was."

They haggled with a boatman and were presently put ashore at the landing stage. There they encountered a belated runner for a travel agency, frantically searching for some lost trunks, and he directed them to the electric railway. They boarded a first-class car. In a few minutes the train stopped at Phalerum and three gobs got on.

"Well, well, well!" exclaimed Hardtack, grinning from ear to ear. "Look who's here!"

They grinned back at him.

"Where're you guys headin'?" he inquired.

"The Acropolis."

"So're we," said Hardtack, pleased to discover he wasn't on a fool's errand and that others knew about the place. Then and there they joined forces. The gobs told them that the destroyer to which they belonged was anchored in the harbor of Phalerum and a large liberty party was ashore.

They Swung Around and Waded Into the Fight Again, and Within Five Minutes the Street Was Cleared. As a Mopping-Up Job It Was a Creditable Performance

"How about a li'l' drink before we go see that place?" Hardtack suggested. "It'll look better."

They agreed that the point was well taken. Accordingly, on arrival at the station, the five of them piled into a horse cab and set out for what the gobs called Shanghai, that they might hoist a couple of ouzos before tackling the serious business of the evening. None of them spoke Greek and the cabby did not know a word of English, yet he started off without hesitation, cracking his whip.

"How does he know where we want to go?" Wally wanted to know.

"He don't," answered a gob; "but he keeps on goin' till we tell him to stop. It works fine."

Shanghai is a cabaret district of Athens much frequented by sailors. Just as they entered it a terrific clamor broke out directly ahead and the street echoed to the tumult of combat. Men came running from all directions. In ten seconds the crowd grew so dense that their cab could not move.

They sat there and listened to fierce yells, the thudding of chairs and overturned tables, crash of glass and splintering wood.

"Say, what's comin' off?" they demanded of the citizens near them.

"I think," said one who understood, "somebody is angry."

"You're sure it ain't a weddin'?" rejoined Hardtack.

The native made some inquiries and shrugged his shoulders.

"The Americans and the English, they dispute," he announced.

Next instant the cab was empty—empty, with the driver howling for the police and calling heaven to witness what had been done to him. Here on earth his plaints went unheeded, for the crowd was split wide apart as though a battering ram had struck it. With Hardtack in the lead, they burst through the press and arrived, pell-mell and panting, at the scene of strife.

In a cabaret below the level of the sidewalk, a party of American gobs was debating who won the war with a party of English bluejackets. Hardtack gave tongue to a battle whoop and the five plunged into the fray. The maelstrom ingulfed them.

Now they've been singing the heroes of antiquity long enough in Greece. A petty skirmish like Marathon, where one hundred and ninety-two Athenians fell, goes echoing down the corridors of time. Xenophon mentions, as important, a battle at Corinth where eight of the contestants were slain!

We do better than that nowadays in a riot. And there was Phayllus' celebrated jump of forty-nine feet! So I submit that the poets did most of the valorous deeds for those old birds, and from the standpoint of fights they were tame affairs. Legend and literary skill have exalted them.

But this was the real thing. No talky-talk here, with each side shoving forth champions to brag and boast and crack their heels together in the hope of scaring the enemy. No, sir, just an honest, sincere knock-down-and-drag-out. Seldom in its history has Athens staged a sweeter fight.

Not that much could be seen. The lights danced and flickered and the dust welled up in choking clouds, obliterating individuals, so that some of the combatants struck out blindly at anyone within reach. But Hardtack selected an antagonist and closed and stayed with him. He was a hairy-chested guy with a Gibraltarized skull, and the two livened up the party considerably.

Shouts of encouragement and bellowings of rage; the scraping of feet striving desperately for a hold; thud and grunt of impact. From time to time the surge of the struggling mass propelled a group up the steps and into the street. They promptly fought their way back again. It seemed to be a point of honor not to leave the floor.

Twice Hardtack and his opponent found themselves in the cool night air, where there was plenty of room for their business. Twice they manfully dived into the mêlée again, although the first time Hardtack had to let go of an advantageous hold on his man's throat. On the second occasion, the blue jacket courteously removed his fingers from Hardtack's hair.

The clangor of the battle reverberated over the city. Spectators in the street were bawling for the town guard; women shrieked; a fire-engine siren in the neighborhood added to the deafening tumult; the debate below stairs never flagged. Now the affirmatives had the edge, then the negatives won the upper hand. Gradually the uproar subsided to grimmer sounds—short, savage snarls, a moan or two, the gasp of men at the last ounce of effort.

And then the asty-phylax—the town guard—the police—they arrived. They came at a run, scattering the proletariat. At the entrance they stopped. They listened. They hesitated. Then they held a conference. The citizens urged them to get busy. Forming in phalanx, they advanced resolutely to the steps; by sheer weight of numbers they would overwhelm the rioters.

Their cautious approach quickened to a rush. Down they went into the cabaret. The mob raised frenzied cheers. But it was a bit crowded inside, and Epaminondas Papadopoulos came out. He came out without touching the steps, and probably lighted the fires of another revolution by landing in the middle of a couple of spectators from Crete.

Then Phocion Polymenakos, the Spartan, rocketed into view. A bluejacket had hit Phocion a swat that came near to landing him in Plutarch's Lives. One by one they emerged, hurriedly, as though they were not wanted down there. Within two minutes the entire body of asty-phylax was out in the street and ready for another conference.

"Here come the soldiers!" rose the cry.

Sure enough, the stirring notes of a bugle soared, clear and high, above the hubbub. Followed the tread of marching feet—clump, clump, clumpety-clump. The crowd took one earful and tarried not. They have had experience of the military in street troubles in Athens, and they broke and scattered.

Perhaps the sudden hush outside carried foreboding to the warriors locked in straining embrace. Or it may be that there is a telepathy of danger. At any rate, the fight in the cabaret paused for breath and to listen. Then the combatants broke apart as though by general consent and made a dash for the steps. A few earnest souls continued to punch and gouge as they were swept upward by the rush, but these were mere flotsam on the main stream and did not stay it. Neither did the asty-phylax, who tried to interpose. They were brushed aside, and off ran the disputants, carrying their casualties with them. When the soldiers arrived in Shanghai, everything was as quiet there as in Chinatown after a tong battle.

Hardtack and Wally brought up the rear guard of the American contingent, dragging along one of their gob acquaintances. He seemed a trifle confused as to his whereabouts and kept murmuring "Mamma! Oh, mamma!" A kick in the mid section had probably contributed to unsettle him.

"Here! In here!" Hardtack panted as they arrived opposite a coffee shop with their burden sagging between them.

"They'll catch us," objected Wally.

"I can't run no farther."

There was nobody in the coffee shop except the proprietor, who seemed undecided whether to run or yell for help when they staggered in. From his front door he had heard the row in the cabaret and knew that the soldiers had been called to quell it; also, his eyes told him that here were three of the most active participants.

"Shut the door," Hardtack commanded through puffed lips, and the landlord mechanically obeyed. "Now help me with this boy."

They laid the gob out on the floor in rear of the shop and went to work pumping his arms up and down. Then Hardtack turned him over and administered first aid to the drowning. In spite of these remedies the gob soon became normal and made an abrupt and strong effort to get on his feet again with a view to resuming the debate. The first warning they had of returning strength was when he suddenly let fly a right which caught the landlord squarely on the nose.

"Take it easy, buddy," Wally cautioned. "It's all over and the bunch've legged it."

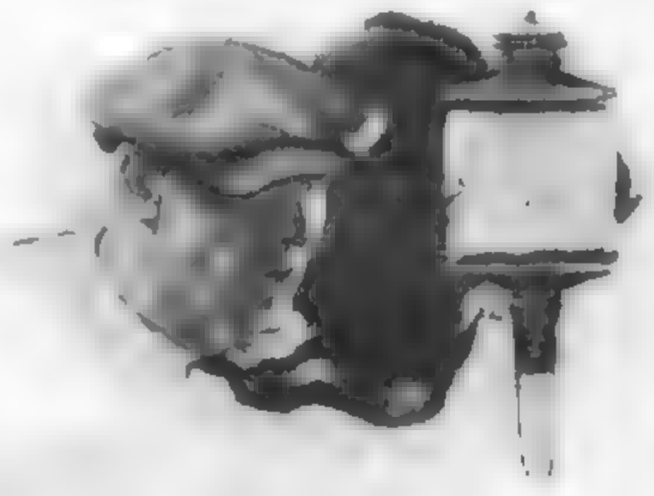
"I wanna fight," remarked the gob as he held shakily to the back of a chair.

"Sure! It does you credit, too, ol' settler. But sit down now and have one. You'll get lots of chances later on."

They ordered three ouzos. The weeping landlord brought them more from fear than because he wanted their business. He was tempted to rush to the door and summon the police; the only thing that deterred him was a conviction the three would beat him up before the asty-phylax could reach the spot. He sniffled while serving the drinks, but when he discerned the size of the tip that Hardtack left on the table his lamentations ceased and he began to display an interest in the proceedings.

"Here come them soldiers now," exclaimed Wally, but the running feet he heard turned out to belong to five members of the American debating team.

"We got into a blind alley and had to beat it back," they said.



"Say, What's Comin' Off?"

"Just in time," responded Hardtack cordially. "Garçon, apportez another bunch of ouzos. And pronto, bitte! Get me!"

They sat down with groans of thankfulness, some of them on the verge of collapse. Not a man there but showed the marks of battle. Three of them were fearful sights; Hardtack looked as though he might have cheered for Judge Gary at an I. W. W. meeting.

"I suppose they'll grab us," said a gob. "But meanwhile, here goes!" And he tossed off the milky aromatic liquid at a gulp.

The soldiers did not pursue, however. The Greeks have learned that they'll always get the worst of any international complications with the great powers, so the officer in command discreetly sent word to the respective naval commanders to dispatch patrols ashore, for God's sake.

Silence reigned in the coffee shop whilst the gobs got back their breath and nursed their wounds. After a while one of them inquired, "Say, what're you guys doing here, anyhow?"

"We was on our way to see the Metrolopus," answered Hardtack.

A moan burst from an A.B. who was sitting forward on a stool, his head between his hands. He glanced up wearily to say, "So was I. This is the third night I've started out to get a look at the Parthenon by moonlight and I ain't made it yet."

"A lot of the boys have, though, Red."

"What good does that do me?" demanded Red.

"My sister says ——" began Wally

"Sure! It's majestic," Hardtack cut in. "Well, it ain't too late to go now."

But they had no heart for sight-seeing. Only the gob who had been kicked in the mid-section took any notice of Hardtack's proposal—he seemed peculiarly tenacious of ideas.

"I'm on," he announced. "I started out to see the Parthenon, and I'm a-going to see the Parthenon."

(Continued on Page 87)

Hardtack and Wally Lolled on the Deck of a Cargo Boat in the Crowded Harbor of Piraeus, Wondering What They Would Do

TYRANT—WOMAN

By Elizabeth Alexander

ILLUSTRATED BY LESTER RALPH

MRS. MAYNARD always woke at half past seven—without the assistance of an alarm clock—rose at once, throwing the covers back neatly over the foot of the bed, and tapped at her husband's door

"George, dear!" Tap-tap.

"George!" Tap.

"Now, George, dear!" Tap! Tap! Tap!

Then there would be a smothered groan and the creaking of bed springs as Mr. Maynard turned over for his last fifteen-minute nap.

Mrs. Maynard would have her cold shower and turn on tepid water in the tub. And, wrapped in a sober purple dressing gown, she would knock once more at her husband's door, this time more authoritatively

"Come along now, dear," she would call cheerily, as one speaks to a willful child. "Your bath is ready, Georgie."

George never waited more than ten minutes after that last call. He had often thought that he would. He had often blissfully imagined sleeping as late as he liked some morning. And there was really no reason now for his getting down to the office at nine. But he found that, even in successful middle age, the customs of his impecunious youth still held him as rigidly as ever. Why? Was it because he had become the slave of habit, or the slave of his wife's habits? But such thoughts were disloyal! Everyone said, and George himself admitted, that all his success in life was due to Irma.

"George is just a little bit inclined to be lazy," Mrs. Maynard often said, in the fond tone of a mother who is rather proud of her child's faults. "I've had to watch that in him—fortunately, nothing worse!"

And the pride in her tone deepened, for it was true. George had never given her anxiety on the graver marital counts, on any other score, in fact, than his little personal habits—the desire for sleep and certain foods which weren't good for him and warm instead of cold baths—they had compromised on tepid—and a rather irritating and foolish way he had once had of being secretive about things that weren't secrets really—just trifles—but he had overcome that with his wife's help.

The Maynards were a justly famous couple in their town, held up to young people as an example.

"There's a happy marriage for you! Thirty years, and as much in love as the day they were married!"

Well, of course, that was a slight exaggeration. But they were devoted to each other. Nothing could part them now. But sometimes Mr. Maynard found himself regarding his son Christopher—Christopher, the dark, rebellious likeness of his own blond good-humored self—with a wistful expression and an ache that was like spring fever in his heart. Why? Why? What did he want anyway? Oh, he was nothing but an old fool! No, worse—a young fool who had lamentably failed to grow old. Sometimes he envied Irma her comfortable middle age. It had been so easy for her to get older. She had done it without trying, without rebellion, just as she always did what was appropriate.

The Maynards always breakfasted at half past eight, and Mrs. Maynard insisted on the good old-fashioned custom of requiring every member of the household to be present. "Breakfast is my favorite meal," she often said brightly. "And I don't feel as if I'd started the day right if I have it alone. Cup of coffee in bed—that's the modern breakfast! Well, it's disgusting to eat in bed."

"It's disgusting to eat in herds," retorted her young daughter Dorcas, who had been out late at a dance the night before. "Don't you realize, mother, that no human being is fit for companionship before noon?"

"If you feel that way, dear, you must see Doctor Hathaway," replied her mother, "for you can't be well."

Dorcas slid her satirical eyes around at pink-cheeked John, who was eating silently, determinedly. Ever since they were babies, mother had said they were ill if they didn't agree with her. And both Dorkie and John were the pictures of young athletic health.

"Don't bolt your food, Johnny," said Mrs. Maynard gently. "Chew, dear, chew!"

She illustrated in a vigorous but ladylike manner.

"I'm not six," retorted John. "And, for cat's sake, mother, don't call me Johnny!"

"For what's sake, dear? What an expression!"

Her tone was gentle, bland, indulgently amused.

"Well, I've asked you not to thousands—millions of times!" he cried.

"Not so loud, dear. And please don't use that very rude tone toward mother, Johnny."

"There you go again!"

"Well, well!" she laughed richly. "There's no pleasing one's children. Dorcas wants to be Dorkie, but John mustn't be called Johnny."

"Dorcas!" exclaimed her daughter bitterly. "What ever made you do that to me, anyway, mother?"

"Oh, you poor, much abused children with your cruel mother!" cried Mrs. Maynard playfully. "You know perfectly well it's for your Aunt Dorcas! And why shouldn't I have the right to name my own little girl for my only sister? She'd have been very much hurt if I hadn't."

"Well, I don't see why I had to be the goat," complained Dorcas.

"The—goat! Really, dear, you call yourself much worse names than I ever gave you."

Dorkie acknowledged the justness of this retort with a despairing grin at John. That was the worst of mother—she really was no fool.

"I Might Look About for Myself," Suggested Mrs. Maynard Dryly, "if I Were Allowed To." "Oh, No! We Musn't Go Inside!" Exclaimed Leonora

"I think I could forgive mother's constant good nature if she were only stupid!" Dorcas had once cried perversely. She was a handsome, petulant and moody girl, who was given to sudden fits of high spirits. No one could be better or worse company than Dorcas. "An even temperament simply sets my teeth on edge!" she complained to John, her favorite and younger brother. He wasn't a bit like Dorkie, but they understood each other.

"I cannot imagine why my children are so different," Mrs. Maynard told her friends. "I'm sure I gave them all the same care; and loved them equally, of course; and thought of only the most cheerful things before they were born."

"Oh, you are a wonderful mother!" was the refrain to that remark.

"Yes, but where does Dorcas get her—strangeness? And Christopher, too, though I've done my best to root it out. Thank heaven, Johnny and Clara are perfectly normal."

After breakfast, Mrs. Maynard attended a conference with the cook, saw that the two maids were properly at their cleaning, gave some orders to the gardener, and made out a list for the marketing, to which she always personally attended.

"You had better come with me, Dorcas," she said, pausing in the open doorway of the library, where Dorkie was stretched on a sofa, absorbed in a book. "Your head is too low, dear, you'll ruin your eyes," admonished Mrs. Maynard. "Besides, it's too early for reading."

Dorcas looked up at that, her mouth twitching with a suppressed smile. She knew mother didn't like one to laugh unless she had intended humor.

"Too early? Are there fixed hours for reading?"

"There ought to be," replied Mrs. Maynard with conviction. "I always plan my entire day."

She made a pleasant, impressive picture in her handsome, serene middle age; no undignified struggle for youth in her gray hair or her black dress and small neat hat and veil; no conflict of opinions on her calm brow, no doubts in her clear eyes, no uncertainties on her firm lips.

"Are you coming to market with me, Dorcas?" she repeated patiently.

"Must I?"

Mrs. Maynard's brows went up.

"Don't you want to?"

"No. I hate smells."

"Why, Dorcas! In our nice clean market! It's thoroughly sanitary. It's inspected."

"Yes, but it can't help smelling of fish, just the same. And corpses of animals make me ill—especially pigs. They are so human. It's like a morgue."

Mrs. Maynard looked distressed.

"But, dear, don't you want to learn housekeeping?"

"No."

"No? Then what are you going to do when you get married?"

"I'm not thinking about marrying!"

Mrs. Maynard gave her indulgent laugh.

"All girls say that," she remarked complacently. "Clara did, too, you know."

"But Clara never meant it. She wanted to get married when she was ten."

"Dorcas!"

"I mean ever since she was ten—she was always talking about it, and playing bride with mosquito netting."

"Clara was a very normal little girl," replied Mrs. Maynard reproachfully. "She played at housekeeping, too,

and loved her dollies. And she was glad to be taught all that mother could teach her."

"Of course—because that was the profession she'd chosen "

"Profession?"

"Wife and mother. She always meant to be, but she was just ashamed to say so until someone offered her the job."

"Really, Dorcas, I don't think I care to have you speak of Clara in that way."

"I'm not blaming Clara. She'd been taught mock modesty."

"You you accuse me of teaching my own little girls mock modesty!"

Mrs Maynard's voice quivered.

"There, mother!" Dorcas jumped up and kissed her hastily. "Don't get your feelings hurt. I don't accuse either you or Clara of anything. I'm only saying you helped Clara make a go of her profession. Why can't you help me with mine?"

"But that's what I want to do, dear. Though I must say I don't like your calling it a profession."

"You don't want me to call my music a profession? All right, art then. I was only trying to be humble about it. But I'm not humble, really. I know I could be an artist. I could make what's only my silly little drawing-room tinkling now an art, if you'd only let me."

Mrs. Maynard's mouth set in a tight line.

"I don't think it's necessary to go all over that again, Dorcas," she said firmly. "I've got my marketing to do. I'm late now. The vegetables will be picked over."

She moved toward the front door. Dorcas caught her arm, and her face twisted wildly, despairingly.

"Mother, listen! You've got to!"

Her voice shook and tears spilled over, though she fought to keep them back.

"Dorcas, I'm ashamed of you perfect baby "

She took her daughter in her arms and patted her back, as one pats a baby with the colic.

"What on earth's the matter with you?" she cried laughingly. "Silly child! When you've got everything on earth any girl could want—the new grand piano dad gave you too For shame! Why don't you practice then? Go and practice as much as you like. I'm not stopping you. You don't have to go to market—or marry, either, if you don't want to. Though, of course, some day you'll sing a different tune."

Dorcas wrenched herself out of her mother's arms. Her eyes were blazing.

"Oh, you twist everything!" she cried. "You aren't fair. It isn't just marriage. Of course, I might marry some day—if I could have a wonderful romance. But what I'm talking about now—and you know it -you know what I want—to go abroad and study."

Mrs. Maynard assumed an air of superhuman patience.

"Yes, dear, I know. I've heard all that before."

"Well then, why not? Dad can afford it and he's willing."

"I don't think your father has ever said ——"

"No, because he's afraid to."

"Afraid?" Mrs. Maynard gave her indulgent laugh. "Really, Dorcas, you are funny "

"You know very well dad can't call even his mind his own "

"Why, Dorcas! Dorcas, certainly your father is the master in his own house."

"Hah!" Dorcas turned around on her heel. "Now you're being funny!"

"I don't care to discuss anything with you when you are in this mood, Dorcas," declared Mrs. Maynard with dignity. "Besides, this is not the time ——"

"—— to read or to talk about art or to weep. Yes, I know!" said Dorcas. "It's only the time for vegetables."

She burst out laughing and threw herself back on the sofa with her book.

"I think I'd practice if I were you," remarked Mrs. Maynard mildly, walking down the hall.

"I won't!" shouted Dorcas after her in a voice vibrating with passion. "Do you hear me, mother? I'm never going to touch that darned piano again!"

"Of course I can hear you, dear," her mother called back pleasantly. "But I shall expect you to play for your father after dinner, as usual."

Dorcas ran after her and stood, quivering, in the hall as her mother opened the front door. Outside, the world was as fair and green, the whole morning as sunny, as if Mrs. Maynard herself had ordered it.

"So that's how I'm to spend my life!" said Dorcas between her teeth. "Playing little tunes for father after dinner! Furnishing noise at your parties for your guests to talk under!"

Mrs. Maynard went out of the door without answering. Her son John was just climbing into an elderly electric coupé that stood in the drive.

"Where are you going with my car, Johnny?" called his mother pleasantly.

He turned round, startled eyes toward her. His pink boyish face grew pinker.

"Say, mother! Your car? Why, you gave this ole boat to me when you got your new one," he protested.

"Johnny, dear, you know perfectly well that mother's new car is in the shop today," said Mrs. Maynard. "So I'll have to use my old one."

"Your ole one? But you gave it to me!"

"Don't be silly, dear," said Mrs. Maynard. "Hop out now, Johnny. Mother has to hurry to market, or the nice, fresh vegetables will be all picked over."

"Look here, mother!" exclaimed the usually good-natured John indignantly. "Just answer me this: Did you or did you not give me this ole boat you didn't want any longer, because it won't run hardly? Jus' as a matter of simple common justice, answer that one question—is this my boat or isn't it?"

"Johnny," said his mother plaintively, "don't you want a nice fresh cauliflower for your dinner?"

"I want to go out to the club, where I got an important engagement," said John doggedly.

"I wouldn't play golf so much if I were you," replied his mother. "It will keep you away from your business, and your wife when you get to be a man."

"Golly! Wife! Gee, I wouldn't have a wife if I had to be hanged!"

She smiled indulgently.

"You'll sing a very different tune some day Now hop out, Johnny. Don't keep mother waiting."

He got out of the coupé reluctantly and Mrs. Maynard took his place.

"I think you might at least thank me, mother, for letting you use it," said John manfully

She laughed. *(Continued on Page 160)*

"Just Look at George!" Whispered Mrs. Maynard. "Isn't it Strange What a Goose a Pretty Woman Can Make of Them?"

SUBMARINE SLEUTHS AND WAR SALVAGE—By David Masters

FOR months at a time during the past few years a little ship may have been seen floating around a certain spot just off the Irish coast of Donegal. Barges lay in her vicinity; barges laden with incredible tangles of pipes and cables. Boats pulled around from barge to ship and fussy little launches came from the coast, remained an hour or two, and then departed. Occasionally a grim gray destroyer glided up, moored for a time, and then steamed away. But the little ship remained, and strangers in those parts wondered what she was doing there.

That little ship was the salvage vessel Racer, engaged in the greatest treasure hunt of modern times. Never before had there been such a treasure hunt, for it was a national treasure hunt, carried out on behalf of the British people by the British Navy and backed by the whole power of the nation.

The Raising of the U-44 and the Carrying of the U-boat to Port Represents a Brilliant Achievement. The Man in Charge of the Work, Commander Davis, R. N. R., is the Nearest Figure on the Lifting Craft. The Photograph Shows the U-44 and the Lifting Craft Used in Salvaging Her

When the White Star Liner Laurentic left the shores of England in January, 1917, she carried in her strong room gold and silver ingots to the value of about $25,000,000 to settle some of Great Britain's bills for the munitions that were pouring out of the factories in the United States. The treasury was naturally anxious for the specie to reach its destination as quickly as possible, for that $25,000,000 was destined for the pay envelopes of thousands of American factory hands.

The Loss of the Laurentic

MANY a time the Laurentic had made the passage with saloons brilliantly lighted and crowded with wealthy passengers, but never before had she borne so much wealth aboard as on this occasion. The advent of war led to her conversion into an armed liner, and those aboard were now fighting for the freedom of the seas and civilization.

Northward she steamed through the Irish Sea, and at last began to breast the open Atlantic and point westward to New York. Malin Head, on the north coast of Ireland, loomed up and began to drop astern, and just when it seemed that all would be well came the blow that sent her to her doom. A violent explosion shook her, made her lurch and shiver, and many gallant fellows, watchful at their posts, were instantly killed; many more were trapped and drowned by the rush of water into the ship.

The survivors sprang to their emergency posts, while the wireless operator sent out a call for help. The captain realized that the Laurentic's days were numbered. Nothing could save her. The water poured through the rent in her side. More and more she heeled as the water gained. For a moment her bows lifted clear of the sea, then she disappeared in a swirl of foam, and the waves were strewn with wreckage and bobbing heads. When the tragedy was over and the roll called, it was found that of 475 officers and men aboard 354 had gone to their last long rest.

The loss of life, the destruction of the ship, the sinking of the treasure—all were bitter blows. The gallant sailors were beyond recall, the ship was sunk forever. As for the treasure, it was down in 120 feet of water, on a coast so exposed to gales that its recovery was an open question.

Some of the finest divers in the British Navy were told off for the treasure hunt. They were eventually placed under the command of Commander Damant, who had played so important a part in the diving experiments carried out by the Admiralty a few years before, and who had himself attained the record depth of 210 feet, in August, 1906. The fact that the cleverest diving expert in the British Navy was detailed for the operation is proof that the Admiralty realized that the recovery of the treasure would prove no easy task. No one knew at the moment exactly how strenuous the fight was going to be.

Difficulties

THE first salvage craft, which was later replaced by the Racer, went off to the Donegal coast and swept the area in which the Laurentic had disappeared. The salvors found the wreck in due course, and they had the satisfaction of knowing that they were within 120 feet of a stupendous fortune of about $25,000,000. A bare depth of 120 feet of water separated them from the greatest treasure-trove of modern times, but the treasure could not have been more secure had it been resting beneath 120 feet of solid steel. Indeed, had the treasure been so buried, instead of underneath 120 feet of water, it would probably have been recovered very much sooner.

Despite difficult conditions, a certain optimism prevailed that the treasure would soon be brought to the surface. But the optimists reckoned without the enemy. Somehow the Germans managed to find out where the Laurentic was wrecked, and their submarines quietly waited their opportunity and began to make things hot for those engaged in the treasure hunt.

One enemy submarine haunting the vicinity discreetly vanished as a British torpedo boat came on the scene. A day or two passed, and the torpedo boat was called for urgent duty elsewhere. Meantime there had not been the slightest sign of the enemy underwater craft, which had

The Leonardo da Vinci, Upside Down, Being Brought Into Dock. The Raising of This Italian Battleship is One of the Most Remarkable Feats of Salvage Ever Performed

After Floating for Two Days in Dock, She Was Finally Coaxed Into Position and Settled Without Accident on the Wonderful Timber Framework Shown Above

apparently recognized that that particular spot was rather unhealthy and therefore to be avoided.

Feeling fairly secure, the salvors determined to get on with their job. Report has it that a diver donned his dress, his helmet was screwed on and the air pumps began to heave as he dropped down to resume operations. He had been down but a short time when he felt himself plucked off his feet by a mighty pull on his life line and air pipe. He struggled to right himself, but it was quite useless. An irresistible force dragged him upwards; then he felt himself being drawn through the sea like a salmon at the end of a line.

Something was running away with him. It was an awful experience. He wondered what had happened and how it would end. His senses began to reel; he found a difficulty in breathing.

Somehow he managed to keep his head and act as the emergency demanded, closing the valve by which the air escaped from his helmet. A minute later he broke the surface. He could hear the seas slapping the top of his helmet as he was dragged along at a smart pace. His heart pounded, a terrible humming droned in his ears, but he strove hard to retain his senses.

"What's up?" he thought. "What's happening?"

He had no chance of finding out. He was prisoner in a metal helmet and a rubber suit. He knew he was at the surface because of the light that filtered through the glass of his helmet and the seas that swished against the copper. As he was dragged along, he had a tendency to spin at the end of his line, which gave him a dreadful sensation.

In a dazed sort of way the diver was wondering how long the ordeal would last, when he suddenly felt himself plucked clear of the water. The next thing he remembers is something scorching his throat and the cool air playing about his head. He looked round and found he was lying on the deck of the salvage vessel, and he thanked his lucky star that all was well. Then he was placed in the recompression chamber aboard so that the dangers of being dragged hastily from such a depth might be avoided and the risk of bubbles of nitrogen forming in the blood averted. The air pumps were set going to raise the pressure of the air in the steel chamber to the same pressure as that at which the diver had been working, and gradually the pressure was reduced until it was the normal atmospheric pressure and the diver was able to be taken out.

"We've Found the Treasure"

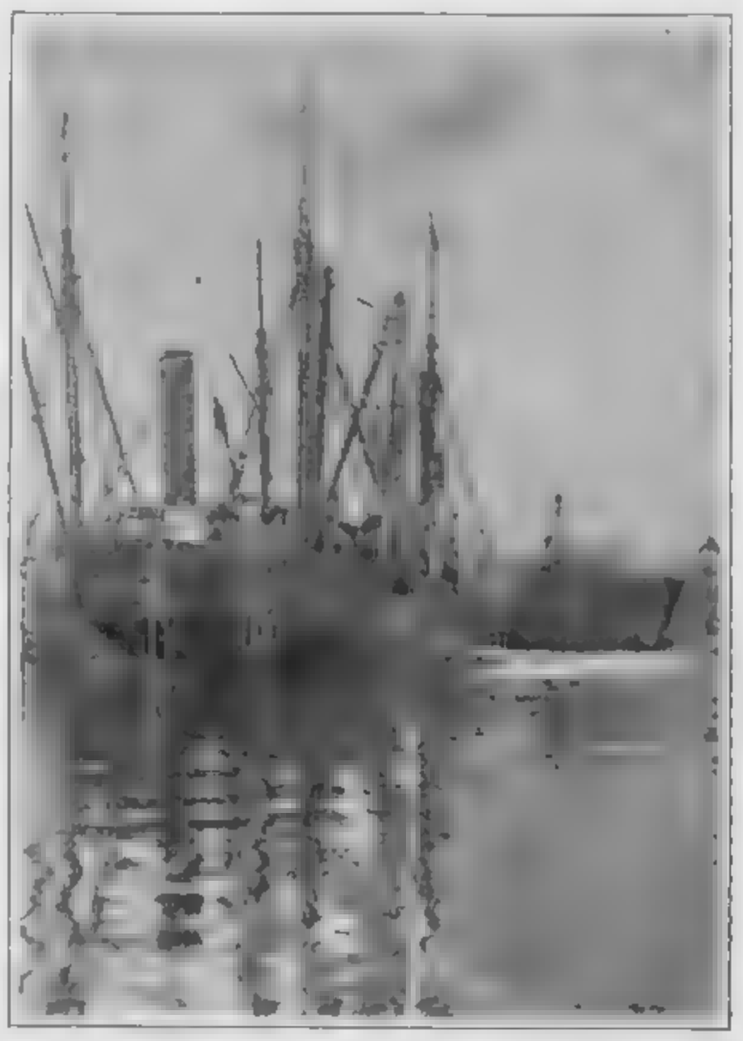
WHILE he was on the bottom, a German submarine had stealthily approached the salvage vessel. Suddenly it started to attack, and the salvage steamer had to cut and run for it, dragging the unfortunate diver in its wake. The attack was so unexpected that there was no time to pull up the diver in accordance with the rules. To pull him up in the ordinary way would, as a matter of fact, have taken half an hour. There was no alternative but to tow him along willy-nilly and haul him aboard as they fled. The experience might easily have cost the diver his life, but the recompression chamber fortunately saved him from any ill effects.

After this rather exciting episode, it was decided that operations to recover the treasure would have to be postponed until more peaceful times. The treasure seekers had their hands full in fighting the stormy seas and powerful currents, not to mention the great depth of water, without having to fight the foe as well.

At the end of the war the battle with wind and wave for the treasure of the Laurentic was once more resumed. So exposed was her position that for fully half the year it was impossible for divers to work there at all, owing to the storms that raged. Even in fine weather there were the currents to fight against, and their strength at times was almost incredible. They could swirl big bowlders along the sea bed as though they were but pebbles.

More than one diver, during his career, has experienced the sensation of being picked up like a feather and dropped over the side of the wreck on which he has been working. He might weigh roughly 160 pounds. Slung over his back would be a forty-pound weight, across his chest would be a similar weight, while each boot would be loaded with a leaden sole weighing sixteen pounds. Fully equipped, he would turn the scale at about 300 pounds, yet the current has simply played with him as though he were thistledown. Its strength has been such that he could not fight against it. Consequently he has been compelled to give up all idea of work and return to the surface. It is indicative of what the salvors of the Laurentic had to contend with in this respect.

Two years at the bottom of the Atlantic had wrought a tremendous change in the once proud liner. The divers found her plates corroded with rust, girders collapsing everywhere. The sheer weight of the water above her was crushing her flat, squeezing her into a shapeless mass just as you might crush a lily in your hand. Moreover, she was full of silt and mud. Strange fishes glided about her inky depths. Dread conger eels of mighty girth lurked in the labyrinths of the wreck.



History Records No More Thrilling Rescue Than That of the Survivors of the K 13 After She Had Been at the Bottom for Over Two Days. This Picture Shows the Bow of the Submarine Which Was Hauled to the Surface and Pierced So the Imprisoned Men Could Crawl to Safety

In spite of the terrible condition to which the wreck had been reduced, the divers finally managed to locate the strong room. The bubbles from their helmeted heads flowed ceaselessly upward as the exhaust air ascended to the surface. Slowly they made their way forward toward some bars, dimly seen within the recesses of the ship. They were in the treasure room. The gold and silver lay about them. Some of the precious ingots barely peeped out of the silt.

The attendant on the salvage ship heard the telephone buzz.

"Hallo!" he said.

"We've found the treasure," said a voice from under the sea

It was a squeaky voice, for, strangely enough, talking in compressed air gives the voice a high pitch, and at this depth it would be impossible for a diver to whistle. The pressure of the air on his lips would prevent him.

No time was lost in lowering cables, and one by one the ingots began to speed to the surface. Then, all too quickly, the signal was given for the divers to ascend and the treasure had to be left for another day.

That season ingots valued at $2,500,000 were recovered from the strong room, after superhuman labor on the part of all concerned. So extremely arduous were the conditions that crack divers could work only two spells of fifteen minutes' duration each day. Half an hour's toil beneath the sea took as much out of them as the ordinary day's work takes out of the ordinary man.

Once more the winter gales played havoc with the wreck, and next spring the divers found that the treasure was lost under a mass of twisted plates and girders. Imagine a street of lofty houses; then imagine that all the buildings were pushed suddenly down into the center of the road, and you will arrive at some faint idea of what the ship looked like. Great girders were bent into all sorts of strange shapes; iron bars thick as a man's wrist were twisted into fantastic curves.

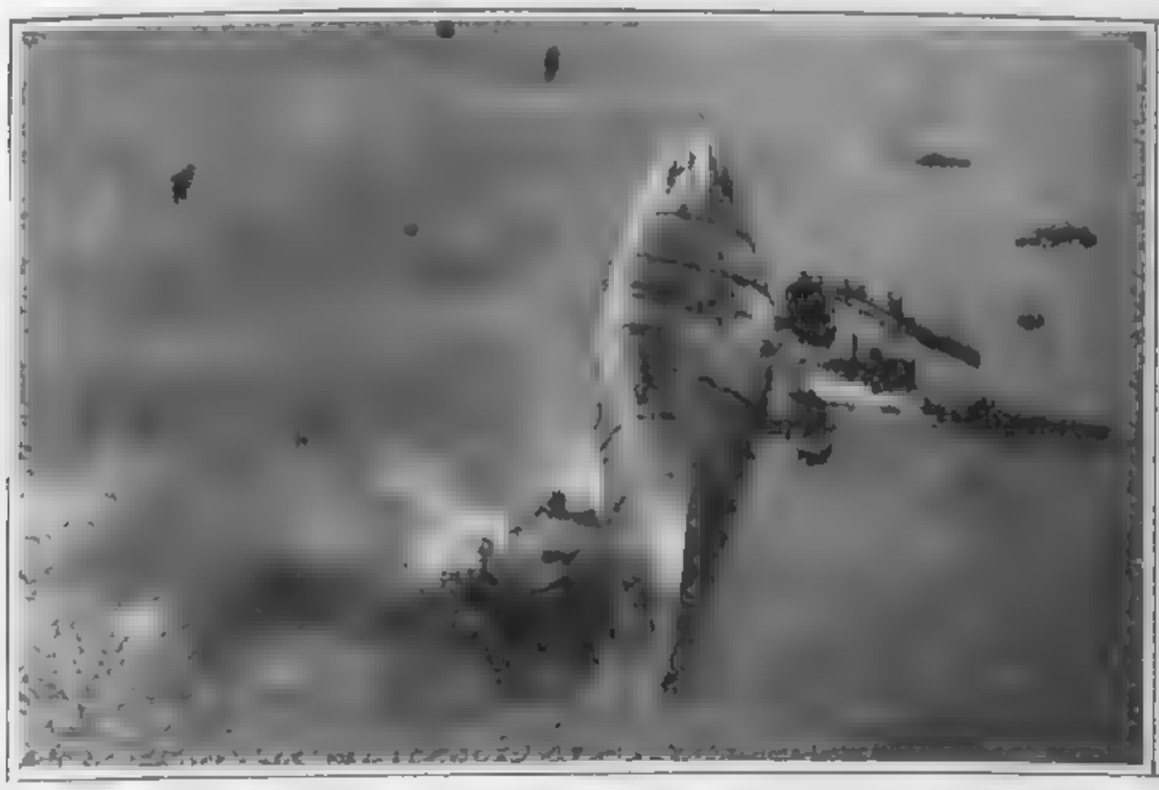
Blasting a Way

THE only way to get to the treasure now was to blast a passage with explosives. The difficulties of the task were increased by the necessity of hoisting every bit of plate out of the wreck and towing it some distance before dumping it, in order to make quite certain that the plate would not again obstruct the divers. The placing of the charges in the most effective spots, and the withdrawal of the divers while contacts were made and the charges exploded, took a long time and entailed endless trouble. But the salvors kept at it doggedly, and bit by bit they cut away obstructing plates and girders weighing about 300 tons.

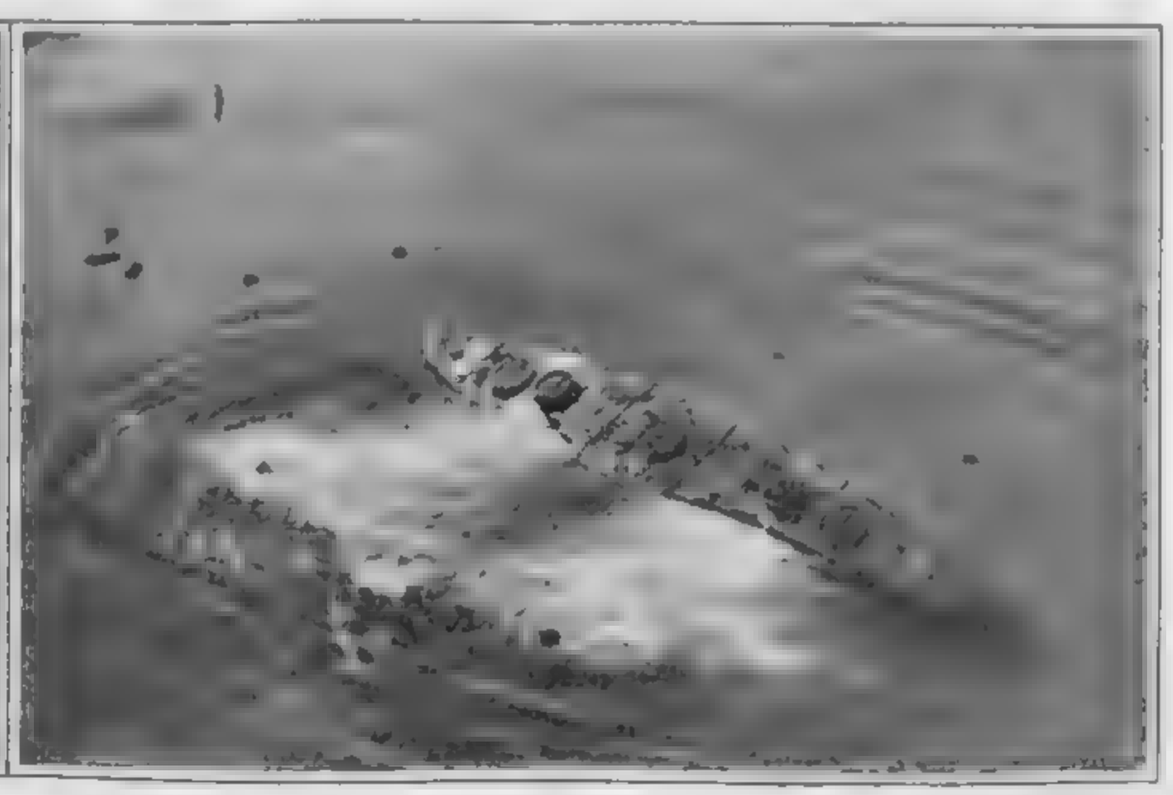
Thus they opened up a way to the treasure, and once more began to send ingots of the precious metal to the surface. Things began to look rosy and there seemed the prospect of making a clean sweep of all the bullion, when a terrific storm arose and stopped operations. When the divers went down again they found that more plates had folded down over the treasure, as if deliberately to prevent its abstraction. It was a dreadful disappointment, for very soon afterwards the autumnal gales put an end to the hunt for the season.

The next year the Racer was back again off the Donegal coast, eager to resume the great treasure hunt. But it

(Continued on Page 109)



The Leonardo da Vinci as She Lay in the Bay of Taranto With All the Salvage Craft Around Her Just Before She Was Turned Over



This Photograph, Taken From an Airship, Shows the Huge Wave Raised by the Battleship When She Finally Righted After Being Upside Down for Four Years

BIG WATER

By JOHN SCARRY

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

"Hey, Jangapaw! Ve're Cawming, Jangapaw!"

SINGAPORE ELLIS was on his knees. He was cleaning deck plates in the engine room of the American freighter Juniper Point. He was a wiper, and the wipers compose the lowest black-gang rank on an oil burner. Their stint is to squeegee and chip paint, to paint and polish. Further, they blow boiler pipes and perform various other odd jobs. The first assistant engineer is their boss. Their day is not divided into watches; they work from eight to five, with an hour off for dinner.

But this was Saturday. Singapore was looking forward to knocking off at noon. Seven bells had already sounded, and the wiper was doing his best to nurse his task along until twelve. Long practice now stood him in good stead: after fifteen years at sea he could claim the distinction of being one of the world's champion shirkers. He had soldiered around from the port side of the turbine and was half-heartedly scrubbing near the passage which led between the boilers into the fireroom. He moved like a gigantic snail. His implements were a couple of handfuls of cotton waste and a pailful of dirty kerosene.

"Come up here, Ellis!" he heard.

He dropped back onto his heels and his mouth went open. Gosh, was that the kind of a guy he was up against, snooping around the engine room at all hours? He gazed at Murray, the first assistant engineer, who had thus summoned him to the level above. Resentment and a sharp sense of injury were in his heart, but his outward seeming showed only ponderous dejection. With deliberate slowness, he arose, placed his pail to one side. Making no attempt to hurry his gait, he presently towered over his superior in the small storeroom next to the compartment which housed the ship's dynamos.

Ellis had signed on the day before in Singapore, where he had spent some six months impecuniously on the beach. A vague longing for a real winter, perhaps, was dragging him home. His new associates on the Juniper Point, grasping the obvious, had promptly nicknamed him after his last stamping ground. He was about thirty years old, the product of a score of forecastles. His intelligence, though—except in shirking—was a little below even forecastle standards.

Singapore was a big man, broad of shoulder and heavy of limb. His appearance was anything but prepossessing. He had a tendency toward flabbiness. There was a slackness about his mouth and unshaven jaw that gave him almost an impotent look. His pale-blue eyes were too ready to assume that hurt expression which was part of his stock in trade.

And still the man was not altogether to be despised, for he dwelt among his fellows with a certain large amiability and he spent his money freely when ashore with the crowd. They are a drifting lot, the men who today go down to the sea; so Singapore had no close friends. On the other hand, he had never made an enemy. His superiors usually recognized him for what he was and snapped him expertly out of his malingering. It is more than likely that the meanness of which his nature was capable would never have developed had he been handled on the Juniper Point by an officer who knew his business—which Murray did not.

Murray had a war ticket; and some rare birds have sailed big water as a result of the war. He was unfortunate in a way. It would seem that the man knew his engines better than most; he could make a turbine sit up and do stunts for him. But he lacked that indefinable something—the flexibility in authority, perhaps—which modern sailormen must acquire. Nowadays, some bitterly maintain, a subordinate has to be coddled and coaxed. Murray's trick of speech was too acid. It left those under him clutching for weapons other than their unskillful tongues.

To Singapore, however, these facts were not yet known. Save when signing on, he had not come in contact with the first assistant. His immediate survey now was furtive, but missed nothing. He saw a man who could have walked under his outstretched arm; a shrimp of a man; but young, with a close-cropped black poll and a face that was hawklike and hard. He noticed the muscles that played under the first's undershirt, the sturdy narrow hips that held up oil-spotted dungarees. Hardly a man to allow himself to be imposed upon, Singapore decided. But you never could tell!

"What d'ye want?" Singapore asked him.

"Get those barrels out of here." The engineer pointed to half a dozen empty lubricating-oil containers. "I can't get at my tool lockers."

"Where d'ye want 'm?"

"Get 'em up there on the after well deck. Stow 'em inside the winches, close around the mast so's they won't be in the way."

The wiper's first thought was that this assignment would keep one man working past quitting time. Not long; but Singapore was jealous of every minute. Moreover, now was a good chance to try the engineer out. He called his grieved expression into full play and regarded the barrels doubtfully.

"I gotta have someone t' help me, ain't I—Tracy or Dessel?" Singapore named the two other wipers. "Will I get Dessel t' ——"

"Help you, you big hunk of cheese! Get hold of 'em! You can do it yourself with one hand!" And the first—by way of example—impatiently rustled one of the barrels out of the storeroom. He caught it up. Holding it clear of the handrail, he started up the engine-room steps.

Singapore cursed in futile fashion. Not that the first's action had induced any feeling of shame. It only lessened

the wiper's own labor. Not that hard names in themselves had any power to hurt him. From boyhood he had been bawled out by experts. But Murray's delivery somehow cut deep. A big hunk of cheese, eh? He liked that! Singapore snatched sulkily at one of the remaining barrels, slowly climbed the two flights and went out through the refrigerator room to the deck.

The first was waiting for him. The two men glared at each other for a moment without speaking—tough little Boston terrier and awkward big mongrel. Singapore saw that Murray had slung his burden onto Number Four Hatch; he was aware of his sense of injury expanding at sight of the downright contempt in Murray's gray eyes.

"I need a couple of hours' sleep," the engineer sneeringly remarked. "But if you can't get the four others up today, just let me know. Just come up to my cabin and call me. I'll give you another lift."

"Ar-r-r-r. cut the comedy!"

Singapore readily dared that much insolence. But that was the extent of his retort, mainly because that was all he could think to say. It was plain to him, though, that his effort had been pitifully inadequate, and he beat a sullen retreat. One of those sarcastic guys, eh? A mouth artist, eh? Well, he had better be careful or he would get some of his sarcasm punched down his throat!

An idle threat and Singapore knew it. He enjoyed contemplating such violence; but at the same time his brain was arguing that he had been too long at sea ever to raise his hand to an officer. Any man who did that, he reflected, was sure out of luck. Those officers stuck together. They could swear a man into irons in jig time. So Singapore's hands were tied; his truculence was vain. As a matter of fact, it was fraudulent too. The whole truth was that the wiper was a coward as well as a shirker.

But he continued to curse, and he was still seething over the affair when he returned to the deck on his second trip. Murray's and the first mate's voices sounded directly over his head amidships. Singapore waited, leaning against the hatch. He gathered that the two officers were having it out over the disposition of the barrels.

"Why don't you smash 'em up and throw 'em overboard?" asked the mate.

"I guess not!" came from Murray; "not when I can get two dollars apiece for 'em in New York."

The mate snorted

"That ain't getting me anything, cluttering up my decks for the next two months."

"Oh, they'll be all right around the mast."

"Yeh; till a sea sets 'em rolling."

"Don't worry," the first assistant returned; "I'll make 'em fast all right."

"You'd better." The mate spit abroad and started forward along the passageway. "If they get loose it's up to you, Murray. I ain't responsible."

Singapore had listened to the conversation. He had stood looking up, gloating over this little tilt between officers. His sympathies, of course, were against the assistant, just because he was the assistant. And what a cheap skate he was, lugging empty barrels half around the world for the sake of a few dollars' graft! Nor was he so terribly smart, after all. It came to the wiper encouragingly that the mate had had the last word in the argument just ended. Well, if the mate could get away with it

"Can you tie a knot, sailor?" he heard; and Singapore's moment of confidence forsook him. His hope of retorting effectively disappeared as he again went dumb. For, correctly speaking, Singapore was not a sailor. He was one of the black gang. It took no tremendous intelligence to read more of that maddening sarcasm in the engineer's query.

The wiper gulped.

"Mebbe I can."

"Well, when you get those barrels tucked in there, just pass a line around 'em. Make it sure, or you'll lose your clumsy legs one of these days."

Singapore looked closer than ever to weeping. It was no use. His mind refused to furnish a fitting reply. Murray left the deck and Singapore slowly returned to his task.

As soon as he had the six barrels up from the storeroom, he grouped them solidly around the mast in the space between Four and Five Hatches. Then he hunted up a stout line to make his job secure. Ellis took some pains with his knots and hitches, for it was pleasant on deck and his mind was cumbrously occupied

Full half an hour later, as Singapore shoved against the barrels to test their bonds, he thought of an answer he might have made to the first. Taking a tip from the mate, he could have told Murray that all responsibility for broken legs and such would be for his account. That would have shut him up all right; and Singapore nodded his head. But it was too late now.

"But I'll make him not so fresh with his tongue!" came defiantly from the wiper

He was talking to himself, so he was full of courage. "They's ways enough," he grumbled, "t' get even with a skunk like him."

II

DAY after day for seven days the Juniper Point plowed westward through such seas as make the tropics alluring. Unbroken blue to the far horizon, breeze kissed, whipped now and then by the silver of flying fishes. Unbroken blue was the sky overhead. At night the moon sailed like a radiant galleon, bathing the ship's decks in a white flood. Above the masts the dome of heaven was washed with star-pricked gray—until Colombo marked a change. *(Continued on Page 54*

After Filling the Tanks With Fuel Oil, it Took Eighteen Days of Unceasing Monsoon Bucking to Lay Jocotra Astern

SUCH A RED ROSE

By Oma Almona Davies

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

IN THE annals of the universe, Lucifer fell because of ambition. In the annals of the world, kingdoms have fallen because of ambition. And in the annals of Buthouse County, Miss Effie Yancey fell because of ambition.

Nor are the three historic events so unrelated as they may appear. Miss Effie Yancey had a kingdom—it was composed entirely of marriageable youths between the ages of sixteen and twenty-two—and she ruled it with a firm if coquettish hand. Likewise certain events would seem to prove that Lucifer, that yearning Spirit of Mischief, was present at some of Miss Effie's executive sessions with the favorites of her kingdom, and that he, upon one occasion at least, pushed her firm if coquettish hand a trifle too far.

This luciferous occasion was in its surface aspects particularly benign. It was a languishing evening in June, and Miss Effie languished with it over her front gate. At half past eight she breathed in the rapturous ear of a certain retainer: "I might mebbe put such a red rose onto my supper box fur the Auction Social; and then ag'in, I mightn't!" And at half past nine of the same evening, Lucifer still in attendance, Miss Effie tripped to the same gate with another retainer and whispered in his rapturous ear: "I might mebbe put such a red rose onto my supper box fur the Auction Social; and then ag'in, I mightn't!"

She whispered the momentous words; therein lay the diablerie. Moreover, upon each occasion her firm if coquettish hand reached forth, plucked a red rosebud and placed it upon a palpitating lapel as her sign and seal of inviolable secrecy.

However, Miss Yancey being not only a queen but an artist in the media of soulful thought, mixed emotion and young hearts' blood, did not employ the same technic upon both occasions. Upon her half-past-eight canvas she dabbed much more vigorously and with more merciless sweep. This undoubtedly was due to the nature of her motif, which was essentially sweeping. Everything about Mr. Samuel Boomershein was sweeping, from the sweep of his black fall of hair toward a sweeping black eyebrow, ranging downward to splay hand much utilized in sweeping gesture, to triumphant foot inclined to sweep upward at the toes.

It Was a Dreadful Moment for Mr. Plapp, Who Was an Honest Young Man

"This here Auction Social, now," quoth Mr. Boomershein, sweeping upon Miss Effie's elusive hand and impaling his palm upon a picket instead, "I bet I could anyhow name off the feller where's takin' you that night."

"Auction Social?" queried Miss Effie languidly.

"Out to Flathead Schoolhouse," elucidated Mr. Boomershein. "One them kind where every girl packs a box with supper at fur two. And the feller where bids up the highest onto her box gits the dare to set alongside and eat with. And what I'm sayin'—I know a'ready the feller ——"

"Auction?"

Miss Yancey repressed a yawn.

Her informant plunged into full detail. When he paused for breath Miss Yancey yawned openly and remarked, "Ain't you got nothing more up-to-dater to talk about, Sammy? I am hearing all about this here box social four days back a'ready."

Astonishment weakened Mr. Boomershein's middle. "Well, anyways," he repeated, this time with more agitation than assurance, "what I'm sayin'—I can name off the person where's takin' youse to Flathead out that night."

Miss Effie gazed at him under a maddening droop of eyelid. "Can you, now, Sammy? Yes, well. Only I have afraid it ain't the person I'm a-namin' off."

Mr. Boomershein's heels lost their firm tenure upon the Yancey sidewalk. But he regained his heroic posture by a hollow blow upon his chest.

"It's Sam Boomershein! And if it ain't, I'll murder the feller where it is!"

Miss Yancey swayed from him in simulated alarm. "Och, my! It would now spite me wonderful if you was to up and commit murder onto my special comp'ny that night. I have terrible fond ower 'em."

Mr. Boomershein's lips woppered feebly, but no words got through them. Miss Effie looked her fill upon the human wreckage strewn along the top of her fence. Then she leaned her soft body confidingly forward.

"I tell you a'ready why I don't want no murder onto my comp'ny. Because it's me!"

"You ain't meanin'—ain't nobody takin' youse? Just—nobody?" stammered her companion incredulously.

Miss Effie tossed her head. "Well, if I am, still, just nobody with you, Sammy ——"

Miss Yancey was not entirely the ruthless tyrant however.

Having reduced her subject to the dust beneath her feet, she proceeded to mold said dust into the semblance of a man again and to infuse within him the breath of life.

"The feller where bids the most expensive ower my box with the supper at," she ruminated, "I might, mebbe, give him dare fur to walk me home. And then ag'in, I mightn't."

"Well, I'm a-goin' to git that there box o' yourn," gritted Mr. Boomershein with newness of life; "I'm a-goin' to git that there box or bust up the schoolhouse. And I'm a-goin' to set along and eat with youse and I'm a-comin' home with. Some such others kin h'ist their bids onto your box all they blame please. I'm a-goin' to h'ist the steepest." He rattled reassuring pockets.

"'Course it would be some help" insinuated Miss Yancey, "if you was to know whose box youse was biddin' on. I guess there'll be either thirty or mebbe forty boxes onto the table."

Mr. Boomershein again thudded to despair. "Say, now! I hadn't considered into that!" he confessed. "Leave me git onto the hint of how it's goin' to look. Was it goin' to have a white paper at, or mebbe such a pink ribbon? What, anyway?"

At the end of another ten minutes during which the Queen of Heitville employed herself mainly with engraving her royal monogram upon a picket with the end of a hairpin, she casually pinched off a red rambler bud and casually emplaced it upon a throbbing lapel.

"I might mebbe put such a red rose onto my supper box fur the Auction Social; and then ag'in, I mightn't!" she whispered. And before her servitor could yammer his surprised gratitude she had spun about and was pirouetting rapidly up the walk leading to the paternal domicile.

But she did not enter the dwelling. She throned herself upon the top step, and even as that other sovereign, King David of old, she meditated in the night watches. And, even as those of King David, her meditations fell into rhythmical cast. Miss Yancey did not unburden herself of a psalm, but she did compose with surprising celerity a poem which she purposed to place within the lid of her supper box for the Auction Social. She scratched a mosquito-pierced ankle as she murmured with critical fervor:

"The feller where finds from me this poem
Will git the dare fur to see me home."

She kicked up her heel and glanced coyly in the direction in which the late Mr. Boomershein had swept.

At this high moment of self-gratulation the gate clicked and another servitor approached. Miss Yancey frowned and made for flight. But the front door was vivid in moonlight.

She hoisted an eyebrow in resignation, slid noiselessly behind a honeysuckled pillar and gave herself to the alert conviction that this unwelcome visitant had been digging heels in the moist turf beneath a neighboring osage-orange hedge for perhaps the major portion of the Boomershein session. The halting form stopped in a pool of shadow some yards distant, and Miss Yancey from her covert could discern only a blur of white approximately six feet from the ground, straining toward the house. After a moment of watchful waiting, she summoned this subject by original method:

"Scat!" she hissed. "Scat, then!"

Gravel skirmished. The blur, projected into the moonlight, became a face with two startled eyes burning toward Miss Yancey.

"It ain't cats," said the face abjectly. "It's only me."

"Why, was it you, now, Peter?" observed Miss Effie "And here I went to work and thought it was cats hangin' under them syringas."

"I was just passin'," the Peter person explained heavily as he heavily mounted the steps, "and I thought I'd just run in that way and pass a word on this here—this here Auction Social." Without glancing in her direction he sat down upon the farther end of the step and began to twirl his straw sailor rapidly and continuously between his large fists.

"Auction Social?" queried Miss Effie.

Her caller wrenched eagerly toward her. "Then youse ain't promised your comp'ny yit, mebbe?" As suddenly he wrenched away. "Oh, well, it don't make nothin'. I was just passin' "

This sudden shift to neutral reversed them both to silent contemplation of the moonlight. Silent? From above them, from above the porch roof issued a recurrent sniffling, unmistakably feminine, unmistakably increasing in violence.

Miss Effie cocked upward an ear. She clenched her fists. She gave herself to black absorption.

Suddenly she erupted: "I hate men!"

Peter Plapp leaped to his feet, hung for a moment disorganized, then plunged down the steps.

The quick movement startled his hostess, who had utterly forgotten him. She stared, then skimmed after him. Halfway to the gate she pinioned the distraught figure by the arm.

"I ain't sayin' all men, Peter. I'm just a-sayin' Ellie's man. That John Schnabel. That John Schnabel where's makin' her cry somepun every night. You heard a'ready where they up and had a split off, ain't you?"

Peter Plapp's features worked prodigiously as he stared down at the hand upon his arm. He achieved a nod.

"Well, then!" Miss Effie tossed her shining head backward toward the house. "If he goes to work and gits my twin a-cryin' at him all the time, I got the dare to hate him, ain't I?"

Mr. Plapp gazed down into the eyes upturned beseechingly in the moonlight, and gulped.

Miss Yancey had this in common with other great sovereigns: Whereas she could assume cruelty upon occasion, she could never be essentially cruel nor could she tolerate cruelty in another. All penitence now for the rash remark which had wrought such devastation in the breast of this tedious follower, she gave him the first encouragement she had ever shown him. She linked her hands about his arm and drew him into step beside her toward the gate. "Here he was a-tellin' her how they was goin' missionaryin' to the Syrias or somewheres, and here she was a-prayin' all the time over them heathens and a-sewin', and then they up and fussed, and he split off. But he ain't got the need to go slingin' his head around our Ellie! A-actin' like he could go draggin' her with such a string at, or whatever! There's plenty enough she could git if she just wasn't so choicy that way!" She squared toward her companion with something of challenge in her tone and waited defiantly.

It was a dreadful moment for Mr. Plapp, who was an honest young man. He shot a desperate glance toward the window where the lean, cross-eyed Ellie was sniffling at the moon, drew up one leg sharply and compromised his soul. "I would guess anyhow!" he said stoutly.

Miss Effie shone upon him with such instant approbation that he reeled slightly. "That there's anyhow the reason," she confided impulsively, "why I ain't leavin' nobody walk me to Flathead ower. I'm a-goin' with Ellie She's that hurt to her feelings she wouldn't near go if I wouldn't plague her into it and go along with."

This unbelievable confidence there in the transcendent moonlight, this revealment of deep human affection in the breast of his divinity, was all but too much for Peter Plapp. His throat rattled; his hand plowed toward her. He pawed her doggishly, one soft, rough swipe down her arm. Then he jerked open the gate, zoomed through it and fetching up against it, stared down upon her, swallowing hard. But he did not see her plainly. A sudden mist across his eyes sprayed her with nimbus. She stood perfectly still, looking up at him, transfigured in a dim glory.

She reached up swiftly, plucked a red rosebud and thrust it through his thudding lapel. "I might mebbe put such a red rose onto my supper box fur the Auction Social," she whispered; "and then agin, I mightn't!" She whirled from him and was gone, a luminous mist dancing between light and shadow, absorbed at last in the dark blot of the house.

It had been a good evening's work. By thus pitting against each other Heitville's two most popular swains, Miss Yancey had assured spectacular contention for her charms at the impending social. She had earned a night's repose.

Peter Plapp's legs drove him around the block, leaned him for yearning moments over the gate, then shunted him toward the village. He had no business there, but his soul demanded light and noise: the nearer he drew toward its dozen arc lights the higher he stepped and the swifter he strode. This may have been due to the dynamo which lay upon his heart; the rosebud was generating increasing kilowatts of power and heat.

To an inaudible fanfare of trumpets he marched down the five blocks of the business section, wheeled about and started back, a gate and a shining figure in halo retreating always just before him.

Something came between him and the gate. He spatted out with his palm, and all but spatted a short rotund figure into the gutter. He grabbed it and set it carefully upright.

"It's you, Feltbinder!" he muttered in confusion. "I wasn't seein' you just so good."

"It's a pity of it if a feller can't cross his own sidewalk fur to spit oncet!" raucously bubbled the victim of the assault. But Mr. Feltbinder was not only the hotel keeper of the village, its druggist and its postmaster; he was also its most experienced bachelor-at-large. He eyed omnisciently the rosebud on a level with his eyebrow, vented the delayed expectoration, then turned toward the shadowed porch beneath the swinging sign of his hostelry and inquired loudly: "Hey! What fur bush was all them buds a-growin' off of, heh?"

Chair legs promptly thudded. Mr. Samuel Boomershein materialized from the shadows.

Mr. Boomershein rocked slightly as he gazed at the Plapp lapel. Mr. Plapp reared back as he gazed at the Boomershein lapel. Both gentlemen drew long breaths and forgot to expel them. Swollen, they hunched their respective shoulders slowly upward and eyed each other with deadly menace.

The sportive Mr. Feltbinder vaguely sensed conflict. He clapped his palms upon his plump knees and in this froglike attitude took three excited hops about the tentative arena

"Go at!" he squeaked. "Go at oncet! I'll empire youse! The best feller wins a'ready, feet and hands down!"

Peter Plapp expelled his breath and slowly smiled. He could afford to be magnanimous. After all, he was the only one who knew about the rosebud upon the supper box. He swung upon a swaggering heel.

Mr. Boomershein did not smile. His was a more suspicious nature. He pawed the earth and lowered his head.

"If you conceit you're onto the hint of somepun," he bellowed—"well, take another guess if you think it!"

"I'm onto the hint of who I'm eatin' supper with out Flathead," Peter bluntly accepted the challenge: "And if you got somepun diffrunt to say, come on then! I'm ready fur to mix somepun with youse!"

Boomershein eyed his snorting rival. He swiftly reminisced past prowess of the doughty Peter. After all, why risk damage to the pink of his young skin? He himself was the only one who knew about the rosebud upon the supper box. He drove his fists into his pockets and teetered backward and forward in sneering nonchalance.

"You'll need all the stren'th in them there arms and legs fur to git youse home after the social. They'll be wilted plenty enough, that I give youse!"

Mr. Feltbinder clapped his middle in ecstasy. "It's a female, ain't? Don't argy no more words, then! Fit it out! The best feller that wins, he wins!"

It was not in the nature of Peter Plapp to compromise. The only person in the world who could reduce him to evasion was Miss Effie Yancey, and she was not present.

With some difficulty he held his tense muscles in leash as he announced, deep in his throat: "Now, looky here! I ain't takin' no lip off you! Peddle your wiltin' words around somewheres else! But if youse won't back 'em up with your fists, then it's got fur to be settled some other way! The feller where gits that supperbox, he'll git——" He broke off, scowled in

(Continued on Page 79)

"It's Plain on the Surface You're All Both of Youse Dopples, Anyways!" She Scorned

WEBER AND FIELDS

By Felix Isman and Wesley W. Stout

ALL for the insignificant sum of one dime, two nickels, ten coppers, one-tenth part of a dollar—the price of a shave or a hair ribbon! The greatest, the most astounding ——"

A lean, black-haired, steely-blue-eyed young man with a throaty, insistent voice fixed the passer-by with hypnotic stare and chanted his ballyhoo.

"The greatest, the most astounding aggregation of marvels and monstrosities ever gathered together in one edifice. Looted from the ends of the earth. From the wilds of darkest Africa, the miasmic jungles of Brazil, the mystic headwaters of the Yang-tse-Kiang, the cannibal isles of the Antipodes, the frosty slopes of the Himalayas, and the barren steppes of the Caucasus! Sparing no expense, every town, every village, every hamlet, every nook and cranny of the globe has been searched with a fine-tooth comb to provide this feast for the eye and the mind. A refined exhibition for cultured ladies and gentlemen. No waiting, no delays. Step up, ladies and gentlemen, and avoid the rush! Tickets now selling in the doorway!"

The New England decorum of Washington Street, Boston, in the early 80's—then as now the city's busiest retail artery—was violated by the black-haired youth and his background. He stood in front of No. 585, formerly occupied by a hatter. The twenty-five-foot front of the three-story building was swathed in great brawling canvas twelve-sheets in violent reds and blues that did assault and battery upon the eyes of all who passed; a sign painter's nightmare of moss-haired girls, Circassian beauties, snake charmers, African pygmies, Bornean wild men, Siamese Twins, tattooed ladies, sword swallowers, human-faced chickens, and the original cow of Mrs. O'Leary, kicker-over of the lantern and setter of the Chicago fire.

The façade of the building was lost in the swirl of poster and banner, even the name, Keith & Batchelder's Dime Museum, obscured. Circus men both, B. F. Keith and George H. Batchelder had set up shop in downtown Boston in 1883, with a job lot of freaks gathered from the side shows, against the eight lean, idle months of the trouper season. The circus never knew them again.

In 1885 they divided, Batchelder going to Providence and Keith soon buying the Bijou Theater, next door to No. 585. In later years he joined forces with Fred F. Proctor, originally a barrel kicker from the circus, and Percy G. Williams, one-time medicine man, and they invented and organized American vaudeville as it is today, and the twenty-five-foot storeroom grew to be the B. F. Keith circuit, mightiest of theatrical syndicates.

The lean, black-haired, steely-blue-eyed ballyhooer was Ned Albee, now Edward F. Albee, with B. F. Keith from the first year of the museum, immediate successor to him and his son, and now absolute overlord of vaudeville.

The Birthplace of Vaudeville

HERE at No. 585 Washington Street one morning in 1883, Masters Weber and Fields reported for work in the concert section on the second floor at forty dollars a week. They went on eight times a day, alternating their Dutch knockabout and their neat song-and-dance acts. Freaks and performers slept, ate and dressed in the attic, and paid six dollars a week to Mom Keith, who oversaw that floor and waited on table, assisted by a chubby, eight-year-old boy—their son Paul. Eight-by-ten partitions in which the actors both dressed and slept lined the walls and opened upon the dining-room table, occupying the center of the attic floor.

The Reed family—father, mother and three children—opened the bill with a black-face act. The variety show began at ten A.M. The youngest Reed was not yet five years old. Lew and Joe's clearest memory of that first time at Keith's is of the father letting his youngest sleep until 9:45, waking him with a cup of strong coffee and rubbing the burnt-cork make-up on his drowsy face as he held the boy in his arms.

Eleven years later, the senior Keith called Weber and Fields to Boston to play twice instead of eight times a day, and in a new $1,000,000 theater, much the most pretentious vaudeville theater in America. Both he and the Skull Crackers, as they sometimes billed themselves, had climbed many rungs of the ladder meanwhile, with many more to go.

Another eleven years saw them back at Keith's Boston house on their last vaudeville tour.

The late A. Paul Keith, grown from passer of the rice pudding in the attic at No. 585 to be manager of the Boston theater, called them into the office and opened the ledger with a flourish. They read:

	A WEEK
Weber and Fields, 1883	$40
Weber and Fields, 1894	$400
Weber and Fields, 1905	$4000

During one of their early Boston engagements, at Austin and Stone's Museum this time, the act was canceled abruptly in midweek and the two returned to New York. Joe's family would need his earnings more than ever now. His father was dead.

. . . . . .

MIKE: I am delightfulness to meet you.
MYER: Der disgust is all mine.

Mike was Weber, Myer was Fields, and these two lines the opening salutation of the Dutch knockabout with which they first convulsed the patrons of Harry Miner's Bowery, and this was expanded ultimately into the Weber and Fields of tradition. New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Providence and Boston knew it now, and encored it.

MIKE: I receivedidid a letter from mein goil, but I don't know how to writteninin her back.

MYER: Writteninin her back! Such an edumuncation you got it? Writteninin her back! You mean rotteninin her back. How can you answer her ven you don't know how to write?

MIKE: Dot makes no nefer mind. She don't know how to read.

PHOTO FROM THE ALBERT DAVIS COLLECTION

Maggie Cline in the "Throw Him Down, McCloskey" Period

MYER: If you luf her, vy don't you send her some poultry?

MIKE: She don't need no poultry; her father is a butcher.

MYER: I mean luf voids like Romeo und Chuliet talks.

If you luf you like I luf me,
No knife can cut us togedder.

MIKE: I don't like dot.

MYER: Vell, vot do you vant to say to her?

MIKE: I don't vant you to know vat I'm saying to her. All I vant you to do is to tell me vot to put in her letter.

MYER: Such a foolishness you are! If I don't tell you vot to say, how vill you know vot to write if she don't know how to read?

MIKE: I don't vant nobody to know vot I'm writteninin to her.

MYER: You don't vant anyone to know vot you are rotteninin?

MIKE: No.

MYER Then send her a postal card.

MIKE: Send her a postal card? If I do she'll think I don't care two cendts for her.

MYER: Are you going to marry her?

MIKE: In two days I vill be a murdered man.

MYER A vot?

MIKE: I mean a married man.

MYER: I hope you vill always look back upon der presendt moment as der habbiest moment uff your life.

MIKE: But I aind't married yet.

MYER I know it, und furdermore, upon dis suspicious occasion, I also vish to express to you—charges collect—my uppermost depreciation of der dishonor you haf informed upon me in making me your bridesmaid.

MIKE: Der insuldt is all mein.

MYER: As you standt before me now, soo young, soo innocent, soo obnoxious, there is only one void dot can express mein pleasure, mein dissatisfaction ——

MIKE: Yes, yes?

MYER: Und I can't tink of der void.

MIKE: I know I vill be happy.

MYER: I know you vill be. *(He shakes* MIKE'S *hand feelingly.)* Und later on, ven you lose all your money, und your vife goes back on you, und your house burns down, und your children get run over, then I, your best friendt, vill take you by der hand ——

MIKE *(wiping a furtive tear away):* Yes, yes!

MYER: Und say ——

MIKE: Yes, yes!

MYER: Und say, "I told you so!"

MIKE: Say, vot is dis going to be, a vedding or ein funeral?

MYER: A wedding, in course; und remember also dot vile I vish you plendty uff mishaps, I also vish you lodts uff misfortunes.

Walt Whitman Criticizes the Theater

SINCE the writing of these reminiscences began, Mr. Fields locked himself in his office one Saturday afternoon. He was in the midst of the hurly-burly of casting his new show, The Jazz King, and his mind was full of the third grandson newly arrived at his home. Ignoring telephone and knock, he chewed the end of a pencil and wrote until he had reproduced this dialogue as nearly as his memory retained it.

Old stuff? To be sure, in 1924, after it has been hacked and hawked about the stage for a generation by imitators, good, bad and indifferent, though worth a few laughs yet. In the early 80's such an exchange of hashed English never before had been heard in the theater, and its inventors were two thirteen-year-olds.

Weber and Fields' dime museum days were ending Both they and the American theater were on the eve of great growth.

What Walt Whitman, then living in Brooklyn, had written of the native stage in 1845 still was largely true. In the Brooklyn Star in that year Whitman had asked:

Would we have a theater? With all honor and glory to those immortals who have shone before the world in plays, we answer, "No." As at present conducted, no man or woman of taste

can care much for theaters, or wish one in Brooklyn. Of course our readers will grant that we do not suppose that a playhouse must be bad *per se*. But until some great reform takes place in plays, acting and actors, nothing can be done in this country with the theater to make it deserve well at the hands of good men. It has worn the tinseled threadbare robes of foreign fashion long enough. It must be regenerated, refashioned, and born again. It must be made fresher, more natural, more fitted to modern tastes—and above all, it must be Americanized, ere we say put up more theaters. For what person of judgment that ever has spent one hour in the Chatham or the Bowery Theaters in New York but has been nauseated with the stuff presented there? And though the Park claims higher rank, yet even the Park is but a respectably stupid imitator—a bringer-out of English plays, usherer before us of second-rate foreign performers and the castings-off of London and Liverpool.

Up From the Beer Garden

WHITMAN was writing of the first-class stage, and forty years later that stage still was strutting in Europe's hand-me-downs. The theater never had got its roots into the American soil. Of a necessity, it had begun by importing its plays, manners and conventions from London and the Continent; but after a century it still was a droopy, hothouse exotic. Negro minstrelsy was our single home product. There were no American playwrights worthy of the name, and therefore no American plays. The European theater was in the doldrums itself, and the stuff that was brought across the water, Shakspere and the classics excepted, bore no relation to life—least of all American life. New York has been laughing this spring at a revival of one such mummery of highfaluting speech, preposterous asides, affectation and artificiality. This particular drama chances to have been the work of a New Yorker, and was hailed in the '40's as a bit of realism, a fresh wind in the theater, indicating how banal the usual fare of our largest city's stage must have been.

The Civil War jarred the nation into a new realization of its destiny and the ferment reached the theater. Like all great, popular movements, this revolution had its unnoticed beginnings with the masses. Here and there the legitimate stage had produced native actors of distinction, but they stifled in its fusty air. Not until a group of men and women began to push their way up from the beer gardens, the dime museums, the honkytonks and the variety saloons, bringing something racy of the soil and characteristically American, did the stage wake and take its place in society.

Such were Joe Weber and Lew Fields, and because of it their story is the history, in miniature, of the rise of the American theater. That rise was unguessed when Gus Hill saw their act in New York in the middle '80's and signed them for a season with his traveling show. Gus Hill since has made a fortune with popular-priced musical comedies, such as Bringing Up Father, shows that never see Broadway, but flourish on the road despite the blight of Hollywood. Trunk shows, they are known to the profession, from the fact that the scenery folds into specially designed trunks, making an extra baggage car unnecessary. By such economies Gus Hill has become one of the wealthiest theatrical men in the country.

Gus Hill also was an East Side product. He began as a club swinger, and continued to twirl his Indian clubs in his own show. They were of a staggering weight. He exhibited them in the lobbies where men and boys tugged and hauled at them to little result. Only a donkey engine could have hoisted them freely.

On-stage Gus toyed with these same clubs as airily as if they had been bamboo walking sticks, the explanation lying in the false bottoms that disgorged the lead weights with which the clubs were loaded.

This trick is associated in Fields' mind with a story of the old Guttenberg race track near Weehawken. One of the owners of the track, a New York gambling-house proprietor, owned the bookmaking privileges and a racing stable as well. His word was law at the track with bookmakers, starters, judges, weighers and all.

Gus Hill and His Troupe of Performing Indian Clubs

Lottie Gilson, the "Little Magnet," Feminine Star of the Gus Hill Variety Company While Weber and Fields Were With It. At Left—The Rogers Brothers in the Old Days

Little Fred, one of his horses, had won so consistently that it was posted to carry the terrific handicap of 156 pounds in a selling race. Despite this impost, the bookmakers were ordered to accept no bets on the horse. Little Fred won going away, and all the bookies but one turned in sheets showing heavy winnings. The exception had the reputation of being the wisest head in the betting ring.

"I'm usually in the habit of taking orders as they are given me," he apologized to his boss; "but I like to use the brains God gave me, and I'm darned if I can see yet how Little Fred could carry 156 pounds and win."

The owner gave him a withering look.

"And who in Haverstraw told you that Little Fred carried 156 pounds?" he barked.

This season with Gus Hill was Weber and Fields' first continuous contract engagement. It was for thirty weeks' work at fifteen dollars each a week, board, room and transportation—with the emphasis on the "work," they were to learn. They performed three times in each bill, as Weber and Fields in the knockabout, as Smith and Way in a neat song and dance, and in the afterpiece. Smith and Way was compounded of the names of the advance man and the angel, or financial backer.

The afterpiece was the ensemble, in which every member of the company must appear, and without which no entertainment was thought complete. It was chosen at random from among a dozen hackneyed skits known forward and backward by actors of any experience; such forgotten trifles as Murder at the Old Toll Gate, Ghost in the Pawnshop, The Coming Man, Oh, Ma, Look at Him, Kiss in the Dark, and Razor Jim. The last was typical. The rise of the curtain disclosed a theatrical manager about to cast a minstrel show, his office boy, and the negro roustabout, Razor Jim. One by one and two by two the office boy ushered in the others of the company. They sought parts. What could they do? In answer, they danced, sang or clowned until the manager signaled to Jim, who flourished a grotesque property razor, to chase them out. The soubrette entered last, smirking and flirting with the manager. She chucked the office boy under the chin, tickled Razor Jim, sang horribly in a purposely cracked voice, and was hired on the spot. Curtain! Audiences cried for it.

The Academy Rat Heaven

THREE appearances in each show was not all of it. From seven until eight o'clock the boys collected the ten-cent tickets at the gallery door. Backstage they shifted scenery—stage hands carried no union cards in that day—ran errands and answered to the name of "Boy!" They ate when, where and what Gus Hill permitted them, and slept in the same room with him. The company was paid on Wednesday night as of the preceding Saturday, with the result that the boys, who sent all but a pittance home, were either broke over Sunday or borrowed from Hill, who generally charged a pretty stiff rate of interest, deducted in advance. If Hill ransomed their laundry he added his usual interest charge.

Gus Hill's show carried them west of Baltimore for the first time, their initial date on the far side of the Alleghanies falling in the old Academy of Music in Pittsburgh. The backstage accommodations of secondary theaters, and of most first-class houses of the time, were those of a barn. Only the star's dressing room contained a washbasin. The others sloshed their make-up off in long troughs, one for the women, one for the men. Frequently the actors' quarters were bitterly cold in winter and suffocating in summer; but in the Academy no one shivered. The dressing rooms were under the stage, surrounding the house furnace.

An old theater usually is rife with rats, but the Academy was a rat heaven; sleek, pompous, arrogant rats that strolled about as casually as a house dog. The owner, Harry Williams, would permit no cat in the building, and had blacklisted actors for killing his pets. The rodents thrived on another superstition, one invented possibly by Williams for his own purposes. Any actor who ever played the Academy, Weber and Fields among them, will swear that no rat could be coaxed into the dressing room of an act that had flopped. It followed that to have a rat

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BILL THE CONQUEROR

CHAPTER XI

By P. G. Wodehouse

ILLUSTRATED BY MAT WILSON PRESTON

IN THE heart of the city of London's bustle and din, some fifty yards to the east of Leadenhall Market, there stands a small and dingy place of refreshment bearing over its door the name of Pirandello. In addition to alluring the public with a rich smell of mixed foods, the restaurant keeps permanently in its window a dish containing a saintly looking pig's head flanked by two tomatoes and a discouraged lettuce. There are also cakes of dubious aspect scattered here and there. Through the glass you can see sad-eyed members of the Borgia family in stained dress suits busily engaged in keeping up the ancient traditions of the clan.

In the narrow doorway of this establishment, about three hours after Pilbeam had left Sir George Pyke's office in Tilbury House, Bill West was standing with his young friend Judson Coker. They were looking up and down the street with an air of expectancy.

"You're sure this is the right place?" asked Judson in a voice of melancholy. The Gioconda smile of that placid pig had begun to weigh upon his spirits.

"It's what she said in her telegram—Pirandello's in Leadenhall Street."

"Very mysterious, the whole thing," said Judson, frowning at the pig.

"Ah!" said Bill, stepping from the doorway. He had observed Flick threading her way through the traffic from the other side of the street.

Flick, in marked contrast to Judson, seemed in the highest spirits. She waved cheerily as she eluded a passing van. She sprang onto the pavement with a gay leap.

"So you got my wire? That's splendid. Come in; I'm hungry."

"You aren't going to lunch here?" said Judson incredulously.

"Certainly. It's a very good place. Henry recommended it strongly. He always lunches here. He said he would have treated me today, only he's in conference with another man at Blake's Chophouse."

"Henry?" said Bill, perplexed. "Who's Henry?"

"The office boy where I work."

Bill and Judson exchanged a bewildered glance.

"Where you work?" said Judson.

"Where you work?" said Bill.

"Yes; that's what I've come to tell you about. That's why I wired to you to meet me here. I've got a job as stenographer at the London branch of the Paradene Pulp and Paper Company."

"What?"

"I can't explain till I've had something to eat. You idle rich don't realize it, but working gives one an appetite."

They followed her dazedly into the restaurant. A warm, sweet-scented blast of air smote them as they entered. Flick sniffed. "Smell the cocoa!" she said to Judson. "Doesn't it tantalize you?" She sat down at one of the marble-topped tables. "Mr. Cocoa likes coker," she said to Bill. "I mean, Mr. Coker likes cocoa."

Bill, staring in astonishment at Judson, found the latter eying Flick with the reproachful look of one who has been disappointed in a friend. The light-hearted girl appeared unaware of his penetrating gaze. She was busy with a waiter, who accepted her order dejectedly and wrote it down on a grubby pad with a noncommittal air, as if disclaiming all responsibility.

"There," said Flick, when the lethal provender was on the table and they were alone once more. "Now we can talk. I chose this place because nobody's likely to come in here."

"Not unless they're dippy," said Judson gloomily, poking cautiously at his plate.

"What a Lot of People Come to See People Off," He Said

Bill, who was less wrapped up in the matter of food than his fastidious friend, was able to turn his mind to the extraordinary statement which Flick had made a moment back.

"You've got a job with Slingsby?" he said, marveling. "What on earth for?"

"Because I suspect that sinister man, and I want to keep an eye on him."

"What is this?" demanded Judson, who had now summoned up courage enough to swallow a mouthful. "I know it's paraffin, but what have they put in it?"

"I don't understand. When did you get this job?"

"This morning at ten o'clock."

"But how?"

"I just walked in and said I heard there was a vacancy for a stenographer."

"How did you know there was?"

"Mr. Coker told me so last night. He spent the afternoon with Mr. Slingsby. There must be something awfully attractive about Mr. Coker, because Mr. Slingsby simply wouldn't let him go. Would he?"

"Eh?" said Judson absently.

"I said Mr. Slingsby just kept you sitting in his office for hours yesterday, didn't he?"

"I'm off that man for life," said Judson with somber emphasis. "I have no use for him."

"You see?" said Flick. "Mr. Coker thinks there's something wrong with him too. We had a long talk last night," she went on, "after you had gone off to write your letter, and we came to the conclusion that Mr. Slingsby is a thoroughly bad man."

"What on earth made you think that?"

Flick sipped daintily at the odd muddy liquid which the management laughingly described as chocolate.

"What would you think of a man who's probably got a salary of a thousand pounds a year or so and runs a Winchester-Murphy car and lives in Bruton Street?"

"Why shouldn't he live in Bruton Street?" asked Bill, mystified. His knowledge of London was small.

"Bruton Street, Berkeley Square," said Flick. "You have to be pretty rich to live there. Anyhow you want a good deal more than a thousand a year."

"But Slingsby goes in for theatrical ventures. He told me so. He probably makes a lot out of those."

"Well, how did he get the money to go in for theatrical ventures? It's no use arguing. The man is a crook. He must be. Apart from anything else, he had a black eye when I called on him this morning."

"A man like that," said Judson in a hard voice, "is bound to get a black eye sooner or later. I wish I had given it him."

"A black eye? What do you mean?"

"Just what I say. Now, do honest men get black eyes? Of course they don't. And besides, anybody could tell that he wasn't straight just by looking at him."

"That man's a scoundrel of the worst and lowest description," said Judson.

"How do you know?" said Bill.

"Never mind," said Judson darkly. "I have my reasons."

He pushed away his plate and nibbled in a disheartened way at a roll. Bill turned to Flick again.

"Tell me exactly what happened," he said.

"All right," said Flick. "I lay awake in bed last night for ever so long, thinking over what Mr. Coker had told me—about Bruton Street and the car, you know. And the longer I thought, the fishier it looked. And then I remembered that Mr. Coker had also said that when he called at the office yesterday Mr. Slingsby was in a bad temper because he had just got rid of his stenographer. It occurred to me that if I called early enough in the morning I might get there before he had sent out to some agency for another, and, luckily, I did. I saw Mr. Slingsby and he engaged me at once. Didn't ask for references or anything."

To Bill, though he had little knowledge of what was the customary ceremonial that led up to the engaging of stenographers, this seemed somewhat unusual. Surely, he felt, the proceedings were not always so rapid as that! The fact was, Mr. Slingsby had happened to be in a frame of mind that morning in which his ideal of feminine attractiveness was something differing in every respect from Miss Prudence Stryker; and Flick's fair slimness, so opposite to the brunet heftiness of that militant lady, had soothed him on the instant. She would have had to be a far less efficient stenographer than she was to fail to secure the post.

"Well, there I was," said Flick. "He told me to start right in, so I started right in. There's a dear old clerk in the office who has been there for years and years. He was under three other managers before Mr. Slingsby, and it wasn't long before he was talking to me about the terrible state of the business now as compared with the dear old days. I suppose I encouraged him a little, but he gave me the impression of being the sort of man who would have confided in anyone who was ready to listen."

She purred triumphantly over her chocolate. Bill, in spite of his sturdy belief that this was all nonsense and that the well-meaning girl had started off on the wildest of wild-goose chases, could not help being interested. As he sat there thinking another aspect of the matter struck him.

"But look here," he said, "why are you doing all this—going to all this trouble, I mean?"

Flick looked up with that swift kitten look of hers. There was something odd in her expression which puzzled Bill.

"Why shouldn't I go to a little trouble to help you?" she said. "We're pals, aren't we?"

There was a silence. For the briefest moment Bill was conscious of a curious feeling, as if the atmosphere had become suddenly charged with something electric. There had been a look in Flick's eyes as they met his for an instant that perplexed him. He felt that he hovered on the brink of some strange revelation. Then the spell was shattered by Judson.

"I want the body," said Judson, who had seemed plunged in a deep coma for the past few minutes, "to be sent to my people in New York."

Flick's seriousness vanished as quickly as it had come. She laughed.

"What a fuss you are making!" she said. "I shan't take you out to lunch again in a hurry. The food's perfectly good. Look how I'm eating mine."

"Women are extraordinary," said Judson, refusing to be cheered. "They must have cast-iron insides."

"Don't be indelicate, Mr. Coker. Remember, there are gentlemen present."

"I've seen my sister Alice wolf with obvious relish," said Judson, "stuff that would kill a strong man. A woman's idea of lunch is ptomaine germs washed down with tea and iced lemonade."

The mention of the absent Miss Coker had the effect of producing another momentary silence. But almost immediately Flick hurried on.

"I was telling you about this old clerk," she said. "He seemed to have the worst opinion of Mr. Slingsby as a business man. I can't remember all he said, but one thing did strike me as curious. He told me that almost all the wood pulp is being sold, at prices which allow only the smallest profit, to a firm named Higgins & Bennett."

"Well?" said Bill.

"Well," said Flick, "doesn't that seem odd to you? Only the smallest profit!"

"But you don't understand. That's just what Slingsby was talking about at lunch that day. Business conditions ——"

"Nonsense!" said Flick decidedly. "It's fishy and you know it is. Because he told me something else. He said that a letter had come from a firm offering a much higher price than Higgins & Bennett, and that he had particularly noticed that no deal for this had been entered in the contract book, showing that for some reason or other Mr. Slingsby had refused the offer. What do you think of that?"

"It does sound queer."

"I'm glad you admit it. It sounds very queer to me, and I'm going to keep my eyes open. . . . And now I think you had better be escorting me back to my office or I shall be getting dismissed on my first day. Henry tells me three-quarters of an hour is the official time for lunch."

Bill was thoughtful as they walked toward St. Mary Axe. A simple-minded young man, he found these puzzles uncongenial. And suddenly another disturbing thought struck him.

"Look here," he said, "is it safe for you to be round these parts? Aren't you apt to run into somebody you know?"

"Of course not. Uncle George never comes into the City. I'm as safe here as I am in Battersea."

"Oh well, that's all right. I was only wondering."

They stopped at the entrance of the building on the third floor of which the Paradene Pulp and Paper Company had its offices. And as they stood there a young man in a vivid check suit came out, a small young man with close-set eyes and the scenario of a mustache. He was walking rapidly and in so preoccupied a condition that he almost cannoned into Flick.

"I beg your pardon," he said.

Flick smiled forgivingly and turned to Bill.

"Good-by," she said. "Good-by, Mr. Coker."

"Good-by," said Judson. "You'll be coming to dinner tonight?"

"Of course."

Flick entered the building and started to climb the stairs. The young man in the check suit, who had been tying his shoe lace, straightened himself and followed her. He moved cautiously, like a leopard.

This stupendous stroke of luck, coming so unexpectedly out of a blue sky, had for a moment almost unmanned Percy Pilbeam. He had recognized Flick the instant he saw her, and that feeling that comes to all of us at times of a mysterious power benevolently guiding our movements flooded over him. If he had terminated his interview with Mr. Wilfrid Slingsby two minutes sooner—and Mr. Slingsby's attitude and behavior on being questioned about last night's affray had given him every excuse to do so—he would have missed the girl. As it was, everything was working out with the most perfect smoothness. Though he had recognized her, Flick, he was certain, had not recognized him. She was entirely unaware that she was being trailed. The only thing he had to do was to ascertain where she was going and if she intended to stay there long, and then to send word to Sir George Pyke to come and get her.

Warily he tiptoed after her up the stairs. They reached the first floor. They reached the second. They reached the third, and Pilbeam, peering with infinite caution, saw the girl pass through a door the ground-glass window of which bore the legend Paradene Pulp and Paper Company. It was now necessary only to wait and see if she was paying a brief visit or if she intended to remain. Pilbeam camped on the stairs and the minutes went by.

When a reasonable period of time had passed without any sign of Flick he hurried downstairs. In the doorway he paused and scribbled a note. This he gave, with a shilling, to a passing boy. Then he stationed himself in the doorway to await Sir George's arrival.

II

IN ASSUMING so complacently that Flick had not recognized him Percy Pilbeam had made a tactical blunder. It is true that in the first moment of their meeting he had seemed a stranger, but suddenly, as she started to mount the stairs, her subconscious mind, which, after the helpful habit of subconscious minds, had been working all the time on its own account, sounded an alarm. Vaguely, in a nebulous, uncertain fashion, she began to feel that somewhere at some time she had seen this check-suited young man before

But where?

And when?

She had just reached the second floor when memory leaped into life as if she had touched a spring. It was in Roderick's office the day when she had called to take Roderick out to tea, that ever-to-be-remembered day when all the trouble had started. This was the man—Pilbeam? Wasn't that his name?—who assisted Roderick in the control of Society Spice.

It was lucky that this illumination came to Flick with such a startling abruptness, for this very abruptness had all the effect of a physical shock. It actually jerked her head sideways as if it had been a blow. And so it came about that out of the corner of her eye she was enabled to see her pursuer just a moment before he made one of his wary slidings into the shadows on the staircase. An instant later, and she would have missed him.

She gave a little gasp. Of all the unpleasant sensations that can attack us in this world, one of the least agreeable is the feeling of being hunted. A brief flurry of panic shook Flick. Then, pulling herself together, she went on up the stairs. Peril quickens the wit, and she had thought of a plan of action. The success of this plan depended entirely on whether that other door in Mr. Slingsby's private office—a door whose existence she had completely forgotten until her subconscious mind, that admirable assistant, now presented a picture of it for her inspection—led anywhere. It might, of course, be merely the entrance to a cupboard, in which case she was trapped. But hope seemed to whisper that a man of Wilfrid Slingsby's evil mind, a man who got black eyes and sold wood pulp cheap to Higgins & Bennett when he could have disposed of it more advantageously elsewhere, would be extremely likely to select for his office a room with a bolt hole for use in case of emergency. She entered the office with a high heart.

A loud and angry voice proceeding through the door had warned her before she turned the handle that a disturbed atmosphere prevailed within. She found Mr. Slingsby in a state of effervescing fury, engaged in a passionate passage with Henry the office boy.

One cannot altogether blame Wilfrid Slingsby for his lack of self-control. His unfortunate encounter with Miss Prudence Stryker at Mario's Restaurant overnight had brought him to the office in mood of extreme edginess, and when a good lunch had to some extent pulled him round he had been plunged into the depths once more by the totally unforeseen intrusion of Mr. Percy Pilbeam. These things upset a man and render an office boy's whistling more than ordinarily disturbing to the nerves. The consequence was that Henry, a dreamy youth who was

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They Were Looking Up and Down the Street With an Air of Expectancy

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PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 28, 1924

So Far, So Good

THE new immigration law is the most important and far-reaching legislation adopted in our time. It is, as its proponent declared, our second Declaration of Independence, for it reaffirms our right to determine whom we shall let into the United States and whom we shall turn away.

The new law corrects an intolerable state of affairs and materially checks those racial influences that were steadily lowering our average level of manhood and citizenship. It rectifies the unwisdom and injustice of the former percentage law that discriminated so detrimentally against our older and well-proved racial stocks. There is every reason to believe that it will give us all the European immigration we ought to have and that for the most part it will be of the right sort.

Good blood attracts good blood, and the self-respecting flock together. The general character of our newcomers from overseas will inevitably improve. If we get less of the cheap labor that is dear at any price, we may count upon more of the dear labor that is worth all it costs. In other words, we may look for fewer coolies and more men.

Immediate results are not the most important. For thirty years Congress has been studying immigrational tendencies that began to be apparent back in the 80's. Conditions have steadily gone from bad to worse and in endeavoring to correct them Congress legislated for posterity. The question, therefore, is not what effect the new law will have upon the steel or the coal-mining industry in 1925, but whether it promises us a better or a worse America a generation or two hence.

The newspapers lately told of the death of an immigrant who came here in the 70's and, dying, left behind him no fewer than sixty-nine living descendants. We cannot undertake to say whether these offspring will be a source of strength or of weakness to the country of his adoption. We cite the case only to show the cumulative effect of wise or unwise immigration control.

We share the President's admirably expressed regret that the sections of the act providing for the exclusion of Asiatics should be put into effect in such a manner as to wound the sensibilities of the Japanese. His expressions of good will for that people have been echoed throughout the country and will, we hope, be accepted at their face value. The gentlemen's agreement by which we were bound seems to have been a diplomatic Gordian knot which could not be loosed short of several months of international negotiation. Congress cut the knot with one sharp snick of its legislative ax. It is not surprising that Japan felt she had been brusquely treated. Our real cause for wonderment is that the Department of State was not more conspicuously successful in foreseeing the impending action and in taking means to forestall unfavorable reaction to it. The negotiations of the Department of State are necessarily veiled with so much secrecy that it is often impossible to review them intelligently until years after the fact; but to outsiders not versed in the niceties of diplomacy it would appear that the moral of our present embarrassment is that State Department agreements should be more easily and more quickly terminable.

The new law is not perfect. Its advantages are obvious; its weaknesses will be revealed more certainly by experience than by discussion. We believe the seepage of European undesirables across our land frontiers will be so considerable as to cry for stricter legislation in the near future. The non-quota immigration permitted by the act looks like another trouble breeder; but it should not be difficult to control if Congress has the courage to deal with it firmly. On the whole, it is a good law and it is one of the very few pieces of legislation to which the present Congress can point with justifiable pride.

Our alien problem is still far from final solution. Our naturalization laws demand immediate attention. They are too lax and too easy. Every day we are making citizens of immigrants who are no more fit for citizenship than they were the day they passed through the Ellis Island turnstile. They seek naturalization not for the purpose of assuming American obligations, but in order to escape those of European citizenship. Congress should take the whole matter in hand at an early day.

No one man is entitled to more credit for the enactment of the new immigration law than is Mr. Albert Johnson, of Washington, chairman of the House Committee on Immigration and Naturalization. He had, to be sure, assistance from many quarters in drafting the bill; and he was able to command the loyal support of colleagues of both parties throughout the wearing legislative fight that he has been carrying on for years; but upon his shoulders, more heavily than upon any other's, rested the burden of seeing the thing through to a decisive finish. Handicapped by ill health, he bore that burden manfully and with patient skill. He now has the reward of knowing that he has rendered his country a service of uncommon magnitude. The momentous character of that service will become more and more apparent as time passes. Mr. John L. Cable, of Ohio, Mr. William N. Vaile, of Colorado, Judge John C. Box, of Texas, Judge John E. Raker, of California, and Senator Pat Harrison, of Mississippi, are conspicuous among those who share Mr. Johnson's honors.

If it would not do more harm than good, we should like to print a full list of the members of both Houses who voted for the law in the firm belief that by so doing they would forfeit reëlection. It is so hard to find warrant for saying a good word for the present Congress that it would be pleasant to hold up for the admiration of the country these patriotic legislators who made this real and praiseworthy sacrifice. We should like also, but for other reasons, to print the names of those in that less admirable band which fought the law with dogged stubbornness and showed how much dearer Europe and Europeans are to them than are America and Americans. They, too, are worthy of requital, and their services will no doubt receive the recognition they merit.

Easy Credit for Farmers

FOR years we have had agitation for more credit for farmers. It used to be said that the farmer suffered from inability to secure medium-term loans, that the rediscount facilities of the Federal Reserve System were closed to him, that interest rates were extortionate.

The truth seems to be that there is too much farm credit in good times and too little in hard times. At present farmers can borrow, in one way or another, quite as freely as merchants and manufacturers. In the hearings held in Congress on proposed bills for relief of agricultural distress, in reports of district Federal Reserve boards, in farm papers in all parts of the country we are now told that the farmers have had too much, not too little credit.

In the war years of good prices mortgages should have been paid off, reserves built up and enterprises consolidated. Instead, in all too many instances farmers bought more lands at high prices, installed expensive improvements, expanded equipment, and in addition bought worthless blue-sky commercial paper in appalling amounts. With decline in prices of farm produce the enlarged obligations on the expanded enterprises are crushing. Farmers who did not expand, who did not seek or were refused easy credit then, are fortunately situated today.

Poor banking has been the cause of a great deal of the trouble in the Western States. There were too many banks; they were competing with one another for farm business; all too often they literally urged loans on farmers. In effect, they often participated with farmers in land speculations. Following deflation, the country banks found themselves in difficulties; their city connections pressed them for adjustment of balances. The country bank could not follow through with the farmer, and the farmer then found himself unable to pay his maturing debts, his interest or even his taxes. The banks were often too extended or too frightened to refund the farm debts.

The lessons are limitation of banks to the real needs of country districts, building up of larger country reserves and revival of cash trading. If stabilization of prices and investments is anywhere a function of banking policy, it is so in the country, quite as much so as on the stock exchange. In the very nature of his affairs the farmer is involved in speculation, the hazards of climate and pestilence. Under these circumstances he ought to receive especial protection against monetary speculation. The world over, easy credit is the basis of speculation. With the enlarged facilities for credits now opened to farmers it has become all the more necessary that these be operated wisely, for solidification rather than expansion of farmers' affairs.

An Export Tax on Tourists

TOURIST expenditures and immigrant remittances have acquired a large importance in the financial affairs of European countries. The protests of some European countries against the Johnson Immigration Law were based on loss of revenues anticipated as the result of restriction of immigration into this country. When the citizens of one European country travel in another, that represents a transfer of exchange that may be regarded as injurious. To protect her currency from such injury, Germany has recently applied a tax of five hundred gold marks on each German national leaving on a foreign journey.

Since the currency of Germany has been stabilized by the institution of the rentenmark prices have become high in Germany. Foreign visitors to the various trade fairs held in Germany this spring found prices too high for them, foreign tourists have found travel and sojourn in Germany too expensive. German tourists find prices abroad cheap for them, especially in Switzerland, Italy, Spain and Portugal, and this stimulates travel. High costs and prices at home encourage German business men to go abroad seeking investments and markets. The result of heavy foreign travel this spring has been seriously to lower the exchange value of the rentenmark, and the export tax on going abroad has been applied less to raise revenue than to check the exodus of outbound Germans.

Exemptions are naturally provided, but the German press seems agreed in the view that the regulation will hold back largely the poor and serve only ineffectively to harass the rich. What may be called a bootlegging in visas and in outbound travel is expected to develop. All the artifices employed by immigrants to obtain illicit entrance to a country may now be used to get out of a country. Possibly the best way would have been to let the Germans go out and then tax them when they return. In any event we live and learn in the direction of governmental devices.

THE ALPINE EAST

By Lothrop Stoddard

CONDITIONS in Eastern Europe can be described in two words—complexity and instability. This is true not merely of the present but also of the past. Nature herself is primarily responsible. Eastern Europe is a vast plain stretching from Germany across Russia to the Ural Mountains. Furthermore, Eastern Europe is itself only part of a larger whole, because the Urals are no true barrier, and beyond them lie the even vaster plains of Siberia, which go clear to the Pacific Ocean. Indeed, Eastern Europe is really a borderland between Europe and Asia, and partakes of both continents in its geography, its climate and the character of its inhabitants. For ages it has been the scene of vast racial movements.

These endless plains, with their long navigable rivers, invite migration. There countless tribes and nomad hordes of diverse races have wandered, meeting and mingling their blood. In Eastern Europe race lines tend to become blurred, its inhabitants being mostly of mixed stocks. This has, however, not resulted in a uniform mixture. The land is so vast, the climates are so varied and the migrations have come from so many directions that the populations of different regions vary widely from one another in racial make-up, though with a good deal of border crossing.

This combination of wide migration and varied local race mixture has likewise produced a complex overlapping of languages, religions and cultures, while the interplay of all these factors has resulted in profound instability, especially in political matters. States and empires have arisen rapidly, and as rapidly disappeared. Here and there populations have developed a national consciousness and have therefore crystallized into nations. But even they lack the stability of Western nations. Their territories are not separated from their neighbors by natural frontiers, and they often contain within their political borders elements which have not been assimilated into the national life. Eastern Europe is thus a world still in the making, where frontiers are yet fluid and where great political changes may yet take place.

The Slav in Europe

OVER the greater part of this immense area one basic factor has long been active—the spread of Alpine blood and Slav speech. For the past thousand years the Alpine Slavs have been expanding over Eastern Europe, so that today they form the common element in the various racial and national combinations which have taken place. This is the outstanding point to remember in Eastern Europe's complex history.

In previous articles we have observed the great outpouring of the round-headed Alpine Slavs from their Carpathian homeland westward into Germany and southward through the Danube basin to the Balkans. Let us now follow this same movement northward and eastward into what is now Poland, Russia and other East European regions.

When the Slav masses began pouring over Eastern Europe they found a land generally level but diversified by climate into wide, treeless prairies, dense forests, deep swamps and half-desert plains. The forests and swamps lay to the north, with a cold climate and heavy rain or snow fall. South of the forest belt began the open country—at first fertile prairie, but gradually shading off to the southeast into less fertile plains, with diminishing rainfall, until, on the borders of Asia, they became waterless deserts. These southern deserts and arid plains—known as steppes—were already occupied by Asiatics—Turkish or Mongol nomad hordes moving in from Asia. The rest of Eastern Europe was then sparsely inhabited by blond Nordic tribes, mingled in the far north with Asiatic Finnish stocks which had wandered in from Siberia.

Such was the land into which the migrating Slavs made their way a little more than a thousand years ago. What followed was not so much a conquest as a confused interpenetration. The Slavs were split up into a multitude of independent groups, while the native Nordic and Finnish populations were equally unorganized. After a certain amount of obscure fighting, the newcomers and the older elements seem to have mingled rapidly, the more numerous Alpine Slavs contributing the largest share in the new racial combination.

The steady Alpinization of Russia and Poland, together with its gradual and mainly peaceful character, has been proved by numerous studies of ancient burial mounds and old Russian and Polish graveyards. The prehistoric burial mounds contain the bones of a long-skulled population unmistakably Nordic in type. Alpine round skulls do not

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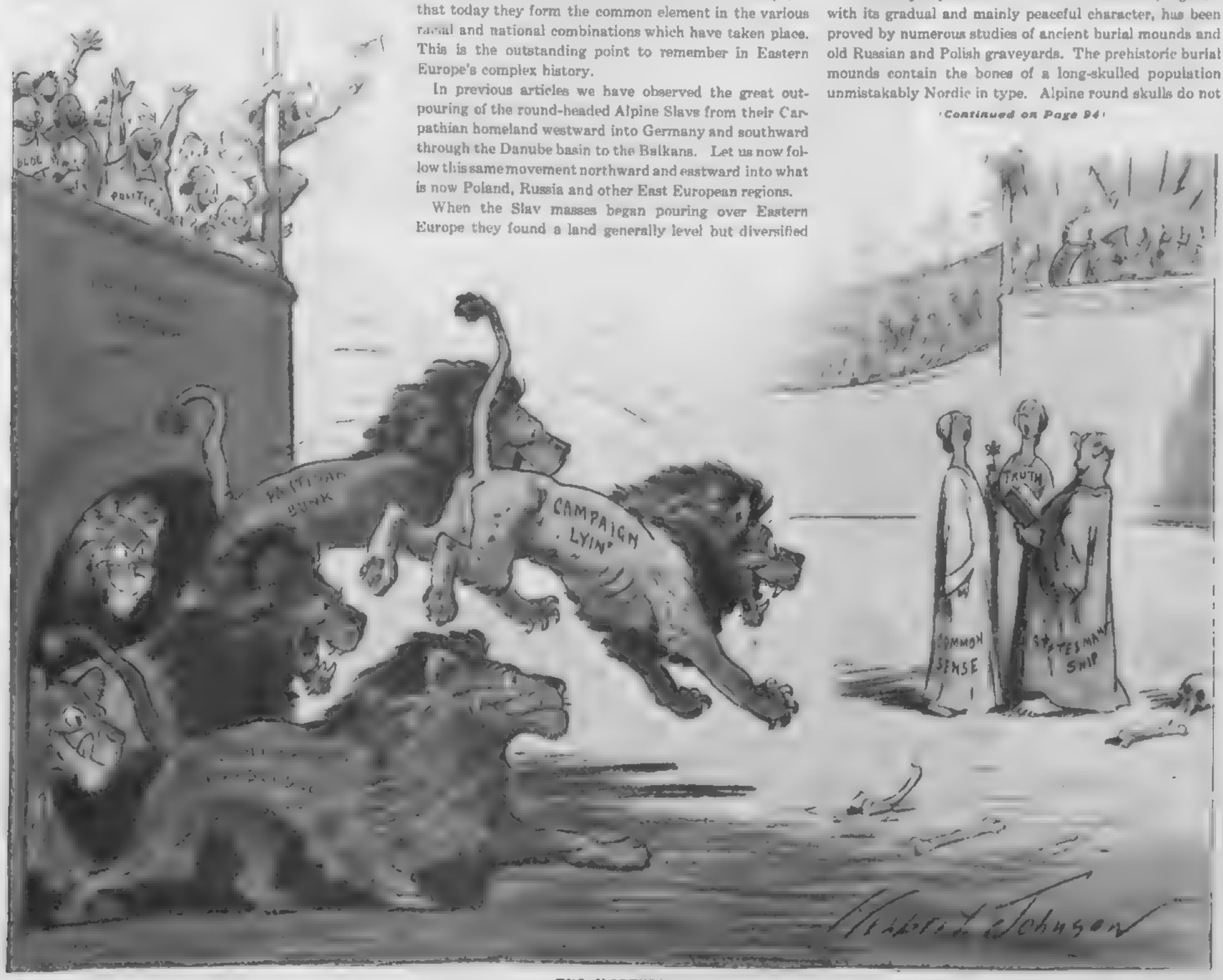

THE MARTYRS

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

The Marvelous Age of Monkeyshines

UNHAMPERED by sartorial
Effects, my sires arboreal
Hopped, as they were, among the
trees that rustled pleasingly:
Though they were not fastidious,
No parallel invidious
Can hide their sterling common sense
from their posterity.

Their nerves needed no quieting
Concoctions, nor did dieting
Assume for them the drastic urge it
does for you and me;
In temper somewhat furious,
In viewpoint crude and curious,
They yet conducted their affairs with
rare felicity.

No citizen-and-voter ills,
No gasoline and motor ills
Disturbed the daily dozen of my agile
ancestry;
The clime was wet and hot enough;
No one complained of not enough;
No walls or fences barred the way for
any chimpanzee.

They had no sociology,
No dubious cosmology,
No orators with snarling cries to rack
democracy;
No colleges to muddle them,
No learning to befuddle them,
They found the jungle freely gay and
made it gayly free.

They had no film photography,
No European geography,
No radio, no sport events to mar
tranquillity,
No taxes, bills, no rank accounts
Of sex and sin, no bank accounts;
A coconut was paradise and heaven
was a tree.

And yet those primal caperings
And helter-skelter vaporings
Awake in me no long-felt want, no latent jealousy;
For, after all, their attitude
Though overprone to latitude
Was too complacently bourgeois; they had no pedigree.

My human lot is bearable,
Though mildly wear-and-tearable;
I love my wife and live my days in docile husbandry;
She just remarked, "Why bungle life
In other spheres? This jungle life
Will never do; you'll never make a monkey out of me."

—Elias Lieberman.

His Daily Dumb-bells

Prejudices

SCENE: Smoking compartment of Pullman car.
TIME: Present.
CHARACTERS: First Smoker, Second Smoker.

Two gentlemen, strangers to each other, enter the smoking compartment. They smoke industriously until the conversation begins.

FIRST SMOKER: Are you interested in the radio?

SECOND SMOKER *(snapping jaws together firmly):* I am not.

FIRST SMOKER: Have you ever listened in on a good set?

SECOND SMOKER *(grudgingly):* No, I haven't.

FIRST SMOKER: Don't you want to hear one?

SECOND SMOKER: No, I don't.

FIRST SMOKER: Well, you're missing a lot. The radio is a great invention.

SECOND SMOKER: Possibly it is, but I'm not interested. I have plenty to do listening to people without wasting my time on such nonsense. By the way, how do you like mah-jongg?

FIRST SMOKER *(snapping jaws together firmly):* I don't like it.

SECOND SMOKER: Have you ever played it?

FIRST SMOKER *(grudgingly):* No, I haven't.

SECOND SMOKER: Don't you want to learn how to play it?

FIRST SMOKER: No, I don't.

SECOND SMOKER: Well, you're missing a lot. It's a great game.

FIRST SMOKER: Possibly it is, but——

The FIRST SMOKER *goes out.*

SECOND SMOKER: Idiot!

FIRST SMOKER *(offstage):* Fool!

CURTAIN

—Torrey Ford.

The Salome Sun

MALAPAI MIKE, Head Caddy of the Greasewood Golf Course, has started another Caddy Camp out near Wild Cat Pass, between the 10th and 11th Holes, and hired 3 more of the Lazy L Ranch Cow Boys to help Caddy and keep the Long-Horned Bob-Tailed Steers from bothering the Nervous Eastern Women who Play Golf in Short Pants and Red Sweaters and think Every Cow is a Bull. It's a Toss Up which is the Most Scared of each other—the Women or the Cows. Sheep Dip Jim, the Bald-Headed Barber, is moving out next week to do the barbering for some of these Big Town Men Players who think they have to get Shaved Every Day or so and don't want to Wait until they finish playing around the Course.

Salome is going to celebrate Dust Day next Friday Week. Other Big Towns have their Raisin Day, Orange Day, Apple Day, et cetera, in commemoration and veneration of whatever they Raise the best, so Salome is going to Get Stylish and do Likewise—more Like than Wise, some of the Knockers say. Some say it's customary on these Orange Days and Apple Days to give them away Free to Every One and give a Grand Prize to whoever Raises the Best & Biggest, so we're going to do it too. There will be Plenty of Dust for All who Come and whoever raises the Most Dust will get the Grand Prize—a Barrel of Salome Water Free. Sun Shine will also be Free, but the Buzzard's Roost Brand of Moonshine is Barred and any One trying to start Trouble will stand a Good Chance of Winning the Grand Prize Raising Dust Getting out of Town the Shortest Way.

Cutaway Bill Sims crawled into bed with a Centipede the other night and when he jumped up he stepped on a Gila Monster, being in a hurry and not noticing where he was stepping. No Body was Hurt much, just a little Upset & Nervous and Bill says that ain't No Way for a White Man of his Standing & Reputation to have to Die.

"When it comes my Time to Shuffle Off," Bill says, "I want them to do Every Thing Possible to Make the

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Mr. and Mrs. Beans

"Mercy on Us, Bessie! What in the World are Those Children Bringing Home?"

"Look it Over, Old Girl, and Decide for Yourself. Don't Bother Me With It."

Bam!

"It's Just Come to Me, Vi. I've Got It. It's the Glorious Fourth."

Just the kind of pea soup you like!

What a real treat good pea soup is! How delightful to the taste! How refreshing and satisfying!

That's why Campbell's is the nation's favorite pea soup. It's the smooth, rich blend of fine peas, and our famous chefs know how to bring out their most delicious flavor.

Fresh country butter enriches this popular puree of pea. Of course the dainty seasoning is "just so" to make it appeal to the appetite. And to taste pea soup at its best prepare it as a Cream of Pea.

Follow these simple Campbell's directions:

Heat contents of can in a saucepan and stir until smooth. Heat an equal quantity of milk or cream to the boiling point separately, and add to the soup *a little at a time, stirring constantly* (using a spoon or Dover egg beater) to keep soup smooth. Serve immediately.

My form is fine, I always shine,
Especially at dinner.
With Campbell's then, I'll show you when
My appetite's the winner!

21 kinds
12 cents a can

Soup for health—
every day!

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

THE PYRAMID OF LEAD

"It Was a Woman, of Course," He Said; "But Unfortunately Nobody Seems to Know Which of Several Women It Was"

IX

By Bertram Atkey

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

OXTON'S story, told a little later, after lunch, proved to be brief—at least he told it briefly and crisply enough.

Shortly after the Armistice he had found himself in New York—he had fought with the American Army—at a loose end, with an amount of money sufficient to get him a start in business, but not enough to live on permanently. At that period he had met Larry Calhoun, a shrewd, hard and daring gambler who had just sold a ranch in the Western States. Of half these proceeds Calhoun, an Irishman, had promptly, neatly and almost painlessly been trimmed by certain Wall Street crocodiles operating unseen behind the tape machines and notice boards. Acute enough to realize that the particular talents which, in the West, had created him a pile were not the talents remotely likely to create for him in New York anything but a large, hollow vacuum where his bank account had once been, Calhoun, a good-looking and likable though not too scrupulous man of perhaps forty, after a few days had suggested that Oxton and he join forces and start a racing stable in England

"We both understand horses, Lord help us, and English racing," said Calhoun. "And racing will be booming soon over there. I'll find a place and somebody out of my variegated past to start us training a few horses for them. We haven't much capital; but if it proves too little—which, with luck, it may not—I've still got another string to my bow; and it's a strong enough string to tie up you, Oxton, and the girl you're going to marry, and me and fifty like us, safe out of reach of poverty for the rest of our lives."

He would say no more of this second string then, though later he did—"strangled himself with it," as Oxton said. After a little consideration, Oxton and his newly married wife Nora had thought well of Calhoun and Calhoun's racing-stable scheme. They went into it to the whole extent of their capital and with Calhoun sailed for England. Within a week Calhoun had discovered the vacant Druid's Hollow stables, and had proved so desperately anxious to take them that he had rushed Oxton fairly off his feet.

"I didn't need much urging, anyway," said Oxton frankly. "I know something about most English stables, and the Kern stables were always good; and though large, they were about the most suitable that offered. Anyway, we took a lease of them, subject to termination should Lord Kern desire it when and if he returned. That was a queer clause, but we were not afraid of it, though I didn't care about it. We worked there for three years and our luck was just awful. Nothing went right, and bar a horse or two we picked up for ourselves, we couldn't get any clients worth having. I tell you, Fair, our capital melted like snow in the sun. It just faded away. It got so bad that one day Calhoun—out exercising the horses with me, for we were doing most of the work of the place ourselves, with Nora and the withered-up old man of fifteen, young Mark-my-Words—Calhoun pulled up and told me that the time had come when he intended to try out his second string. Like a fool, I encouraged him. 'If you've got a second string to your bow, old man,' I said, 'for God's sake fit an arrow to it and let her go. For we're broke and furlongs past it. What is the second string, anyway?'

"He would not tell me the details even then, but he hinted at them for the next three days. It seems that some years before—about the second year of the war—a queer Englishman had drifted up to Calhoun's ranch house one night and carefully fallen unconscious at the door, with his lungs all anyhow—boiling back of his chest, you may say. Calhoun did what he could for the old boy. He thought he had a wandering, down-and-out Englishman—a remittance man, he thought—to do with, and he handed the stranger over to his Chinese cook Well, Calhoun was called away for a fortnight—something to do with his New York gambles, I think—and when he returned the sick man had got well and was gone But the Chinese cook had a whole lot to tell about him. It seems that he had talked a lot in his delirium. The Chink had saved up a lot of scraps of it and retailed them to Calhoun

"He said that the sick chap was an English lord who was disgusted with things—everything—his life, some woman or women he seemed to have on his mind, and his money—and had thrown everything up in order to wander about the world watching the way people handled their money. Mostly wrongly, according to this wanderer. A sort of prophet—no, 'philosopher' is the word. And Calhoun said he seemed to have got it over on the old Chinese cook, who believed the wanderer was a very wise man

"Well, you know, maybe, what the Chinese are. They are apt, some of them, to respect that sort of thing—wisdom—out of all reason, and this cook did. He couldn't tell a straight story about the lord and his trouble and money: he had it all in scraps and all mixed up with the philosophy Anyway, Calhoun got the name, and it was near enough to 'Kern' to decide him to close out the deal for Druid's Hollow stables. But he must have gleaned more from the Chink than he told me, for two nights before he died—the day before I took the horses to that York meeting—he said that with luck we shouldn't have to pinch and scrape for

Continued on Page 31

Best on a forked stick?
Many experienced picnickers say that bacon tastes best broiled on a forked stick. Others prefer a frying pan or a broiler over the coals. But there's one thing on which they all agree — that no matter how you cook it, it's finest when it's Premium
Swift's Premium Bacon
Swift & Company

Premium Hams and Bacon

Above is shown Pattern No. 379. The 6 x 9-ft. size costs only $9.00

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SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK

Look for this Gold Seal

The Gold Seal which is pasted on all guaranteed *Gold-Seal* Congoleum is an identification mark you can depend on. Don't be misled into buying some other material. The *Gold Seal* gives you the protection of our money-back guarantee. Remember, there is only one guaranteed, nationally advertised *Gold-Seal* Congoleum. Insist upon getting it!

"And this Congoleum Rug makes it so bright and cheerful"

Quaint as only an old-fashioned fireplace and leaded window can make a room! And how delightfully the simple furniture and the fresh colors of the Congoleum Rug harmonize with its old-time charm. Bright and cheerful, just the room the daughter of the house is proud to claim for her very own!

Gold-Seal Congoleum Rugs are absolutely sanitary and very easy to keep spotless. Just wipe off the firm, smooth surface with a damp mop, and dust, dirt and spilled things vanish like magic. There's no germ-scattering sweeping required; nor any shaking or beating.

Seamless—Require No Fastening

Gold-Seal Congoleum Rugs are made entirely without seams of a sturdy material that is waterproof and staunchly durable. Another point—they lie perfectly flat without any fastening, yet never turn up at the edges.

Your dealer will be glad to show you the many artistic designs, but you must actually use these labor-saving rugs to know what a comfort they are. And—there's a Congoleum pattern for every room in your house.

Gold Seal CONGOLEUM *Art-Rugs*

Note These Low Prices

6	feet x 9	feet	$ 9.00	1½	feet x 3	feet	$ .60
7½	feet x 9	feet	11.25	3	feet x 3	feet	1.40
9	feet x 9	feet	13.50	3	feet x 4½	feet	1.95
9	feet x 10½	feet	15.75	3	feet x 6	feet	2.50
9	feet x 12	feet	18.00				

The rugs illustrated are made only in the five large sizes. The smaller rugs are made in other designs to harmonize with them.

Owing to freight rates, prices in the South, and west of the Mississippi are higher than those quoted.

"Beautify Your Home with *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rugs," an interesting folder which shows all the beautiful patterns in full colors, will gladly be sent to you, free on request.

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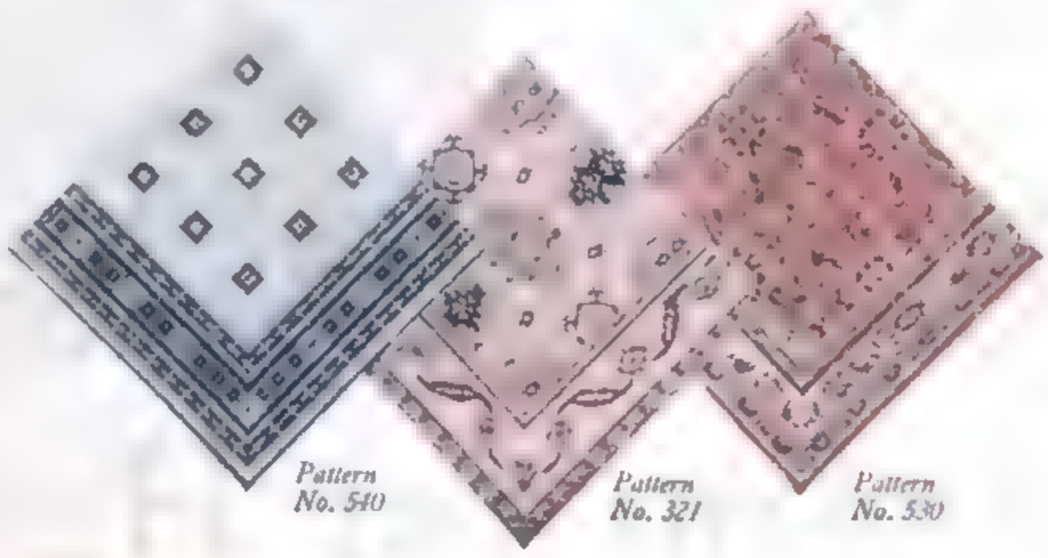

Pattern No. 540 *Pattern No. 321* *Pattern No. 530*

(Continued from Page 28)

railway fares—that's what we happened to be doing just then, for the York journey—much longer."

Oxton leaned toward Prosper, a little excited.

"We were scraping the very sole of the stocking, you understand, Fair. Calhoun had cleaned out his pockets, so had I, and Nora had swept out her housekeeping purse. Calhoun looked at it and took a drink. I remember it as if it was yesterday. And, 'Fred,' he said to me, 'that's the finish of this penny pinching for me. You're not taking any winners to York, though it's worth a try. Rufus might pick up his race, but I doubt it and so do you. So I'm going after the big stuff. I've got a hunch and I'm going to play it. I'm going down to that Kern ruin one of these nights to get busy.'

"'Kern?' I said. 'Why Kern?'

"'I'll tell you, Fred,' he said, his face hard and flushed and his eyes like flint; 'I've been thinking over what old Kai Lung said, and I've looked up a few notes I jotted down; and, Fred, I've come to the conclusion that there's a million of money waiting down there at Kern Castle for the man who's got the nerve to go get it. And I'm telling you, Fred, I'm that man.'

"He poured down another drink and I guess I joined him. He had got me going, too, and I'll not deny I encouraged him. But I didn't know that there was any risk. I was called away to go to one of the horses—we'd about a dozen of sorts here then—and when I got back to the house Calhoun had turned in. I never saw him alive again. I was away first thing next morning, and when I got back he was dead. Hey? Lying here—waiting for a jury. Poor old Larry! It was tough luck to finish like that after the life he'd had. Full of adventure—risks, any old risks, were daily bread to Larry Calhoun, and he'd had some narrow squeaks in his time. I never thought he would die in a quiet English garden that way; but he did. And he was killed, though Lord knows how. He wouldn't have committed suicide—last man in the world. He went down there prowling around for a million o' money—his own words. But Nora and I talked it over, and we didn't forget that Larry was after money—if there's any there that didn't belong to him, and we decided for all our sakes to say nothing. D'ye think we were right, Fair? I'll own that we—Nora and I—weren't anxious to mix up in it more than we could help. Who would, in our circumstances? So we lay low and said as little as we could. Nobody bothered us much."

He paused, looking with keen, steady eyes at Prosper, who nodded.

"I understand, of course. You could not do otherwise, perhaps," he agreed tactfully.

"But it kind of lay on my conscience at times," continued Oxton. "I felt I ought to be trying to get next to the man or woman or whoever it was killed him, and many a night I've been down to the garden looking around, watching out, puzzling over the pyramid. I guess that Lord Kern was touched a trifle—eccentric. What did he mean by those bits of Biblical stuff on the pyramid? What was his idea? I gave it up. But a month or two ago I had my Airedale killed on me down there under that pyramid—with nothing to show what killed him. Nobody ever knew how the dog died. I took him out into the woods and buried him myself. Then, a little later, I got my first glimpse of a man about the place—quiet as an owl flies and crafty as a fox. I kept clear of the pyramid—there's something badly wrong with it—and watched out.

"One night I nearly got a surprise hold on him. He heard me just in time to slip into one of those dark yew alleys. Then, next thing, the business of this poor soul with the emeralds occurred. I waited a day or two and then made another trip to the garden. I hadn't heard about that Detective Garrishe, and—well, I caught the wrong man, and he caught me, that's all. And I've finished. I've got a wife—a good wife—to study. I'm a race-horse trainer, Fair, not a detective. But I sure would like to see someone grab that murderer down there. . . . I believe Larry Calhoun. There's money there—why, I don't know, and where, I don't know—but it's guarded, Fair; believe me, it's guarded. Well, that's all I know, and if it's of any use to you, why, you're welcome."

Prosper thought for a little, thanked him, agreed with his convictions, and presently switched the conversation onto racing and race-horse training—no very difficult matter. But though he talked horses for the next hour, at least half his brain was busy with the story which Oxton had told him.

He still needed a few points. But those he preferred to get casually, by means of an occasional interpolation, thus: "Yes, you're right there, Oxton. They certainly bred some fine stayers in those days. They had not half the freaky, short-distance flyers we have; but some of those old-time horses could pour the miles past their shoulders forever and forever. . . . By the way, about what year would it be when Lord Kern drifted to Calhoun's ranch?" And so forth. Prosper was nothing if not all things to all men.

* * *

WHEN, at about three o'clock that afternoon, Prosper came strolling down from the open country toward the hollow in which Kern village lay, he came like a man setting out on the first morning of a vacation.

He had decided to devote that day to collecting information which had a bearing on the mystery of the pyramid, and he had been successful beyond his most extravagant hopes.

It had been reasonable to suppose that Oxton would hardly have been in the sunken garden at midnight unless he had known, or suspected, a good deal of the truth concerning the reason why his partner Calhoun had gone to his death in that forbidding place.

But when he decided to get into close touch with the Oxtons he had not dreamed that he would reap such a goodly harvest of information as, grateful for his aid, they had gladly given him.

"Behold me, Plutus, the receptacle of a mass of odds and ends of new knowledge which in due course we will sit down in our lonely habitation and classify," he said lightly.

"It is a Gas Mask," She Said Slowly, Her Eyes Widening. "Why Have You a Gas Mask Here?"

"But it is bad strategy to attempt the solution of a jigsaw puzzle with only a few of the jigs—or are they saws?—pieces, I mean—in our possession. Let us rather proceed to the collection of further pieces. Some of them—maybe many—await us, I believe, at the home of charming Mrs. Merlehurst and pretty Miss Marjorie. Therefore, hound, we will invite ourselves to tea with them."

He paused for a moment as a bend in the road brought them clear of a tree clump and revealed the village nestling in its hollow.

"There are many beautiful and tranquil-seeming places still remaining in this country, Plutus," he said, "and we have seen a great number of them, old wayfarer. But I know of none more beautiful, nor more serenely reposeful—in appearance—than this dreamy-looking village of Kern. We shall now go down into this place, and we shall pass a gray, ivy-grown church with a mellow vicarage beside it; a pretty little schoolhouse, with a faint humming of scholars, like bees; a queer, old-fashioned little inn with mine host fast asleep in a shady spot of the old garden; a few still cottages drowsing in the sunshine, with a tinkle of china here and there and women preparing to pop in on a neighbor, or be popped in upon, for a cup of tea and a little gossip.

"Peaceful enough, you will say, my little carnivore, but I will venture a guess that the vicar in his vicarage, the teacher in his school, the chapel minister in his manse, mine host in his inn and the village wives in their cottages will not fail to discuss over their tea one subject—money, my Plutus; money in general and the million of Lord Kern in particular, precisely as I hope we shall discuss that million over the teacups at Mavisholme. There is nothing like a million of money to promote bright conversation, to enliven placid minds and to stir up from lethargy the instincts of acquisition."

His brown, clear-cut face shadowed a little.

"Speaking of these millions, I would observe that we were standing, like children facing a blackboard, staring at a great 'Why?'" he continued, wholly satisfied with his audience, even though that consisted only of the least attractive terminus of Plutus protruding from a rabbit hole close by. "Why did Calhoun, the nameless lady and the Iron-Gray Man go to the sunken garden? Why does something—someone—strike silently out of the darkness and wipe them out? Thanks to Oxton, we will now write our answer to the why at once. It is '£.' And, Plutus, I would have you note that the letter 'L' provides always a perfect answer to every problem of any importance in the whole world. Either in the form of '£' for money or 'L' for love. More philosophy by Fair. Meantime ——"

He pulled out his worn rubber tobacco pouch and, rolling his cigarette as he went, proceeded on his way.

The little lawn at Mavisholme, the home of the Merlehursts, was almost entirely surrounded by a hedge of tall filbert bushes, too old and overgrown to be productive of many filberts, but an admirable screen. Prosper, strolling up the pathway toward the house, paused at a gap which gave access to the lawn from the garden and for a moment stood looking in.

"Fortunate are they who refrain from expecting miracles," he murmured, "for they shall not be disappointed. To expect to find two ladies like Marjorie and her mother taking their tea in loneliness would be to expect a miracle."

He surveyed the little group at the end of the lawn. Beside Marjorie and Mrs. Merlehurst, there were Raymond Barisford, the doctor who had attended the inquest, a small gray-haired person who looked like a lawyer, and one other—a tall, powerfully built man in white flannels. Marjorie was talking to a girl of about her own age and an older woman, who presently proved to be the daughter and the wife of the doctor.

It was Marjorie who, looking up, saw Prosper first and, flushing a little, jumped up and hurried across to him. Marjorie was nothing if not natural

"Oh, I am so glad that you came in, Mr. Fair. I have been wanting to thank you all day long"

Impulsive as a child, she threw out two slender hands to him. Prosper looked down into the wide, shining eyes

"But for what? It is delightful to be thanked by you, but I should be guilty of obtaining thanks under false pretenses if I accepted them without a—a—false pretense of demurring"

But Marjorie was not going to allow him to strip himself of the vestments of glory which she had busily spun round him that afternoon.

"Why, of course, for your kindness to me last night in the garden at Kern!" she cried "When I woke up in the dark and that blaze of white light swooped out like a shining sword I should have been incoherent with terror if I had not seen your eyes and face in the light of Mr. Barisford's torch. But I knew that it was all right, after just that quick glimpse And you called this morning, on your way to help someone else, and I was in bed That was mother's fault She insisted that I was tired. Please, won't you come and have tea? Your shoes are covered with chalky dust. You have walked from Druid's Hollow—one's shoes always get like that on the road to the downs—and tea is just ready"

Prosper looked down at the fair, flushed face, enchanted by the sheer loveliness of the girl. She was so anxious that he should be quick to resign himself to the comfort of her deck chair and her teatime ministrations that she was like an eager child; and though she could never be less than almost perfectly beautiful in any mood, it was impossible to imagine a mood that could ever suit her so well as this. She no longer wore that soft and heavy rope of plaited gold down her shoulders. Today her hair was caught up, curled and bound about her small, fine head as befitted a little beauty engaged in helping her mother entertain guests; and the frock—cream, with pale yellow stripes—the white shoes and stockings spoke of a few more minutes before the laughing mirror than she had spent yesterday afternoon when Prosper had adored her in the sunken garden. But all this neither took from her nor added to her charm. She would have looked adorable in sackcloth. Her big eyes burning with pleasure, vivid with youth, undisguisedly radiant at seeing him, she turned to the little group, her slender figure swaying like that of a dancer.

"It is Mr. Fair, mother, dying for some tea. He has just walked from Druid's Hollow all in this sunshine."

In her pleasure she thought of Nora Oxton, turning back to Prosper, wide-eyed.

"Did you—did they—please, were you able to help Mr. Oxton?"

Prosper laughed.

"I—was not required to work any wonders," he said. "Mrs. Oxton found all sorts of papers which proved to the complete satisfaction of a multitude of police officials at Carisbury that Mr. Oxton could not possibly have done any harm at all, and so of course they released him."

She stared at him, suddenly serious.

"I think you must be a—a"—she blushed suddenly, but did not weaken—"a knight errant, Mr. Fair," she added softly.

The gayety in her glorious eyes had suddenly vanished, leaving a curious faintly startled look in its place; and she presented Prosper to those of the little company whom he had not met before with a sweet seriousness that, Prosper divined, had been born in her as suddenly as her look had changed.

"Mr. Fair has been successful in making them release Mr. Oxton," she said when the civilities were ended.

Mr. Enderby, the old lawyer, looked at Prosper with a new interest.

"I should say that Mr. Fair was in possession of some very potent argument to persuade our chief constable and the Scotland Yard detective to release Oxton so soon," he said slowly.

"I had the truth, and proof that it was the truth," smiled Prosper. "It is not very easy to imagine a more potent argument."

"No, no; very true," Enderby agreed, with a dry little cough, peering at Prosper through his glasses.

"You convinced them that Oxton had been away at race meetings, I suppose," said Eyre-Weston, the tall man in flannels—a swarthy, good-looking person with black eyes and an oddly feminine mouth.

"Exactly. That is, the papers which Mrs. Oxton found—and which I merely put before the police—did so."

"It was fortunate for Oxton that the papers were so readily available. You are an old friend of the Oxtons, Mr. Fair?"

Prosper sensed rather than heard the veiled hostility in Eyre-Weston's voice. But he did not need to answer. Marjorie did that.

"Oh, no. Mr. Fair heard that Mr. Oxton was a man in difficulties and so he helped him out," she said.

"Or in other words, Eyre-Weston, he helped Oxton because he was a man in trouble and not because he was Oxton," said Barisford, his eyes twinkling as they traveled from Prosper to the other.

Prosper laughed.

"Perhaps I ought to explain," he said. "The thought of people in difficulty worries me when I am painting; and because my gift for painting is extremely limited, I have formed the selfish habit of trying to avoid the added handicap of worry. I chanced to see Oxton taken away by the police and it gave me the usual cheerful feeling. 'There but by the grace of God goes Prosper Fair,' I said; and added, 'and there, too, unless I can help erase that sight from my mental vision, goes, too, my next few days' painting.' So I did my poor best to help That's really all—except that I am luxuriating on this lawn instead of diligently painting the sunken garden at Kern Castle"

Even as he expected mention of the sunken garden was enough to release him from the attention of everybody.

"Ah, the sunken garden'" said the doctor "A dangerous place in which to linger at an easel, Mr Fair I've always said so"

Mr. Enderby desired the doctor's views as to the nature of the danger, the existence of which he questioned. And since—as Prosper presently learned—the firm of Enderby & Sons were Lord Kern's lawyers, Enderby's demur was not without weight. It appeared that Mr Eyre-Weston also had views about the garden and pyramid, and Raymond Barisford, having once been secretary to Lord Kern, was naturally interested in this, the well worn but ever fresh topic of the neighborhood.

They talked diligently. Prosper listened and did his best to gossip with the ladies at the same time, achieving this feat, apparently, to his entire satisfaction. For a vagabond artist Mr. Fair seemed to possess a rather complete mastery of the art of tea-table talk.

But even so, it seemed to Mrs. Merlehurst that he brightened a little when presently the girls, Barisford and Eyre-Weston engaged themselves in a game of tennis, and Mrs. Benson, the doctor's wife, was called away by the parish nurse to solve some small difficulty in connection with that long-tried good Samaritan's work. Enderby and the doctor continued to discuss the ever-green topic of Kern.

Prosper, for his part, dropped the mystery and began to compliment Mrs. Merlehurst on her garden. She looked at him with a gleam of appreciation in her fine eyes and asked if he would like her to show him the roses.

"You must not miss those, Mr. Fair," advised the lawyer; "none of us can compete with Mrs. Merlehurst in the matter of roses. It is my secret belief that a rose will grow more willingly for her than for other people. I think she talks to them and that there is a secret affinity between her and her roses."

Prosper confessed that he had suspected something of the kind from the moment he had met Mrs. Merlehurst in the garden that morning—and so they went to see the flowers.

XI

BUT it was not of the roses that they talked, though they walked among them. From the moment that he had met her that morning, Prosper Fair had been aware that there was to be between him and this slim, beautiful, wistful-eyed woman a lasting friendship, and he knew subtly that a similar consciousness had invaded her mind. It had nothing to do with love or passion, for it was a serene and tranquil conviction, without unease or even a quickening of the pulse. They had been *en rapport* instantly, perhaps because both had been well acquainted with sorrow in the past.

Her first words, when they had moved out of earshot of the others, corroborated all that his quick and sensitive instincts had told him.

"Do you want to talk about the roses, Mr. Fair?" she said with an odd little smile. "If you do, here is Juliet, one of the prettiest of all my roses."

She paused by a bush, bending over it, but looking at Prosper. He saw, as she stood so, whom Marjorie had to thank for her inheritance of grace. Once Mrs. Merlehurst had been, if that were possible, even more enchanting than her daughter.

But now the years had dimmed her. She would never lose wholly her beauty, for she was beautiful at heart; but the youthfulness that no craft can perfectly emulate, no art restore, had gone. Hers was now the beauty of lavender; Marjorie's was of the budding roses.

"No, I do not want to talk of the flowers today," answered Prosper slowly, "though I hope very much that some day I shall be able to walk with you in your garden with no other thought than of the roses you understand so well. But now—I want to correct a wrong impression which I may have given you this morning."

"Yes."

"You asked me if I had ever chanced to meet your husband"

She nodded, very slowly, her eyes darkening.

"Yes—oh, yes! That was the most curious impulse. How strange a question it must have seemed to you! I cannot explain in the least why I asked it, and I have thought about it all day."

He saw that the white hand, moving gently like a moth about the roses, was trembling slightly.

"I don't think that it is a very good plan to worry much about the source of any inspiration—any impulse," he advised her gently. "And this particular impulse was inspired by something very much more profound, more intricate, more obscure than either of us can possibly hope to follow. You will understand that better presently when I have explained more fully. I gave you an impression that I had never met your husband. But it has occurred to me since that I may have been wrong. You see, at the time you asked me that question—this morning—I believed that your husband was here—living here—that he was, so to speak, in the next room. I did not know until later that—it was not so. I had met a man very like the portrait you showed—and that quite recently—but I think this man could hardly be Major Merlehurst."

She paled, but looked at him with steady eyes.

"You know—you have heard—that my husband sent in his papers, left the army and—and me—years ago?" she asked in a low voice.

Prosper nodded. He had learned that from the Oxtons only a few hours before.

"Yes, I have heard that," he agreed.

It occurred to him that it was nearly ten years before that Lord Kern had disappeared; and flitting close on the heels of that came the recollection that if Lord Kern did

(Continued on Page 146)

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STANDARD OF THE WORLD

ON THE ROAD

By J. R. Sprague

THERE are in the United States more than 500,000 men employed by manufacturers and wholesalers as traveling salesmen. Tradition has it that the life of the traveling man is a carefree, rollicking matter, with a background of big hotels, midnight suppers, taxicabs, song and story. Perhaps it was once that way; but if so, those days are gone. Now it is mainly a mixture of hard work and persistence—and a dash of loneliness.

It was in the not very jazzy lobby of the leading hotel in the small Northern New York State city that I met the star salesman of the Scientific Cattle Feed factory whom I was to accompany on his trip among the merchants of his territory. It was evening, and dinner in the dining room of the hotel was still on, with a three-piece orchestra doing its best to keep the customers from drifting to the cafeteria just around the corner. In spite of this free entertainment, the hotel guests showed a discouraging preference for the self-serve establishment, only returning to the hotel lobby to occupy the leather chairs and pick their teeth, to the music of the hard-working union orchestra.

There was no picture show in town that the star salesman and I had not seen, although each of the three cinema houses advertised that it positively showed only the latest successes. In a twenty-minute window-shopping tour we had inspected the displays of all the live-wire merchants who kept their store fronts lighted up after nightfall. While we were still window-shopping the courthouse clock struck nine and the two traffic officers on the main street rolled their stop-and-go standards from the middle of the street intersections to the sidewalk and went home.

After that there was nothing to do except to return to the hotel.

By this time, however, things there had livened up a little through the arrival of another guest. Perhaps it would be more exact to say two other guests, because the elderly lady traveler was accompanied by an elderly female Boston terrier, and between the two the hotel management had its hands full. Although they were to leave on the next morning's train, the lady positively refused to sign the register until she had seen for herself the kind of room she and her companion were to occupy. This required several trips on the elevator and several conferences at the desk, the lady constantly growing more excited and the dog more bored and sleepy. At last a room was found that might do if a screen could be supplied to be placed in front of the window. Both travelers, it seems, required plenty of fresh air in order to sleep well, but neither could stand a direct draft. The screen was supplied and the clerk was just settling down for a comfortable evening when the two travelers appeared again at the desk to demand a clothestree in their room, the closet having been found inadequate. After some argument, one of the clothestrees was taken from the dining room and carried upstairs. Later on there was a call for a bowl of milk and a piece of pie to be sent up to the room, which demand could not be satisfied because all places of refreshment were closed. Perhaps this was the reason why the elderly female Boston terrier barked intermittently the balance of the night.

The star salesman watched this drama with a great deal of interest, and at the end stated it was the most exciting evening he had passed in a long time, which remark was shattering the old-fashioned ideas of traveling-man life.

A Discouraging Reception

AT SEVEN o'clock next morning we were on the local train on the way to the town where the star salesman was to begin his selling campaign. By actual count there were seven dwelling houses in the town and two stores, one of these being a general grocery and dry goods establishment, and the other specializing in stock feeds, fertilizers and seeds. It was the latter that was our objective. The proprietor, a pessimistic-looking man, was sitting on a high stool at his desk as we entered, gloomily reading the comic strips in a daily newspaper, evidently trying to keep his mind off the state of trade. The salesman handed him his card and a cigar and asked how the feed business was.

"There isn't any feed business," replied the merchant, "and what there is, is rotten. How can I sell any feed around here when all the farmers are buying it through their coöperative?"

To show that things were really as bad as he pictured, he dropped the salesman's card on the floor and handed back the cigar, saying he had quit smoking. Certainly it was an inauspicious beginning of a selling trip, but the salesman met the situation cheerfully.

"Maybe you don't go after business quite hard enough," he told the merchant. "I'll bet a new hat there are plenty of farmers around here who would buy their cattle feed from you instead of the cooperative if you called on them personally instead of waiting for them to come to you."

The merchant permitted himself a sarcastic smile.

"That's right," he said; "go ahead and get off the old wheeze about us country merchants not being onto our jobs if you want to. But I guess I'd as soon win a new hat off you as anyone else. There's my rig out in the back yard. I'll lend it to you for the forenoon and you can drive around yourself and see how much business you can scare up."

The salesman looked at his watch. It was four hours before the local train would be due and the merchant said it was usually half an hour late anyhow. It is not usual for a traveling man to go out to scare up business for his merchant customers, but the willingness to do anything that seems necessary often marks the difference between the star salesman and the order-taker. Ten minutes later the star salesman and I were in the side-bar buggy behind a fairly good horse, heading up the creek road to interview dairymen in the interest of his stock-feed line.

On the way he told me something of the problems of his business. His firm, he said, marketed its product exclusively through retail dealers because it believed that was the most satisfactory way to get the product into the hands of the farmers. In some sections of the country the farmers' coöperative buying associations were making things hard; for, of course, the theory of the cooperative is that by combining their purchases and ordering in carload lots the farmers can save the local dealer's profit.

A Farm-to-Farm Canvass

THE star salesman had some rather plausible arguments to show that the buying associations do not always save their members as much money as is figured out beforehand. He said that when the cooperative depends on its own members to serve as executives without pay, the work is usually done inefficiently, because what is everybody's business is nobody's business. On the other hand, if the coöperative hires an experienced outsider to manage its affairs, the man so hired wants the same salary he could command elsewhere, and so a part of the anticipated savings is gone. Besides which, the farmer has to plank down the cash for his coöperative purchases, while he can usually get credit from the local dealer if he needs it.

A couple of miles out from the village we turned in the driveway of a prosperous-looking homestead equipped with two large red barns and a neat white house. A man was piling wood under the eaves at the back of the house, the proper woodshed being used as a stable for a fine new automobile. To this man the star salesman addressed himself, handing out a card and asking after the health of the cows we could see sunning themselves in the barnyard. He suggested that if the cows were not giving a satisfactory quantity of milk, the trouble was possibly in the kind of feed they were getting; the feed he sold, he added firmly, was unquestionably the best on the market.

The man listened with a great show of interest, nodding his head gravely at each point, and tucked the salesman's card in his vest pocket as if for future reference.

"I guess you want to talk to the boss," he said. "He's in the house. I'm the hired man."

The boss was not particularly cordial when we presented ourselves at the sitting-room door.

"You can come in if you want to," he said reluctantly; "it don't cost anything." He remarked later, as though in apology, that he was pestered a good deal by agents, sometimes as many as half a dozen a day.

He said he was buying his stock rations through the coöperative. The star salesman agreed that the coöperative brand might be excellent, but he could not help feeling that his own brand was still better. This led to a general discussion on the proper feeding of cows, which are no longer apparently the homy, member-of-the-family animals I remembered in my own farm days. Twenty years ago a cow was a cow, and valued according to her pretty face or her gentle disposition. Now, I learned, she may be a hooker or a jumper, just so her yearly output measures up to certain man-made standards. Her feed is weighed out to her. Her milk is weighed also. If her ledger page shows no profit she is out of luck, no matter how attractive of face or form she may be, or with what lovable disposition. Even a term of reproach has been invented for the unfortunate cow that eats too much in proportion to her salable output. She is a boarder, and as such is in constant danger of the auction block.

These things I learned while listening to the star salesman's talk with the farmer. The latter had spoken truth when he said it would not cost anything to come into the house, for after all argument had been exhausted he said he was satisfied with the feed he was using and didn't want to make any change. He went so far as to state that even if the salesman's product did contain a higher percentage of proteins than the coöperative feed he would stick to the latter, because at last the farmers were running their own show.

The next calls yielded no more encouraging results, and it began to appear that the star salesman was going to have to buy the merchant a new hat. One man whom we interrupted in his work of repairing a stationary engine at the side of a cow barn listened interestedly to the arguments in favor of our feed, but at the end stated he was a mechanic and not a farmer. He was, he explained in a strong Norwegian dialect, an old-time workman in an Eastern motorcycle factory and had invested his savings in the farm, which the boys operated. He himself ran the garage down the road. The boys were not at home. He didn't know what kind of cow feed the boys used, but whatever it was he bet it was the best.

The next man interviewed was truly a cow enthusiast and seemed a good prospect for our feed. He invited us into the barn where his thirty head were at their early snack, and seemed actually to enjoy seeing them eat, although their feed was costing him close to fifty dollars a ton. But, it turned out, his enthusiasm was only that of the calculating business man. One unfortunate cow was in a box stall segregated from the others as though her very presence might be contaminating, although her sole offense was that she produced only one pound of milk to four pounds of scientific feed, when according to the rules it should have been one in three. She was a boarder. She was eating heartily and with evident enjoyment, although it seemed she must have known she was being fattened up for a purpose boding no good to herself.

But the enthusiastic cow owner was no prospect for our feed. He mixed his own, he said, and believed he did it far more scientifically than any mere manufacturer could do. He did not even answer when the salesman inquired if he was sure no old nails or bits of wire ever got into his mixture while working it on the barn floor. The interview ended a bit awkwardly.

A Likely Prospect

IT WAS within an hour of train time when we found a farmer who appeared to be a real prospect. His plant was an attractive place, with a white house, a long low cow barn, and a taller structure which he called the horse barn, although the latter building rather belied its name on account of having a gilt cow as a weather vane. The farmer was hitching up his team to haul a load of wood as we turned in the driveway, but when he saw there was company he left the team standing partly hitched where it was in the barnyard and came out to meet us, a tall young man of easy-going manners and evident liking for sociable intercourse.

"Why, yes," he said, when the salesman had introduced himself and handed out his card, "I used to use your brand of feed. It was all right too."

"You used to use it," questioned the salesman in a hurt tone, "but don't you any more?"

The young farmer evidently could not bear to feel that an act of his had hurt a fellow being, for he explained apologetically:

"Well, you see, the committee from the coöperative came around to talk with me and they said I ought to stick by the other farmers, and so I agreed to use the coöp feed this season. But when the last of the coöp stuff is used up I'm sure going to go back to your brand. Anyhow, the wife has got almost enough of your coupons to get the set of dishes and we might as well finish."

"It's a beautiful set of dishes," said the star salesman earnestly.

We shook hands all around at parting, the young farmer making a positive promise that on the occasion of his next purchase he would drive straight to the village and buy from the local dealer. The salesman was quite elated over this interview.

"It simply goes to show," he said as we drove down the road, "how these country merchants let business slip through their fingers. They complain that the farmers send their money away to the mail-order houses or to the coöperatives, but they don't do a thing to prevent it. I'd like to run a country store myself for a couple of years and show them a few things."

He was still full of this idea when at last we got back to the village and presented ourselves before the merchant. That gentleman had finished the comic strips of his newspaper and was gloomily working on a large ledger.

(Continued on Page 36)

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FLETCHER.

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Judge corn flakes by this unfailing test: do they stay crisp in milk or cream?

Post Toasties, made from the hearts of selected white corn, are flaked *double-thick* and toasted golden crisp. These delicious flakes *stay crisp* even when swimming in milk or cream!

Send the coupon now for a free test package and make the Milk or Cream Test yourself. At your grocer's insist on the genuine, *double-thick* Post Toasties, the improved corn flakes that stay crisp in cream.

Post Toasties come in sealed-tight, wax-wrapped cartons.

POSTUM CEREAL COMPANY, Inc.
BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN

Makers of Post's Health Foods: Grape-Nuts, Postum Cereal, Instant Postum, Post's Bran Flakes and Post Toasties

Post DOUBLE-THICK Toasties

THESE DOUBLE-THICK · CORN FLAKES STAY CRISP IN MILK OR CREAM

(Continued from Page 34)

"I told you there was plenty of business around here if anyone would take the trouble to go after it," the star salesman told him blithely. "I've just had a talk with Smith out there on the south road and he's all ready to buy our feed again. You want to be sure and go after him."

The merchant showed no particular enthusiasm over this bit of information.

"Oh, yes, I know," he said; "Smith always agrees with the last man he talks to."

"All the more reason," countered the star salesman emphatically, "why you ought to go after his trade personally. He's got twenty head of cattle on a fifty-acre place, so he's bound to need a lot of feed. Anyhow, his money is just as good as anyone else's."

There was just a trace of asperity in the merchant's answer.

"Smith didn't say anything about paying the bill he already owes me, did he? Because I'd just as soon he wouldn't trade here any more until he does that."

The local train bore us away from there. In spite of a working day gone with no scratch on his order book, the star salesman was philosophical.

"You can't expect to earn your money easy in this game," he said. "If anybody thinks that he'd better stay off the road."

On the train we fell in with another salesman who was nursing a grievance. His line was furniture.

"I'd like to know," he demanded, "how I'm going to sell any goods with competition like it is. A lot of these salesmen are going around selling terms instead of merchandise. They go in to a dealer and the first crack out of the box they spill something like this: 'Go ahead and buy a good bill. Never mind what is printed on the invoice. Just pay for the stuff when you get good and ready.'

"My house is so darn old-fashioned," he went on, "that it won't let me make any cracks like that. Only yesterday I asked a big merchant who had been stringing our account out for the better part of a year why he didn't go to the bank and borrow enough money to square up his bills and go on a cash basis. I told him it would pay him, because then he could earn his cash discounts. Here is what he answered:

"'What's a measly 2 per cent when the manufacturers are willing to carry me? I can make 10 per cent on my money.'"

Nor was this the only complaint the furniture salesman had to make in regard to the annoyances of his chosen profession.

Life is That Way

"It's got so," he said, "that a lot of these dealers want the manufacturers to send out furniture on memorandum. And what do they do with it when they get it? They stick the fine dining-room set in the show window where it makes a good ad for the store, but you bet your life they don't try very hard to sell it. Of course not. They try to sell the stuff they've bought outright. And after six months or so they send the dining-room set back to the manufacturer, saying it's too expensive for their trade, and the manufacturer has to refinish it before it is fit to go out again. I wish I was in some other line of business."

Let it be distinctly understood that the foregoing is no general indictment of a trade, but merely a verbatim report of the remarks of a single salesman. It may even be that his outlook on life had been darkened by a poor week's business and that a few good orders would restore him to a more cheerful view. Life is that way.

The star salesman had expected to work in the Northern New York State territory for several days, but when we returned to the Boston-terrier hotel that evening he found a telegram from his house instructing him to make certain towns in Pennsylvania for another traveler who had fallen down on the job. He had been looking forward to getting home to his family for Sunday; but eminence exacts its price and it was one of his functions as dean of the sales force to jump hither and yon as circumstances dictated.

It was an all-night ride with a four-hour break between trains at Albany. Here again the conception of the traveling man's life as a rollicking matter faded away in the face of reality. Four hours is not long enough to warrant burdening the expense account with the price of a hotel room, but it is a long time to hang around a railroad station. Fortunately it had been raining, so there was some entertainment in watching several automobiles skid on the steep hill leading up to the Capitol. A street car off the track at the bottom of the hill also yielded some diversion. A citizen, seeing we were strangers, did his best to give us a thrill by pointing out a restaurant that used to be the scene of wild parties in the old days. After that it was the railroad station and guessing what the announcer said when he called out trains.

Although our train was not due in the Pennsylvania town until six o'clock in the morning, the Pullman porter, with characteristic foresight, got us up at five sharp. The hotel was but five minutes' walk from the station. The star salesman ate breakfast, went to his room, took off his clothes, which he gave to a bell boy to have pressed, and went to bed. In an hour his suit was finished and he was ready for business.

It was a town of perhaps 20,000 people, just trembling on the threshold of cityhood and anxious to enter into full estate. One of the bank buildings on the principal four corners was eight stories high, the chamber of commerce occupying an entire upper floor. Two trolley lines brought citizens from outlying communities to trade with local merchants. There was a department store with a frontage of half a block. Next to the department store was a sumptuously equipped jewelry establishment that reflected present-day ideas by displaying in its show windows a large assortment of wedding rings along with this sign: "We Trust You. Wedding Rings, $2.00 Down, $1.00 Weekly."

A Hard Man to See

We found the feed dealer whom we were to interview at his place of business at the upper end of the main street; but he was unable to talk about cow feed because he was in conference with a committee from his luncheon club, of which he was president. He bounced out of his private office, where the conference was going on, to say that the club was considering a movement to raise money to equip a boys' band with musical instruments and uniforms, which would be a splendid advertisement for the city if it could be put over; after lunch he would probably have time to talk business.

At one o'clock we went back, but the bookkeeper said the merchant would not return until two, anyhow, because it was the luncheon club's meeting day. We waited until three, and then a telephone message from the merchant said he would not be at the office any more that afternoon on account of getting mixed up with the big chamber-of-commerce membership drive. On our way back to the hotel we caught a glimpse of him in company with three other committeemen arguing earnestly on the subject of civic duty with the proprietor of a confectionery establishment, a heavily mustached Greek, who did not appear anxious to contribute his twenty-five dollars toward the upbuilding of his city.

It was a case of staying over until the next day if the star salesman was to do any business, because his concern limits its sales to one firm in a town and the patriotic luncheon-club president was its accredited dealer. He sat thoughtfully in the hotel lobby a while and then said he believed he would take a walk. Half an hour later he returned.

"I guess," he said, "my house is about due to appoint a new dealer here. I've been up to see the manager of one of the credit agencies and his report on our representative isn't very bright. It seems he isn't getting along very well; has been letting some drafts go back and his credit at the bank isn't too good. Privately the credit manager told me our representative has got so enthusiastic over private affairs that he hasn't time to attend to his own. I think I'll be on my way. It isn't worth risking another day to see if he needs any cow feed."

Another full day gone and still no scratch on the order book. Besides which, the next morning's interview in another Pennsylvania town was a delicate one, as will be appreciated by anyone who has ever sold goods on the road. Six weeks previously the salesman who had fallen down on his job had visited the town and arranged with a dealer to handle the line at the same time taking an order for a car of feed. Perhaps the merchant had been in an extra optimistic mood at the time, or perhaps the salesman had been overly strong in his selling methods; anyhow, after the salesman had gone the merchant decided he did not want his purchase and wrote the house to that effect.

Cancellations are not desirable in any line, and particularly so in the cow-feed business, where a carload amounts to nearly $1000, and where the manufacturer contracts each day for the materials necessary for that day's orders. The star salesman had been instructed to see what he could do to induce the merchant to accept what he had bought.

In this difficult situation one could see why he was at the head of his firm's selling force. He shook hands heartily with the merchant before he told who he was. Thus having diplomatically established a conciliatory atmosphere, he brought up the object of the interview in the offhand manner of one old friend to another.

"I've just had a letter from the house," he said, "about a car of feed they want to send you, and I thought I'd drop by and have a little chat about it."

Evidently the merchant felt a prick of conscience at this friendly approach, and needed time to consider. He had not been doing anything when we arrived, but now appeared to think of a number of things. He shoved the office cat off its comfortable couch on a large ledger and opened the book, running through its pages as though he was weeks behind in his bookkeeping. A farmer drove up to the loading platform and the merchant ran out to wait on him, although two assistants were at liberty to perform the service. A lady customer came into the office to pay a bill, accompanied by a little girl. The merchant detained her in long conversation, and when all topics of interest had run out he insisted on weighing the child on the office scales.

Meanwhile the star salesman waited patiently, making a constructive remark as he had an occasional chance.

"I don't suppose the coöp competition bothers you much," he said as the lady and child left; "but in case it does, our firm has some great advertising matter that it sends out to help our dealers move our stuff. Maybe the other salesman didn't tell you about that."

The merchant was just in the act of dashing to the telephone to make what was apparently a very pressing call.

"No," he said, "the other salesman didn't say a thing about that. He just talked at me until I said I might use a carload."

The telephone call proved to be nothing more important than the merchant's telling his wife that he would be home to dinner early because he had so much work to do in the afternoon. When he hung up the receiver the star salesman was at his side.

"A man who works like you do," he said, "certainly must do a live business. It seems like you ought to have two cars of feed instead of the one you ordered, especially as I'll have the house send you a good lot of advertising matter to help move it."

He had already pulled his order book out of his pocket as if expecting a favorable reply to this suggestion, when the merchant broke in.

"No, no," he said hurriedly, "I couldn't use two cars now. But you can ship the first one right away. Don't forget to send the ads."

A Rural Live Wire

It was several stops farther on that we met a merchant who seemed to have solved his problems most satisfactorily. It was a village, I should judge, of not more than a thousand people. There was not even a regular business street; the eight or ten stores were scattered about in various locations as though there had not been enough civic energy to bring them together in a compact mass. The dealer we were to call on was even more detached than any of the others, being located at the extreme edge of town where the plowed ground began.

From the outside, his establishment was not imposing, the building being a large frame structure, painted in dull yellow, with the proprietor's name in red above the door. The star salesman had said the merchant was one of his firm's best customers; once inside, it was easy to see how this might be so. Besides feed and fertilizers, the merchant handled hardware and harness, seeds, barbed wire, plows and cultivators—a regular farmers' department store. But there was no jumble; each line was in its own particular section and as well kept as in the most metropolitan establishment.

The merchant was helping his two assistants unload some merchandise from a freight car standing on the railroad siding at the rear of his place. The star salesman asked him how his stock of cow feed was. He said he would have the boys check up on it, and meanwhile we could sit down in the office. He had recently finished invoicing and showed us the figures, of which he appeared quite proud; as, indeed, he had a right to be, considering that he had been a merchant only fifteen years, having been a farmer until he was past forty. His stock invoiced $70,000 and he did not owe a dollar to anyone. Besides, there was more than $50,000 on his books owing him from farmers. And all this in a town so small that it did not even have a business street! We asked him how he had done it.

"Oh, I guess it's only that I have tried to keep up with the times," he said. "When I quit farming and moved into the village here to go into business, automobiles were just beginning to be generally used and all the storekeepers were scared to death that all the trade would be drawn away from the small towns to the cities because it would be so easy to travel about. I could see where it might work that way, but then again I thought I could see how it might work the other way around.

"In the old horse-and-buggy days, you see, a small-town merchant couldn't count on customers driving in more than six or eight miles at the most; but with an automobile a fifteen or twenty mile drive doesn't amount to anything, and I figured if I just ran my store a little better than the average, and gave rock-bottom prices, people from all around this part of the country would just as soon come to me as to go to the city. I didn't aim just to run a country store. I aimed to run a good store in the country."

We asked him how he was making out against the competition of the farmers' cooperative buying associations of which we had heard so much complaint from small-town merchants all along the line.

A Novel Proposal

"I'm for the coöperatives," he answered. "That is, I'm for them when they save the farmers any money. The farmer is the only business man who sells his product at wholesale prices and then has to turn around and buy his supplies at retail prices, which isn't right. If a local storekeeper can't supply stuff to his customers just as cheap as they can buy it anywhere else, he has no excuse to be in business.

"You asked me how I make out against the competition of the coöps, and I'll tell you—I'm the coöp myself! A couple of years ago the farmers of this section had a meeting here in the village with the view of starting an organization for buying feed and fertilizers at wholesale prices, and as there was nothing secret about it, I went to the meeting. There was a professional organizer there who made a pretty strong talk about the big profits the storekeepers were making at the expense of the farmers. I don't know whether he was expecting to fix himself up in a salaried job or not; but, anyhow, when he got through he had the folks pretty well convinced that we merchants were an economic evil.

"While this talk was going on I did some mental figuring and at the finish I asked if I couldn't say a few words. The chairman said I could. Not being much of a speechmaker, I don't suppose I made any very polished talk, but this is about what I said:

"'I gather that you folks have come together here to try to figure out some way to buy your supplies cheaper, and that you don't care how you do it just so that end is attained. Now you know it is going to cost you some money to effect your organization and to run it. I've got a proposition to offer by which you can save that expense and get your goods just as cheap.

"'What's the matter with your using my store for your coöperative headquarters and letting me do the work? It won't be much of any expense to me, because I have to keep my place going anyhow. There's a back room you can use for your board meetings free of charge, and I won't charge you a cent for my services. All I ask is this: When you get ready to place your order for your season's feed or fertilizer, you write to other cooperative societies and find out what they are paying. Then if I agree to supply the same stuff at the same prices, you place the order through me.'

"There was quite a lot of discussion, the opposition being led mainly by the professional organizer, who seemed to think there

(Continued on Page 158)

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"AS YOU WOULD SEE IT IF YOU WERE THERE"

Mr. Pepys Profiteth Matilda

By AARON DAVIS

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

"WHOEVER," sighed Matilda Delafield Munty, placing her signature reluctantly on her tax report for the fiscal year—"whoever first said '*Cherchez la femme*' was not familiar with the interior-decorating business as practiced in New York City. And even before a Federal agent I should be willing to go on oath that as soon as a metropolitan woman becomes a metropolitan widow she also by the same token at once and automatically becomes an interior decorator. The streets are hazy with them. If laid end to end they would encircle Manhattan like a triple border on the petit-point covering of a Queen Anne love seat And the Bronx also."

Miss Munty, who was a successful decorator, found speculation concerning her feminine competitors a pleasant pastime; especially so when she bore in mind the really sizable income derived from her activity in their common field.

He Laid His Finger on His Lips and Urged Huskily, "Don't Ask Me Any Questions. Not a Word Until We are Seated. I've Engaged a Table in the Corner Where We'll Not be Overheard. It's Tremendous. It's Pepys!"

"Yes," continued Matilda in the manner of the able merchant addressing the Chamber of Commerce, "the trouble with those women is that they don't know when to give away a profit. They get all their jobs by giving away all their profit all the time. They're a fine brainy lot. The more business they do the more money they lose. Now take me, for instance. So far I've never taken a job without a profit, because I refuse to stress price. Tell customers about effects and the real dope of decorating, and they'll forget dollars and cents. But I'm not so narrow I can't see that there are times, very occasionally, when a profitless job is merely a postponed greater profit. Thank you." And Miss Munty bowed to herself, as though grateful for sharing such golden wisdom with herself.

Although Matilda Munty would have perished before admitting her doubt, after ten months of piloting her own business she was still in the fog as to the reason for her success. That jobs came to her office seemed due, in her estimation, to her several natural qualities of a superior intellect, a charming personality, a rip-snorting cleverness and a transcendent taste. That was what Miss Munty thought. And the type of her business, as a purveyor of artistic things, tended to make her forget the homely truth, a truth about which she could not brag, that she worked, foot and eye, twelve hours each day and fourteen hours on Sunday. Her competitors envied her the transcendent taste, but not the fourteen hours. And their envy was a pleasant salve for her feet, lame from an infinite chasing of wall paper and glazed chintz samples.

Even though Matilda had had the proper angle of introspection to understand her ability she would not have wished to, for what glory attaches itself to a beaded brow and persistence? But behind her almost blind progress was an active intuition of New England origin. An intuition which at critical points in her transactions rose up and said "Do!" And Matilda did. Miss Munty often mistook this intuition for the divine voice of her art speaking in its temple; whereas, truthfully, it was her heritage from Homer Delafield, who had, prior to 1870, been the shrewdest buyer of wool and Morgan stock who ever held a mortgage on a granite hillside of Vermont. Parodying that prime phrase, "Great movements do not threaten, they operate," Matilda did not comprehend, yet she operated.

From consideration of all the graceful traits which she did not possess to the extent she imagined, Miss Munty was distracted by the entrance of her scrub lady. Mrs. Brindle was a sparrowlike wisp of a person who seemingly could smile upon only two occasions, first, when she surveyed a floor as cleaned by herself—and she admitted that no living body aside from herself knew the perfect formula for cleanliness—and second, when speech dealt with Wales, the Crown Prince of her homeland. For him she had a spaniel-like worshiping adoration. He was the standard against which she gauged the world and its every act and occupant. From a reticule so completely concealed by a multitude of petticoats that access to it almost required written instructions she withdrew a section of newspaper.

"There, Miss Munty. Isn't he handsome? Don't he sit his horse beautiful? Has what they call the Guardsman's seat. But he do ride so reckless. Do you know"—and Mrs. Brindle placed her fingers anxiously to her mouth—"do you know sometimes I'm almost tempted to write him a letter praying him not to be so reckless? But he's only a boy, and of course he don't know what worry he gives me. Don't you think he's handsome?"

"Indeed I do, Mrs. Brindle. He's the sweetest thing I ever saw." And there was a light of tenderness in Matilda's face, a glance with which the little birds of Assisi might have blessed Saint Francis. But Matilda was a woman and shared her sentiment for the Prince with at least fifty million other females. "But I can't stop to think about him, Mrs. Brindle. I've got to get to work."

"You do work so hard, Miss Munty. And you get tired, don't you? I get tired sometimes too. It's funny the different things that tires people. I'd die if I had to do what you do. Persuading people to buy things they aren't sure they want. Oh, my! It's terrible. What do you think of to say that makes them want the things? Now take that little ship on that cabinet. Dear me! What does anyone want with it?"

"That model?" said Matilda, surprised. "Oh, Mrs. Brindle, if everything sold as easily as ship models I couldn't say I had to work at all."

"I don't pretend to understand it," sighed Mrs. Brindle, looping up three outer layers of skirts preparatory to genuflecting, "I don't pretend to. Now take my sister's husband. He's got some little ships cluttering up the lumber room above his public house. Ages, they've been there; and dusty—dear me! When I visited her he almost dropped my traveling box on one."

Matilda stopped writing, although she kept her eyes on the sheet before her. Experience in securing merchandise had trained her in discretion.

"Really, I hope he didn't break your trunk."

"No; although he made a dent in it."

"Too bad. Tell me, Mrs. Brindle, is being a publican a profitable business?"

That lady paused and deliberately wrung out her floor cloth. "Sometimes yes and sometimes no. It depends on the neighborhood. His house in Clapham, now, just at the foot of Garley Rise, is medium. When his father had it it was a better drinking section. But he can't complain. His family always have eggs to their tea."

"Oh. He inherited the business from his father? I think it splendid the way businesses in England stay in the family that way."

"In the family! I should say so," claimed Mrs. Brindle, sensing a trifle of sweetness from reflected glory. "There's been a Holcroft owning that house for I don't know how long."

"Holcroft," wrote Miss Munty under the words "Garley Rise" and "Clapham," and sliding her blotter over the completed address.

"Isn't that splendid? But what does he want with the little ships? Maybe I didn't tell you, but I'm going to England in a few weeks. If there's anything I can do for you there, Mrs. Brindle, you just tell me about it before I sail. Do you think your brother-in-law would mind letting me look at his ships? That is, if I happened to be in his neighborhood?" Matilda thought it wise to temper the least taint of eagerness.

"Oh, my, Joel would love to have you. He and me are very friendly, and if you don't mind I'll ask you to take a package for me. For his little girls. Six pairs of ——" And although the office was shared only by Miss Munty and herself she merely shaped the word with her lips for fear of shocking its refined air. "Yes, lovely ones. Six pairs. Of real nice flannel with crocheted bottoms. I think muslin ones are terrible. Oh, dear! I envy you. I suppose it's wicked, but I should like to see London just once more before I pass over. It smells so different from New York. But excuse me. I've got my work to do as well as you."

"H'm," said Matilda, reflecting on her sudden decision to take a holiday trip and arguing the matter in her mind.

Said Miss Munty to Matilda, "You do need a rest, because really you've worked pretty hard this past year."

But Matilda countered the assertion. "Don't be foolish. Even though Mrs. Brindle did see some ship models, which is highly improbable, they're most likely no good. And nine chances out of ten they've been disposed of by now."

"But that's not the point," claimed Miss Munty. "I hope you aren't thinking of making this a business trip.

Forget business. What you need is a complete change. Though of course it would be of help to you as a decorator to have a little first-hand knowledge of things abroad."

Before such logic Matilda capitulated. "Well, if you put it that way, I'll have to admit you're right. But while I'm there it wouldn't do any harm to say 'Hello' to Mr. Joel Holcroft, do you think?"

"Well, no," admitted Miss Munty, "although if you insist on that point, I've a better idea, because Englishmen are awfully peculiar and if he imagined you wanted the models he'd refuse to let you see them." And she again spoke aloud.

"Mrs. Brindle, I've been thinking. Business has been pretty good this year. I've really made a very good thing out of it, and of course you have helped a lot by keeping the office so beautifully clean. And since I'm going abroad I'd like to do it right. Won't you come along as my maid?"

The little scrub lady looked up, bewildered, and by the simple motion of clasping her hands she was a suppliant before the altar.

"Oh, Miss Munty! To England! Oh, I'd love to, but I don't know what a maid has to do. I never was good enough to be a lady's maid."

"Don't worry about that, Mrs. Brindle. I've got nothing on you. I don't know what a lady's maid has to do either. But you can darn my stockings; and let me see yes, you can draw my bath."

"Oh, yes," sighed Mrs. Brindle. "I can draw a bath. You take a copper pitcher to the kitchen and fill it with hot water and carry it upstairs and pour it in a tin tub. Indeed I can do that, Miss Munty. I can draw a lovely bath."

"That's fine, Mrs. Brindle. We'll go. We'll go a week from Saturday. It'll be a lot of fun, won't it?"

"Fun! It will be lovely!" And Mrs. Brindle's voice grew hushed with awe. "And on my afternoons off in London I'll go and stand near St. James', and perhaps I'll see the Prince. Wouldn't that be lovely? To see the Prince!"

"Uh-huh!" agreed Matilda dreamily.

She felt that she must not coincide so ardently as she wished, since she now possessed a maid and, in consequence, a position to maintain.

Odysseus was the principal in a fairly famous journey. Hannibal also was no slouch, and did well along that line. And Ahasuerus—called the Wandering Jew, for short—also cannot be listed as an amateur traveler. But Matilda Delafield Munty, safely across the Atlantic for the first time, felt in a class by herself. She knew herself the true cosmopolite and considered a change on her business letterhead to read "New York and London." So many of her interior-decorating confederates did that as soon as they had spent a week by the Thames. It implied no mercantile connection with London. Not at all. It was merely an assurance to the public that the decorator had been there. It bestowed a savor of breadth and sophistication on one almost equal to referring to the Bank of England as the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street—with accent on the "needle," naturally.

Although Mrs. Brindle had several times since their arrival been to pay her respects to her sister, Mrs. Joel Holcroft, of Clapham, for a week Matilda refrained from accompanying her. She intended to minimize any chance of increasing the value of Mr. Holcroft's models by a too hurried visit. Yet when she did consider the time proper for an inspection, the spirit of Homer Delafield sat high in her breast, giving her strength to show an interest in everything except ship models. But her excitement over the possibility of what she might find hindered the normal fluency of her speech, yet because the stars sat right for her, that, too, was fortunate, as Mr. Holcroft imagined her distraction to be the haughtiness which no lady should be without.

Mr. Holcroft joined the ladies in the back parlor of the apartment above his pub as soon as he had turned the bar over to his daughter with the distinct admonition to allow Henry Fuller not one glass more until he showed a shilling down for back pints, and then to take the shilling and refuse him further refreshment.

"Joel," said Mrs. Brindle to the entering publican, "this is my lady."

"Ma'am," greeted Mr. Holcroft, placing a blanket over a caged parrot which he was boarding for an absent mariner. "The filthy brute only understands French and only speaks English. There ought to be a law against it. I'd wring his neck, but his owner owes me fourteen shillings thrippence ha'penny."

"Joel Holcroft, stop that immoral creature," screamed Mrs. Brindle, pretending to cover her ears with shaking hands to shut out the ardent protests of the bird concerning the premature arrival of his blanketed night.

"Stop him yourself," suggested the blushing Mr. Holcroft. "There's only one way, and his owner owes me fourteen shillings thrippence ha'penny. I can't."

"Please, Mr. Holcroft, I'll give you a pound to do it," urged Miss Munty, who was awe-struck by the refreshing vigor of the parrot's statements. "I've often given more than that to the Society for the Suppression of Vice. A pound is nothing for him. Please do it." And she pressed a note upon the grateful Mr. Holcroft, who at once threw the bird, cage and all, out the window.

"Ma'am," exclaimed the relieved host, "I'm in your debt! Deeply, ma'am. Yes. As a matter of fact, all Clapham is in your debt. A public benefactress, ma'am. That's what you are."

"Joel," said Mrs. Brindle with reproof in her voice, "I feel ashamed for m'lady. To have heard such things, and under your roof too. And when she had done you the honor to come into your house. That's right, Joel Holcroft. You should feel like a worm."

"Yes," said the perturbed Mr. Holcroft, piteously humble, "I know. But there should be a law against such birds. I can't fancy what Parliament's thinking of to permit it."

"All right, Joel. She'll forgive you this time, but do try to make amends and show you're sorry. Now listen to me. M'lady is interested in little ships. Models, she calls them, and I asked her to come out here and see the ones you have in the lumber room. And if she wants them she's to have them, for they don't do you any good."

"Indeed she is," asserted Mr. Holcroft, pleased to find such an easy way to clear the blot on his character as the keeper of a decent public house. "Shall I fetch them down, m'lady, or will you go up to them?"

"Sit right where you are, m'lady," interjected Mrs. Brindle. "The idea of his asking such a question! Fetch

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"Please, Please!" Pleaded the Squirming Mr. Holcroft. "I Meant Nothing Wrong, M'lady"

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Watch This Column

HOUSE PETERS

"Chiefly the mould of a man's fortune is in his own hands."

—BACON.

It affords me a lot of pleasure to tell you that Universal has signed HOUSE PETERS for a number of big productions, the first of which is *"The Tornado,"* adapted from Lincoln J. Carter's great melodrama. This big, he-man's last appearance for Universal was in *"The Storm,"* which you doubtless remember as one of the successes of the year. Whatever PETERS does is done well. Watch for him in this new picture.

Keep your eyes open for VIRGINIA VALLI in her new picture *"The Signal Tower"* adapted from a story by Wadsworth Camp, written around railroad people. It is full of romance, it has picturesque railroad settings, a great fight in the signal tower, exciting acts of heroism. It is clean, virile, exciting, desirable. Take the entire family. MISS VALLI is supported by such excellent players as ROCKCLIFFE FELLOWS, WALLACE BEERY, HAYDEN STEVENSON, DOT FARLEY, FRANKIE DARRO and J. FARREL McDONALD. Don't fail to see it.

We are flooded with requests from exhibitors for the Champion JACK DEMPSEY *"Fight and Win"* pictures built on the exciting stories by Gerald Beaumont. Perhaps some of this demand is due to the fact that this man can lick any other man in the world, but Universal has taken such pains with the cast and the settings that the pictures would win even with an unknown in the leading rôle.

Have you seen *"The Fighting American,"* Universal's great comedy-romance starring PAT O'MALLEY and MARY ASTOR? This story won the Laemmle Scholarship contest, and was written by William Elwell Oliver. Please see it and write me your opinion.

Carl Laemmle
President

UNIVERSAL PICTURES
1600 Broadway, New York City

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them down, Joel Holcroft, and be quick about it too. Fancy suggesting such a thing!"

By the dazed Matilda the flow of events was not altogether comprehended, but out of the shuffle she grasped the major point that the flow was in her favor and, that being so, had the wit to hold her peace and let herself be managed by Mrs. Brindle.

One by one the ship models were brought into the room and placed on the floor before her. There were five of them, ranging in type from a hundred-gun ship of the line with three stern lanterns and bell-shaped quarter galleries, magnificent with polychrome and gilt, where Mr. Holcroft's sleeve had dusted it, down to a British Admiralty yacht of early design.

Of models, technically, Miss Munty had some knowledge. She knew that the omission of planking on the underbodies of three of the ships before her was an excellent thing, as it proved them at once as miniatures faithfully and purposely made so that my lords of the service might inspect the interior construction of the vessel before the shipbuilder's contract was finally authorized by his majesty.

Matilda started to say, "The most perfect things I have ever seen. There's a fortune in them." But Grandfather Homer Delafield got in her throat ahead of her and said "H'm."

"But they are pretty, ma'am, aren't they?" begged Mr. Holcroft, anxious that his offerings might appear well in the eyes of the lady who had suffered in his house.

"Quite," suggested old Homer through the lips of his trembling granddaughter; and to show that he was not unversed in British enthusiasm added, "Rather neat."

"Now, m'lady," said Mrs. Brindle, "if they are at all what you want I'll arrange with Joel about having them sent to the hotel."

"Oh, but, Mrs. Brindle, I must have some understanding with Mr. Holcroft about the price. What do you think would be fair, Mr. Holcroft?"

As an aid to calculation that gentleman polished his left boot against the back of his right leg and chewed slowly on the forward half of his tongue. He had no great facility in the process of thought, especially when he had imagined that the lady understood he intended to present her with the models out of his gratitude for surcease from the blasphemous parrot.

But also he was canny enough to take a profit when he could, so he announced sheepishly, "Would five pounds be too dear, m'lady?"

"Robber!" shrieked Mrs. Brindle, seizing the poker from the hearth. "Thief! What are you thinking of, Joel Holcroft? Come, m'lady, we'll leave this pirate's den. To think that I should have brought all these insults on you who've been so lovely to me! Shame on you, Joel!"

"Please, please!" pleaded the squirming Mr. Holcroft. "I meant nothing wrong, m'lady. Take the things at any price you want to pay. Whatever you think fair, I'll be glad to get."

"Not a penny!" cried Mrs. Brindle, taking up Miss Munty's cape and placing it over her shoulders. "Unless, of course, m'lady wants to give you a couple of bob to drink her health."

Homer Delafield, sensing that the transaction now was well within his granddaughter's powers, left her to speak for herself.

"I'll tell you, Mr. Holcroft, what I should like to do There's no certainty about dealing with things like models. Sometimes one gets a good price, sometimes one doesn't. It all depends on the state of the buyer's indigestion If I make a good turn I'll send you more later, but right now I'll buy the models outright from you for fifty pounds."

"Air!" sighed Mrs. Brindle huskily. "Give me air!"

"Fifty pounds?" whispered Mr. Holcroft slowly rising from his knees, the only position which he considered decent for the mention of such sums "Me? Fifty pounds?"

"Yes," said Matilda, taking five ten-pound notes from her hand bag. "I feel guilty in paying you so little, but I'm not sure enough about the market on models to risk more But you can be sure I'll send it to you in case the deal goes big. And you will have them delivered to my hotel tonight, won't you, Mr. Holcroft?"

"Ma'am," said Mr. Holcroft, trying to catch his breath between his emotions, "I will."

For the reception of her models Miss Munty engaged the adjoining room to hers at the hotel, and for three days she scarcely left them. With blowpipe and camel's-hair brush and crude oil she removed the grime of the years from their shapeliness; and tales of battles royal on the Spanish Main, flashes of silver daggers through the air as the moon swung high above uncharted blue atolls, and misty dawns along the line tickled her fancy as she bent over her treasures. And when she had them restored to her satisfaction she went out to the great auction rooms of London to find the values which governed for models of the types she owned. And those values were large, larger than she had dreamed possible, but only when the models sold carried with them warrants of their authenticated histories. The absence of such guaranties took all the joy out of a price. So Miss Munty set her hand to it to find the necessary facts for her collection.

Mr. Holcroft hadn't the slightest help for her. They had been above his house forever, as far as he knew, and he had never had occasion to question his father regarding them.

So Matilda used her brains and interviewed the curator in charge of such things at the Victoria and Albert Museum. That gentleman was one of the fat-faced scholarly species who constantly touch their fingers to their lips as though drawing some honeyed refreshment from their tips. One of those scholars who smile often, but always at items which suggest to the observer that he, the observer, has neither wit nor humor, because he does not smile at them too.

When Miss Munty, in a three-minute monologue, had engaged the attention of the curator and explained to him fully what she had found and what she wanted to know about her models, that gentleman continued his same careful scrutiny of her and said, "I beg your pardon."

"But didn't you hear?" asked Miss Munty. "You looked so intelligently interested."

"I beg your pardon."

"But haven't you taken in anything I said?" inquired Miss Munty again, a trifle peeved.

"Certainly. Every word. I was merely thinking. Your find sounds very illuminating. In Clapham, you said?"

"Yes. In Clapham. In a public house at the foot of Garley Rise."

"I beg your pardon."

Matilda sat back in her chair, raising an eyebrow and trying to think of words, not too nasty, for an answer.

"Well," said Mr. Muddie—pronounced Moody—also sitting back and observing his finger tips, as well as sampling their quality, "that is extremely interesting. Would you object to my having a look at your models?"

"Of course not, sir. That's the favor I asked of you. I'll give you a card with the hotel, and any time tomorrow you like I'll be there. Now wait a minute, don't say it. Don't tell me you haven't heard what I just said."

"Why should I?" asked Mr. Muddie in gentle surprise; "I heard every word."

"I beg your pardon," said Matilda, rising to go. "I'll see you at three tomorrow, then."

The arrival of Mr. Muddie at the hotel an hour before his appointment was indicative of his interest and normal state of mind.

"My name is Muddie," said he. "Oh, yes. I've seen you before, haven't I? How do you do? I beg your pardon."

"Why?" questioned Matilda with genuine curiosity.

"Ah, so these are the ships, eh? Dear me! Dear me! They are important, aren't they? Very. And that little rascal there," he cried, leveling his stick at the miniature of the Admiralty yacht; "1665, I fancy. Pett, no doubt. A vast improvement over the Elizabethan one of 1604. The Dutch did teach us a thing or two, we must admit, mustn't we?"

"What in the world are you talking about, Mr. Muddie?" exclaimed Matilda.

"It is a beauty, isn't it? You see, my dear young lady, the yacht was altogether a Dutch type. It played no part in British maritime affairs until Charles got his throne back, and then he had Pett, the ablest naval architect of his time, build one for him. That was in 1661. This one shows certain niceties which that one did not possess. I should imagine 1665 was a fair date for it. Now," said the gentleman, laying aside his coat, "I hope you'll pardon me if I get to work, for I've only a few minutes to spare."

Four hours later Mr. Muddie readjusted his glasses and looked about him, suddenly remembering that there had been another occupant of the room.

"Very remarkable, Miss—what did you say your name was? Munty. Thank you. A truly amazing condition of things."

"Are they really so valuable, Mr. Muddie?" questioned the excited girl.

"Valuable? Oh, yes, I presume they are. I hadn't thought of that. Now may I trespass on your goodness to a great extent? Please, will you give your word to a simple request? That you will not remove these models nor sell them nor promise to sell them until the day after tomorrow? I beg you'll grant me this." And Mr. Muddie's hand fluctuated with indecision whether to go to his lips or toward the lady of his entreaties.

"Of course I will," answered Matilda eagerly, "and although I can see you don't want to explain now, you will tell me about my models then, won't you?"

"Indeed I will, and I expect I'll have procured more facts for you by then. Extremely important facts. Is this my coat? Well, thank you. Well, good day."

Mr. Muddie had scarcely departed when Mrs. Brindle rushed into the room, gasping for breath enough to speak.

"Ma'am, I've seen him! Coming up Whitehall in a automobile, and he stopped at one of the government buildings and I saw him real plain—and oh, ma'am, he's so beautiful!"

"What?" echoed Matilda, reaching for her cape and jamming a hat on her head. "You've seen the Prince? And he stopped at a building? Quick! Come on! We'll get a taxi and perhaps I can see him too. Was he as sweet as his pictures?"

"Oh," sighed Mrs. Brindle, gathering up two handfuls of skirts from about her feet in an honest effort to hold the pace set by her mistress. "Oh, sweeter."

An hour later Matilda returned to her hotel, saddened by what she had missed. The Prince had gone and the empty street where he had been was scant solace to her. And even scanter was the constant flow of her maid's praises of his perfection.

"That will do, Mrs. Brindle. Don't tell me any more. I can't stand it."

"But you aren't vexed with him, are you? The poor lamb didn't know you wanted to see him. He's that good, that if he'd known he would have waited, I'm sure."

"No. Of course I'm not mad at him. But I do think it's not fair for you to have all the fun and for me not to have any. And you can go now. Don't talk any more about it." And Matilda ordered her dinner and went to bed, and in spite of her deprivation, rather content with the sweet scenes she pictured for herself if the Prince had only not hurried away before she had arrived.

Mrs. Brindle awakened her in the morning.

"Ma'm, there's a Mr. Muddie below who says he must see you at once. Just as soon as you can permit him. It's very important. What shall I tell him?"

"Tell him," said Matilda, pushing her out the door—"tell him I'll have breakfast with him in twenty minutes."

And the room instantly became a fitting model for a futurist study entitled Young Woman Dressing in Haste, or as suitably as White Sale at the Busy Bee Ladies' Specialty Shop.

"What," said Matilda, emerging from chaos like the world on the sixth day—"I wonder what Mr. Muddie has on his mind. It must be important to send a fat man calling at this hour."

Within two minutes she had joined the excited curator at the door to the breakfast room.

He laid his finger on his lips and urged huskily, "Don't ask me any questions. Not a word until we are seated. I've engaged a table in the corner where we'll not be overheard. It's tremendous. It's Pepys!"

"What?" asked the startled Matilda, searching his eyes for the well-known sparkle of insanity. "What Pepys? What are you talking about?"

"Sh-h-h. Sit down and eat your porridge and pour me a cup of tea, and let me gather my wits. It's tremendous. Positively monumental. Yes"

"For heaven's sake, tell me about it! I'm interested too. Do remember that. They are my models, you know."

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1899 – 1924

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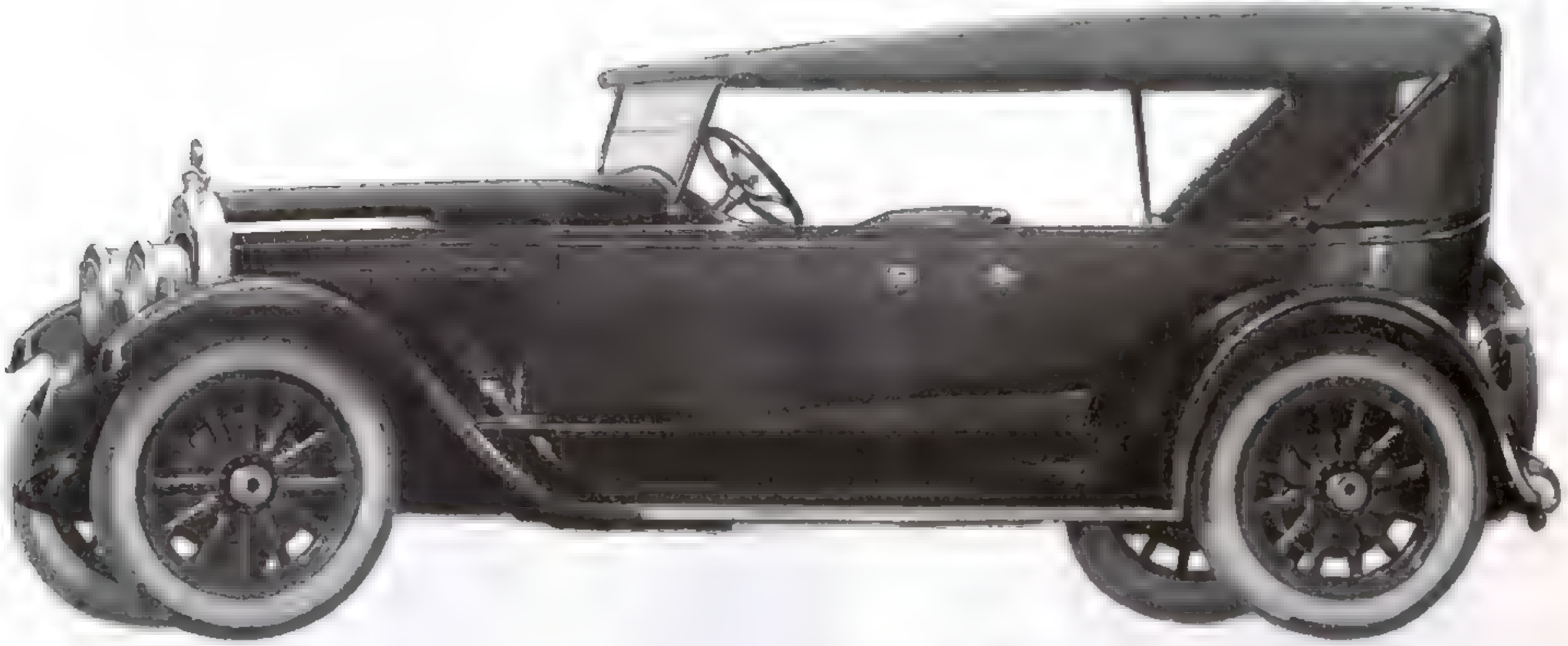

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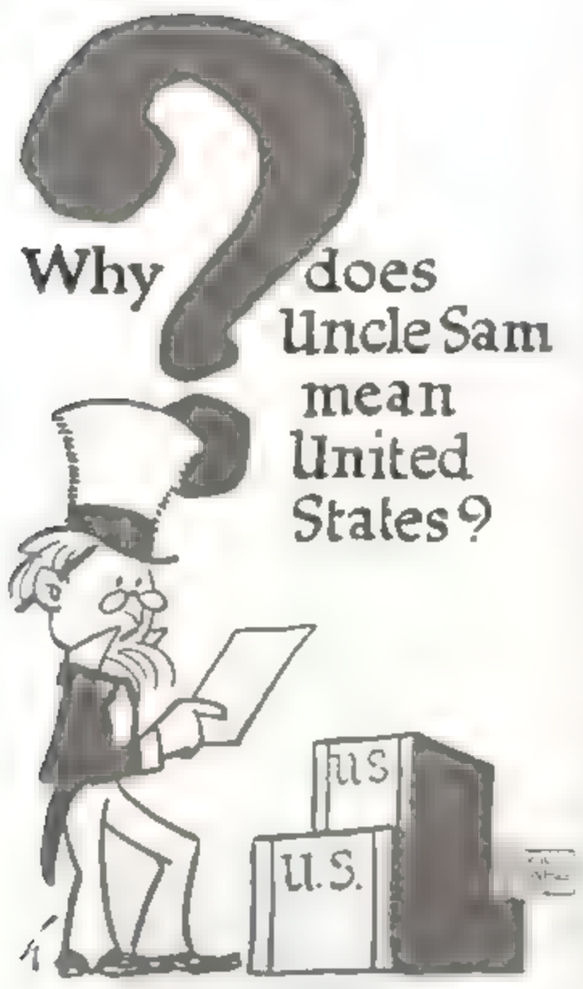

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(Continued from Page 42)

"I realize that," sighed Mr. Muddie with great yearning in his voice. "That's what makes me sad. I wish they were the museum's. I'll tell you about it. I've been up all night gathering my facts, together with Sir Henry Laddin, of the Admiralty. A scorching fine chap is Sir Henry. You two should know each other."

"I'll gladly admit all that, Mr. Muddie, but please go on with the story."

"I beg your pardon. Oh, yes. The story. Let me see. You've heard of Samuel Pepys. He kept a famous diary, you know. A tremendous piece of work. Continually through that diary one finds mention of ship models. Few people realize the fact, but Samuel Pepys is considered one of the ablest secretaries that His Majesty's Navy ever boasted. And his first intimate knowledge of ships and their construction came through his careful study of models. He was constantly having able seafaring men come to his office and lecture him on the relative advantages of certain characteristics in ships. And always they would lecture from a model he had in his office. Of course in the beginning he was only clerk to the acts of the navy, but even then he was apparently a glutton for information. A reader can almost sense his covetousness for models growing. For instance, on June 6, 1662, his diary notes, 'At my office all alone all the morning, and the smith being with me about other things, did open a chest that hath stood ever since I came to my office, in my office, and then we found a modell of a fine ship, which I long to know whether it be the King's or Mr. Turner's.' Can't you imagine his mind arguing, 'If it's the King's, well, it's sacred, but if it's Mr. Turner's that's another thing'? Especially when you consider a later entry, on August 12, 1662, when he is transacting certain business with Anthony Deane of Woolwich. 'He'—Mr. Deane—'promises me also a modell of a ship, which will please me exceedingly, for *I do want one of my own.*'

"And Mr. Pepys did get one of his own. In fact, several. It may be safer not to delve too deeply into how he got them. His days were not our days, and things which were called perquisites in his time are named differently now, and anyway the crown owed him twenty-seven thousand pounds when he died. But that is all by the by. What matters is that he gathered together a small collection of ships. He evidently did not go in for quantity, but for quality, yes. Now here's the crux: His will directed that his collection go to his friend, William Hewer, Esq., with the hope that with Hewer's collection it might be 'preserved for publick benefit.' But it didn't get to Hewer. It disappeared completely, and the fate of the Pepysian ship models has always been a loadstone for discussion by men interested in such things. And you, Miss Munty, have the Pepys models."

Matilda drew a long breath and sat back in her chair.

"Mr. Muddie, that is the most wonderful news I have ever heard. You sound so sure of yourself, but I can't quite see how you have established the identity of my models as the Pepys lost models."

"Wait just a minute and I believe I can satisfy you. I have been to interview Joel Holcroft, the publican, at Clapham. He could tell me nothing more about the models than he told you, but what I did find from him was this fact: He doesn't know how many generations back it was, but his present business came into his family through its purchase by a Samuel Holcroft in 1704 or 1705. Very good. Now note this fact: Among the domestics listed as receiving rings and mourning when Pepys died at Clapham in 1703 was a Samuel Holcroft. So far so good. But let me go further. Sir Henry Laddin, my friend in the Admiralty, supplied me with this information: Among the Admiralty records is a comprehensive list of the contents of Pepys' house in 1673. It was a list evidently gathered when Pepys was being persecuted for the so-called Popish Plot, an affair which eventually sent him in company with Sir Anthony Deane to the Tower. That list mentioned two models—one a hundred-gun ship of the line, unnamed; the other an Admiralty yacht, named the Fleeting, which is the name on the yacht model you possess. On such circumstantial evidence I am content to accept all the models as having belonged to Pepys. I could ask no better authentication."

"I think you are simply wonderful, Mr. Muddie," said Matilda, leaning forward. "But I can't see how I can ever make up to you for what you've supplied me with. These facts are immensely valuable, you know, to me. They at least triple the possible price I can command for the collection. What can I do for you?"

"Well," answered that gentleman, becoming serious and hesitant, "I can't just see myself. I wish I had eloquence, Miss Munty. An eloquence to make you see things as I see them. I do indeed. But I'm more or less stupid with words. I don't count words greatly, I'm so busy with my department. But if I could speak I'd try to make you understand something like this: The greatest glory of my country lies behind us. Now wait. Don't interrupt. Of course she is yet great. I think the greatest; but she is in the afternoon of her power. The cycles of things roll ahead, and it's only in the natural course that she can't always remain at the peak. And I dread to see the souvenirs of the things which have made her supreme taken out of her bounds. That may be sentimental rubbish. Maybe I'm so close to my petty branch of work that I'm warped. It's probable. But ships are what have made England. Ships and men. And I've a horror of seeing the records of those ships leave her. You are a trader. You caught a clew and followed it hard, and you won. God knows I'm sporting enough to give you my hand on that. You are a trader, and the biggest price is the best price. That's fair and natural. And in your country there are half a score men who'll bid in your find at a price which I couldn't half raise over here. So unless you've a mind to be foolish, my chances are naught."

"Just a minute, sir," interrupted Matilda, genuinely moved by the sincerity of the man. "I follow you pretty well, but I'm not sure what you want me to do."

"That's simple and impossible, I fear. I want you to consider a bid from me. I'm going out to the biggest men I know and put it up to them. I want to raise a purse as large as I can and see if I can't tempt you. I know it requires a pretty sum to tempt a girl from the States. There's so much money over there and, as I understand it, everything is on a money basis. I'm not criticizing you; I know you can't help it."

"Is that so?" flared up Matilda, feeling that she, single-handed, had the defense of one hundred and ten million persons on her shoulders. "Money basis! A lot you know about it. I can't see why you people are always crabbing us about the almighty dollar. It makes me furious, and just to prove it, I wouldn't sell you the Pepys collection if you came to me with a hundred thousand pounds in the Lord Mayor's carriage. And that's not bluff, that's final! So you needn't waste your time passing the hat. And," said Matilda, rising and signing the breakfast check, "I have the extreme pleasure of wishing you good day."

And with her head held as high as she figured an outraged woman should hold her head, she left the astonished Mr. Muddie nursing the tips of his saccharine fingers.

Now Matilda Delafield Munty, alone in her room, very shortly regretted her recent flurry of anger, but the plow handle was in her grasp and she couldn't turn her eyes backward toward Mr. Muddie. And as she appreciated how really slight had been the cause of her uproar she more closely cherished the words which had forced it.

"Money basis, indeed! And I can't help judging everything by dollars and cents? Good gracious, that makes me mad! I'd like to show him. The prune!"

Such speculations increasingly filled the soul of Miss Munty. The further away the incident the greater grew her longing to justify herself.

Matilda was never sure of the precise moment when the inspiration struck her, although her clearest memory connects it with Nelson's Monument and the National Gallery. But she did hail a taxi at the foot of the Strand and rush back to her hotel.

And after repeated attempts she finished the letter her inspiration had told her to write, and mailed it before she had the chance to reconsider.

Within eighteen hours a reply was in her hands. It had been delivered to her hotel while she was out. She held it tightly and, hot and cold in turns, tried not to run to her rooms.

Very carefully, preserving the seal, she managed to open it. She noticed how astonishingly modest the crest appeared.

My dear Miss Munty: His Royal Highness commands me to communicate with you as follows.

He is sincerely touched by your generous offer of the famous Pepysian ship-model collection and with genuine gratitude accepts it.

His Highness will feel honored if you will come to St. James' Palace at 4:10 o'clock Monday the seventeenth of April to confer with him as to the proper placing of the individual items of the collection.

Done by command of Edward Albert, Prince of Wales, etc., etc.

RODNEY HONNITON,
Colonel.

"That," said Matilda, stretching her arms wide and looking at the ceiling as though it were fashioned from chocolate creams, "is the most utterly foolish thing a business woman ever did. But oh, isn't it wonderful to be foolish!"

There are certain stray unimportant items of news which from time to time seize public fancy and, once rolling, thunder their way around the world. And with the unpremeditating Matilda and her gift to a prince this was the case.

Hong-Kong was quite as thoroughly interested as was New York, although New York showed a possessive pride that Matilda had never before noticed.

Even old Archibald Cutter, the ablest oil man at large and the richest almost, in London at the time, called on her.

"Munty," said he, examining his cigar case with evident disappointment that he couldn't consume two one-dollar cigars simultaneously. "Any relation to Jules Munty? Out in Oklahoma? No? Well, it doesn't make any difference. But I'll say this for you, young lady: You've smoothed my path. Yes, sir. A week ago that crowd down in the city wouldn't believe me when I told them I was giving my stuff away. No Yankee ever did that, they claimed. And then you came along with your scheme, and it's a knock-out, and it hit 'em where they lived. And the boss down there came to me, he did, and he said, 'Cutter, we had you wrong. If you folks can raise fillies like that girl you can have my hand. Where's the dotted line?' Yes, sir, and I'll make 'em rich. No man ever helped Archie Cutter and got away poorer. Or woman, either. Say, is it true you're an interior decorator?"

"Yes," said Matilda, "it's true."

"Good enough. I'll tell you what I'll do. I've got my architect here. Brought him along because he claimed my house couldn't be furnished properly except by some of these Bond Street beauties. That's bunk. You've got brains or you couldn't have done what you did. You handle the job for me. Look here. What could you have got for those models?"

Three days of newspaper interviews and a constant flood of congratulations had trained Matilda to withstand the shock of the unexpected. Although the action of her mind was far from being a crystal well, her speech approached normality.

"That's an impossible question, Mr. Cutter. But I am told about twenty-five thousand dollars."

"It's all right with me," bellowed Archibald Cutter, "and you'd better double it up. I'm no piker. Double it up. You oversee the job. Give me the advantages of all discounts and regular retail profits, and I'll give you a flat fee of fifty thousand dollars for handling the work. But tell me something. I love people. I'd rather know what makes a person do a big thing than eat. How'd you come to pull this trick?"

Such a world of excitement had risen from Miss Munty's unpremeditated gesture in presenting her find to the prince that she sensed it would be grotesque to admit how slight and petty had been her real reason. Her transcendent taste could not be held accountable for it. No, nor her charming personality. But her superior intellect and natural cleverness—how she wished they had caused it. And yet—why not?

"It's quite simple, Mr. Cutter," she said demurely, picking a trifle of thread from her cape, just a trifle in a universe of trifles. "It's always been a fixed rule of mine never to take a job without a profit. But of course I'm not so narrow but what I can see there are times, very occasionally, when the sacrifice of a profit merely results in a greater profit later. That's all."

"By George," said the admiring oil man, "that's wonderful! And your little head figured all that out? Don't ever tell me that women's place is in the home."

DODGE BROTHERS
TYPE-A SEDAN

In every sense of the word a car of quality, the Type-A Sedan is likewise thought of as a sensible and conservative investment.

This is because its exceptional beauty and comfort, through vast production, are brought within the scope of the average income.

DODGE BROTHERS DETROIT
DODGE BROTHERS MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED
WALKERVILLE ONTARIO

A Single Can —and 70,000 farmers guarantee it

IT IS quite natural that among all the foods that make up the daily diet, the thinking mother is most concerned about *milk*. For which there is good reason.

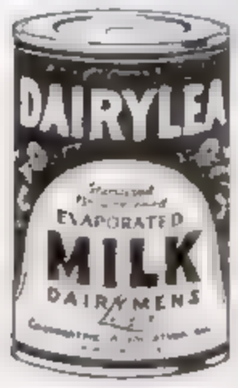
Milk is our most important food. The coming generation depends on it—just as the past many generations. Of all foods, milk is the first to pass our lips.

THEREFORE, it is very gratifying for every woman to know that when she buys **DAIRYLEA** Brand Evaporated Milk she is buying direct from the farmers who produce it. And each can has the combined guarantee of the 70,000 progressive farmers composing the farmer-owned and farmer-operated Dairymen's League Co-operative Association.

Because these farmers want you to consume more of *their* milk, they have gone even above the U. S. Government Standards in making **DAIRYLEA** a richer, creamier milk with a flavor like cream. That is why Dairylea contains more nutritious milk fats and solids than the high Government Standards require.

DAIRYLEA Evaporated Milk is the concentrated wholesomeness of the purest fresh bottle milk, and is produced in New York State where milk laws are most stringent. It is exactly the same milk which U. S. Senator Copeland, when Health Commissioner of New York City, called "the best in the world."

Ask for "DAIRYLEA." It is sold by all Grocers!



Convince Yourself!

Who's Who—and Why

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Richard Connell

WHEN Richard Connell was thirteen he reported a murder trial for the Poughkeepsie, New York, News-Press, a daily paper edited by his father. The child reporter used the word "alleged" ten times in one column. After that, it was clear that he was destined for newspaper work.

By the time he was fifteen he was a hardened reporter. While still in school in the town of his birth, he did every kind of reportorial and editorial work. As a sporting writer he turned loose Iliads and Odysseys about bush-league baseball games; as a police reporter he frequented courts and police stations; as a copy reader he wrote headlines—Cops Nab Crooks; Slayer Asks Probe—and he even smuggled a few editorials and poems into print when his father wasn't looking.

He learned about writing simply and clearly from his father, who daily, with blue pencil, slew hundreds of his son's adjectives. He learned that the first duty of a reporter is to get the news, and above all to get names right. Connell's reward for a life of painstaking accuracy in spelling other people's names correctly has been to receive letters addressed Connelly, McConnell, O'Connell, Cornell, Conners, O'Connor, Carnal, Carroll, Collum, Cunnell, Collins, Caramel, Conroy, Conrad, and even Cunningham. This is his greatest cross.

In 1920, at twenty-six, he began to write fiction. But before he attempted to write short stories he served a long and rigorous apprenticeship in professional writing of various sorts. Summers he worked on a newspaper, and winters he went to Harvard, where he was editor of the Crimson, the university newspaper, and the Lampoon, the humorous magazine. He wrote an editorial in the Crimson belaboring an eminent newspaper publisher. This editorial had two results—the publisher sued the Crimson for libel, and hired the writer for his New York newspaper.

After a crowded year as a New York reporter Connell went to work in a big advertising agency, and received training in putting thousand-word ideas into a hundred words. When the war came along he enlisted. In camp it was soon discovered that he was rather better as an editor than a soldier, so he was set to getting out the Gas Attack, the magazine of the 27th Division. He went overseas in the ranks, and after a year of active service came back, still in the ranks. For a time he returned to advertising, but one day he paused in the midst of writing a glowing description of a piano, and wrote a short story. An editor bought it. Connell resigned his job forthwith. He was able to do this because his wife kept hers. She is Louise Fox Connell, a magazine editor.

Since then he has written sixty-five or so short stories, and they have appeared in every known variety of magazine, with THE SATURDAY EVENING POST leading the list. His story A Friend of Napoleon, printed in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, was awarded the second O. Henry Memorial Prize for 1923. His stories have been collected in book form in The Sin of Monsieur Pettipon, published in 1922, and Apes and Angels, published in 1924. He has yet to write a novel or a play, but expects to start one or the other any mild, sunny Thursday.

Connell lives in a beautifully mortgaged house in Green's Farms, Connecticut, with a view of Long Island Sound and a field of cows. It is a Basque house, of vivid yellow plaster with a red roof, and passers-by not infrequently mistake it for a conflagration. In the morning his wife goes off to her job in New York, and he goes up to his room and does his daily dozen on a typewriter on which he has written well over two million words. Sometimes, if he feels like it, he plays tennis or swims. He states he has no flower garden, vegetable garden, dog, cat, cow, horse, canary or other nuisance, and has never been photographed in the act of fondling a spaniel, collie, terrier, giraffe or any other beast. His one passion is Paris, and since the war he has contrived to go there a number of times for extended visits. When the wintry winds howl over the Connecticut steppes he goes to New York City, where he lives until the blossoms burgeon.

At the Age of Thirteen Mr. Connell Started His Newspaper Career

A Story by Mr. Davis, Entitled Mr. Pepys Profiteth Matilda, Is in This Issue

Aaron Davis

THE youngest son of the leading clergyman in a moderately small town has certain prime appreciations. The joy over pants designed specifically for my own personal legs was the first great thrill of thanksgiving that warmed my heart. Until I was eleven scarcely any new clothes graced my cupboard or frame. But then I became a polarized magnet for avoirdupois to an extent that the raiment of the male heirs of the prosperous members of our church was split and tattered by the simple experiment of trying to join their buttons around my middle ground.

Fat is seldom viewed with favor, but that—that was gracious weight. It provided me with the New Freedom; it was the Great Emancipator, sartorially speaking, and I came into my own, at least my own clothes and respect. I can wish no higher gift to all ministers' sons than an early period of plumpness

Newton, Massachusetts, was a pleasant town to be reared in. Ice-cream sodas were five cents a glass and some of the boys had allowances of one dollar a week, so we did well in that way

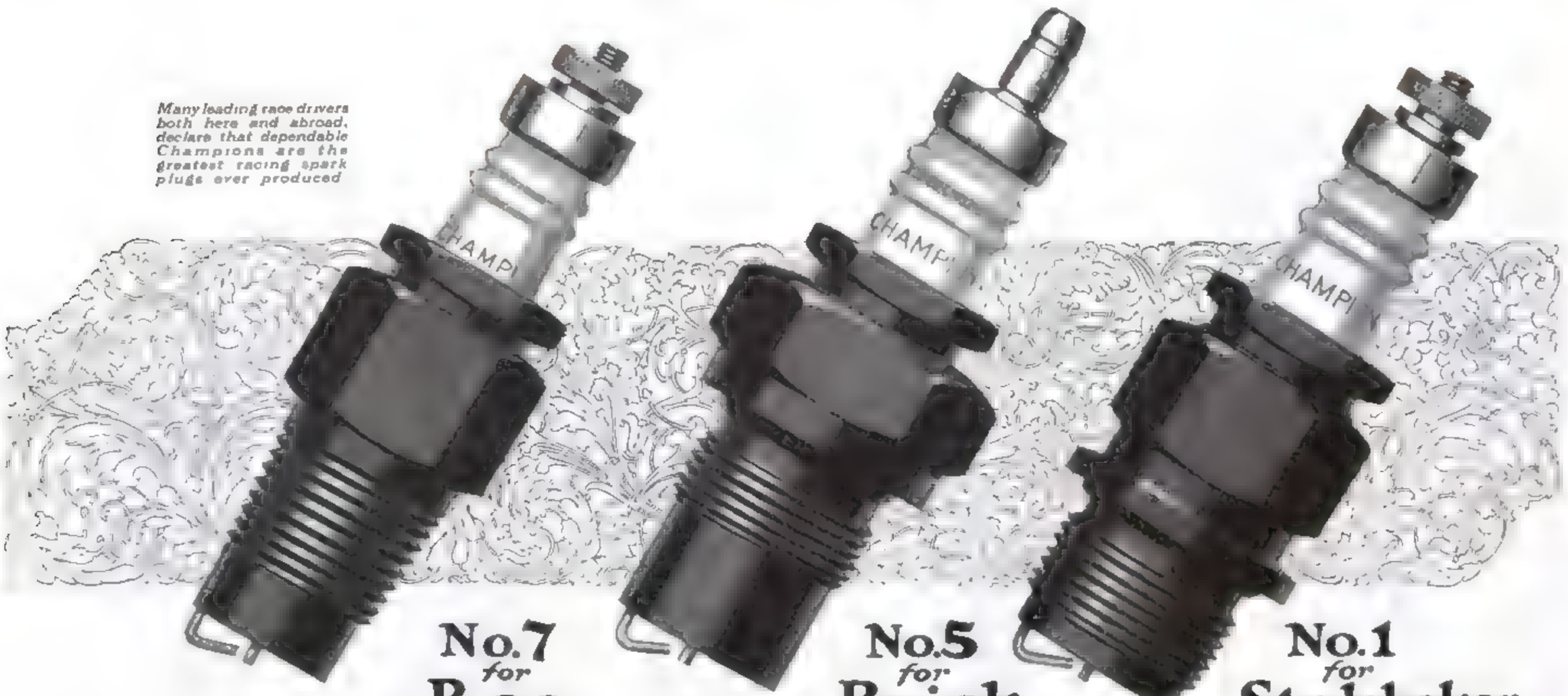
The last two years in Dartmouth College I vibrated between choosing the career of a foreign missionary or an art instructor. I preached one sermon senior year in the town of North Conway, and two hours later, disappointed that there was no earlier train out, went to New York and signed up with an importing house to study in their textile factory near Liverpool, thoroughly hypnotized by their Midas offering of one hundred and twenty-five dollars a month. It is to rival such monumental sums that art and the church must strive. Had you observed the contribution plate in the church of the single sermon, and then had your ears solaced with the words "one hundred and twenty-five dollars," my immediate capitulation would not only have seemed natural but advisable.

Buying and selling imported textiles has certain sparkling sides. It frequently sends you to the foreign markets. And if you travel in London and Paris with an open heart those places will grip you. And fancies even from mellow names will rise up to bless you with memories: Paternoster Square, The Street of the White Hooded Monks, St. Paul's Churchyard. And the bock in the sun before Notre Dame, with the tobacco-monopoly thing called a cigarette, and, because of springtime, an automatic smile for every passing lady. And then to find yourself observed by a frozen Congregational deacon who knew you when —— And the complete assurance that damnation would go home—"Ted Davis, he smokes cigarettes and drinks liquor and everything."

And through it all the disconcerting itch to write stuff. Poems? At least ten thousand of them written, and almost a dozen published, which is a braggable ratio.

Do you like the opera? I don't. A May Sunday in the backyard with an automobile that won't run supplies far keener dreams. And Ethel and Waldo and Dorothy and Chick coming in for tea and you're always late because your hands won't come clean. And I can have then a piece of the cake which Mrs. Davis wouldn't let me cut before because, unbroken, it looks so nice. By and large, it is a pleasing world. Do you know very much about automobiles? I don't.

Many leading race drivers both here and abroad, declare that dependable Champions are the greatest racing spark plugs ever produced



No.7 *for* **Reo**

No.5 *for* **Buick**

No.1 *for* **Studebaker**

More Power

Your engine *will* yield more power if you install a full set of dependable Champion Spark Plugs at least once a year.

You can readily prove this on the nearest hill—the steeper the better.

Drive that hill with your old spark plugs. Install a set of Champions and try it again.

You will be delighted at the greater power developed by your engine. You will be immensely pleased at the better all-around performance. You also save in gas and oil as well as in the lower first cost.

Champion design is better. Only the finest and most expensive materials enter into the manufacture of Champions. Quality is always maintained regardless of cost. Yet the tremendous Champion production of more than 165,000 plugs every day results in manufacturing savings which are passed on to the car owner.

You can readily see Champion superiority if you compare a Champion with any other spark plug.

But you must drive with them to learn just how much better they are.

Champion is the standard spark plug for Ford Cars and Trucks and Fordson Tractors Recognized by dealers and owners for 12 years as the most economical and efficient spark plug. Sold by dealers everywhere.

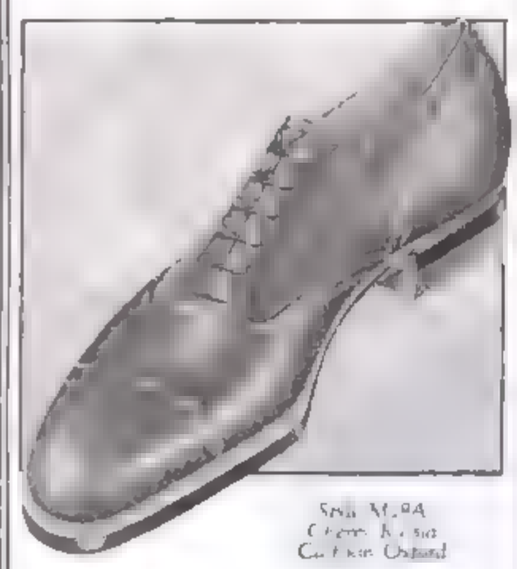
Dealers who desire to give the greatest spark plug satisfaction recommend Champions. Know the genuine by the Double-Ribbed Sillimanite Core. Blue Box sells for 75 cents. Champion X for 60 cents. (Canadian prices 80 and 90 cents).

Champion Spark Plug Company, Toledo, Ohio

Champion Spark Plug Company of Canada, Limited, Windsor, Ontario

CHAMPION

Dependable for Every Engine



THE
Hanover
Shoe

Exclusively for Men and Boys

The man who wants most for his money in quality, style and comfort, will eventually buy Hanover Shoes. For 24 years we have been making shoes discriminating men are proud to wear.

FIVE DOLLARS

This price is possible because we are the only shoemakers in America who sell exclusively through our own stores, in 62 cities.

We will fit you from Hanover —if there is no Hanover Store near you. Write for catalog. The Hanover Shoe, Hanover, Pa.

Hanover Shoes for Boys and Little Men are built to withstand the hardest roughest wear active youngsters can give them. They hold their shape and let the feet grow. $2.50, $3 and $3.50

IN RIGHT

(Continued from Page 7)

"Go soak your head," he said; and he stalked out to keep his appointment with Mr. Tromper.

He returned within an hour and he went in to see Mr. Russell. Mr. Russell was walking up and down his room with his hands under his coat tails, dictating an opinion on an obscure point of corporation law. Thomas Jefferson strode up to him and thrust out a hand with a frank and cordial smile.

"I've been mulling over your suggestion, Mr. Russell," he said, "and I've decided to embrace it. I'm going out for myself."

Mr. Russell made an inarticulate noise and looked at him with lackluster eyes and tried to keep his mind on the intricate web of his argument. If Thomas Jefferson had laid hold of one of Mr. Russell's coat tails he would not have received a limper handshake.

"At first," said Thomas Jefferson, dropping the unresponsive hand and thrusting his hands under his own coat tails, "I am going to devote my attention to commercial litigation. I expect to be very busy, but you mustn't hesitate to call on me when you need my advice or assistance in relation to the affairs of which I have had charge. I realize that I am leaving some of them in an inchoate state, as it were."

"Please read that last sentence again, Miss Preble," requested Mr. Russell, turning his back on his clerk.

Miss Preble read the last sentence again; Mr. Russell's eyes rolled inward in thought.

"I say you mustn't hesitate to call on me when you need my help," said Thomas Jefferson, pursuing him. "You understand that, Mr. Russell, don't you? Don't let any false feeling of generosity ——"

Mr. Russell frowned, shook his head and turned. "What was it, Gentry?" he said, low and hurriedly. "You shouldn't have interrupted me. Speak quickly."

"I say that if there is anything I can do for you, if I can help you in any way, Mr. Russell, don't hesitate to speak."

Mr. Russell let go entirely of the tail of his argument. "I'm not hesitating!" he roared. "And any time I want any help from you, young man, I'll ask for it!"

"Good, good," said Thomas Jefferson, still cordially, but with a trace of puzzlement. "That's fine, Mr. Russell!"

Bowing and smiling, he left the room. Mr. Russell tried to recapture his argument. But just then Thomas Jefferson opened the door, caught Mr. Russell's eye, opened his mouth to speak, thought better of it and shut the door again. Ten seconds later he opened the door again, looked in at Mr. Russell, opened his mouth, shut it, nodded and closed the door. He walked away from it. He had sensed a certain hostility in his employer, and he didn't want to leave him like that, not when the right word—if he could think of it—would drive the clouds away. He was far down the hall when he heard the door snatched open behind him; before he could return to it, it closed again and with a crash, but he was relieved to think that Mr. Russell, too, didn't want to leave him like that.

II

BRIEFCASE in hand, Thomas Jefferson descended the worn brownstone steps of the rooming house and strode to the near-by Eighth Avenue.

The morning was hot, with the peculiarly oppressive heat of early June. A breath of cool moisture, like the breath of a green forest, came from the macadamized street; three street cleaners were washing it down with a fire hose to give it a fair chance against the day, and it shone and rippled like a brimming river. This artificial relief was counteracted by the tides of superheated air pouring from the doorways and transoms of stores in which electric fans were running. The trains on the Elevated Railroad overhead roared and grumbled like aural hallucinations; it was a day to be superior and untroubled, a day to walk slowly, a good day to be a rich man sitting on the porch of a seaside hotel. It was not a day to be eager and ambitious, to stride, briefcase in hand, with a swing. Perhaps, then, it was a blessing to Thomas Jefferson that his collision with a current of perfumed air swirling out from a restaurant caused him to falter and to break step.

His blue eyes grew humid and tender and reminiscent; his large and well-cut mouth loosened; the nostrils of his distinguished nose expanded. He thrust his hand into his trousers pocket and gathered up a half dollar, a nickel and four cents. And then he said aloud, "Coffee is as good as a poison. Anyway, it is bad judgment to overload the stomach when a man's got brain work to do!"

But he turned and looked at the restaurant, looked wistfully and accusingly at it. He was hungry. He wasn't starving, but his appetite was annoyingly sharp-set. There was something in the New York air that sharpened his appetite; he could hardly remember an interval since he had come to the city during which he could look on any food without devouring interest. He had subsisted on club breakfasts, business men's lunches and regular dinners; his appearance hadn't altered much, but he had become quite hollow inside—he felt it. His sense of emptiness was so poignant at times that he feared he would collapse all of a piece like a pricked balloon. He stopped now at a fruit stand and he bought three bananas for his nickel; three bananas of an appetizing brown.

"That's the breakfast for a hot day," he said, congratulating himself. "Fruit is gold in the morning, silver ——" But his mouth was now quite full of deliquescent banana and he was speaking only with his eyes.

He caught a Ninth Avenue express and stood all the way downtown. By virtue of his size and strength he should have had a seat; he waived his right in order to tender a seat to a lady, whereupon a smaller man slipped smartly into it. The lady could have had the seat if she had been more agile and less suspicious, but her chance escaped her while she was compressing her lips and looking keenly at Thomas Jefferson to penetrate his motive. She turned her back to Thomas Jefferson, but stood on his feet; every time she flirted her head in the course of an animated conversation with a friend the tall red feather in her hat tickled Thomas Jefferson under the chin. It troubled him, but he was afraid to say anything, having read in the newspapers of the mashers who annoyed unprotected girls by whispering remarks, and being already under suspicion of trying to rub an acquaintance. Rush-hour custom would have justified him in leaning comfortably on her and resigning himself to pleasant dreams, but he braced himself out from the side of the car and suffered.

The court to which Thomas Jefferson went was on the sixth floor of an office building on Centre Street. The court rooms were full, the hall between them was full, and still the elevator was disgorging its loads of people into the press. Thomas Jefferson, rising young lawyer, should have butted his way into the court room and seized a seat in the very front, from which he could arise from time to time and survey the crowd, letting everybody see him, he should have told his client to ask for him, and then, when an attendant bellowed, "Counselor Thomas Jefferson Gentry!" he could shout back invitingly, "Who wants Counselor Thomas Jefferson Gentry? Here I am!" But he loitered by the elevator, fearing to miss his client.

The case had been given him by the Tromper Collection Agency, one of those firms that offer to collect debts on ten per cent commission, with an extra charge if they have to do any work. Legal services were work; Thomas Jefferson was to get twenty dollars if he won. It was his chance to make a bread-and-butter connection, and he was going to win this case if there was any law worth speaking of in Blackstone's Commentaries. It was an action to recover a bill of eighty-five dollars for goods sold and delivered; he had prepared a brief on the law and the facts weighing a fair pound.

The judge appeared at twenty minutes after nine, twenty minutes late; he was in the center of a picked group of men who drove through the crowd, shouting, "Make way there!" They landed their man behind the high desk in the front of the court room; he reached for a gavel and pounded and shouted on his own account. The tumult was beaten down; the clerk went to calling the day's calendar in a voice of brass. There were two hundred and fifty causes noticed for trial, and the list of them had to be called loudly and briskly if every man was to get justice while it was going.

Judge Barclay was on the bench. He was a stout man, with a big face of bright red and with hot black eyes that blazed on small provocation. He wore a linen office jacket and he had tucked a handkerchief into his neckband and an electric fan whirred behind him, so that he was in no discomfort. But he didn't wish the litigants and lawyers before him to take their ease. "Put on your coats, everybody!" he ordered, hitting the desk. The same intention was behind his refusal to pass cases for the day whether they were likely to be reached or not. He was going to sweat the calendar; an hour or two of acute misery would make litigants see reason and many of them would fold their complaints and silently steal away.

Thomas Jefferson sweltered through the morning hours and managed to hold his heated client in court. There was an hour's recess, and then the case of General Stores against Safetsky was called to be heard. There was no jury, the judge being the arbiter of both law and facts.

"First witness," droned the judge.

The fleshy judge was feeling the heat. He lay back in his chair with closed eyes; his Hapsburg lip was hanging down. Several times during the progress of the short trial a clerk entered with papers requiring the judge's signature; at these times the clerk placed his hand on the judge's shoulder, spoke to him, and the judge rolled forward in his chair and reached unerringly for his pen. When objections to testimony were interposed he ruled on them, but he did not open his eyes; he asked the stenographer to read the question to him, and then he said, "He may answer."

The judge's ability to try the case and to sleep at the same time was heartening to Thomas Jefferson; he thought that he could do the same thing himself, so one-sided was the argument. He addressed his witnesses in a cultured voice, wishing to gain the judge's favor; a court attendant had unexpectedly roared "Si-i-lence!" and the judge had opened one eye and looked at him very bleakly. And the case was simple. Safetsky admitted having bought the goods and was cheerfully willing that judgment should be taken against him; he objected fiercely to a judgment against his wife, to whom he had transferred his store. Thomas Jefferson, appearing for the plaintiff, wanted judgment against both husband and wife, and particularly against the wife, who had the wherewithal to pay.

Thomas Jefferson rested; the defendants' counsel put on his witnesses. His manner differed radically from Thomas Jefferson's; he stood as far from the witness as the crowd would permit and he bellowed his questions, all of them. He secured the attention of the entire court room; the people were mildly curious as to what was going on up front and now they were hearing. The judge opened one eye and then the other and he stared hard at the lawyer. He shut his eyes again and stretched out his legs.

When both sides had told their stories, everybody sat down and everybody waited on the judge. He lay there quietly; he was obviously weighing the merits of the controversy. The court room became very still. The judge opened his eyes, looked at the ceiling, shook himself and rolled forward in his chair. "Is that the case?" he said, blinking.

"That's the case," said Thomas Jefferson. "I have a brief here, your honor." He gave his brief to an attendant, who pushed it into the judge's lax hand.

"There's something back of the persecution of this poor woman," said the defendants' counsel, getting to his feet again. "I know what it is and I guess your honor does too. All I want to say is that the municipal court is the poor man's court and your honor is not going to forget it. Yes, that's the case, unless your honor wants to wait for three more witnesses I got coming?"

The judge took up his pen, drew the papers in the case to him and wrote his decision on the bottom of the complaint. He spoke the words as he wrote them, "Judgment—for the—Defendants." He threw the papers aside. "Next case."

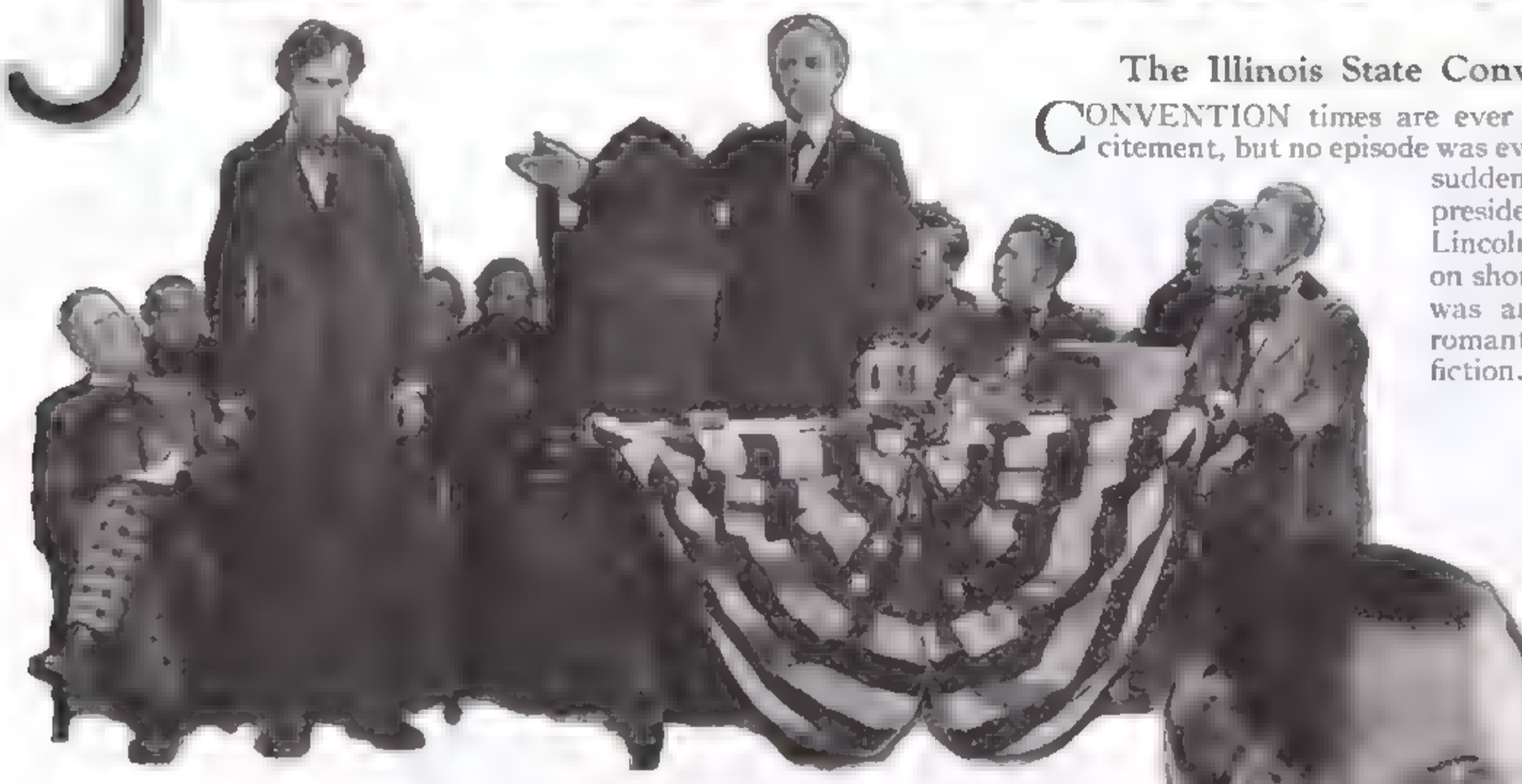
The defendants' lawyer burrowed into the crowd and vanished; his witnesses hurried after him.

"But, your honor ——" stammered Thomas Jefferson, flushing. His client stood beside him and bristled with anger.

"Harkens against Bennardy!" shouted the clerk. The judge had sunk back into

(Continued on Page 50)

First National Pictures



The Illinois State Convention of 1860

CONVENTION times are ever days of surprise and excitement, but no episode was ever more dramatic than the sudden endorsement of Abe Lincoln for the presidency by the Illinois Republicans in 1860. Lincoln, present as a spectator, was hoisted on shoulders and carried to the platform. It was another climax in his life—a life as romantic, as dramatic as that of any hero of fiction.

"THE Dramatic Life of Abraham Lincoln," produced by Al and Ray Rockett, with George Billings in the title rôle, will prove a revelation to America. No longer is Lincoln a dim figure of history, but instead a red-blooded human whose entire life is moving with romance, heartbreak drama and whimsical comedy. The story of Lincoln's first love, his family life, his relentless fight through the years of his public life is a photoplay that will entertain more surely than any novel of the season

A Love Story's End

REMEMBER this moment in your own life? When it was all over except the "I do" and the rice throwing? Here's the end of a perfect love-story—"For Sale," and it's preceded by an hour's thrilling entertainment. Claire Windsor and Robert Ellis are the happy ones.

"The Perfect Flapper"

SHE looks happy.
She *is* happy.

For Colleen Moore, pictured above with Frank Mayo, has just discovered the secret of perfection in her latest picture, "The Perfect Flapper," which attempts to answer the perplexing question of what kind of a girl the men like best

Colleen Moore's name is the best entertainment insurance your theatre can offer.

A Comedian on the Jury

NO JURY would be complete without its comedian, so Ford Sterling appears in the First National picture, "The Woman on the Jury," along with a featured cast headed by Sylvia Breamer. And his comedy relieves the tense drama which the story contains.

For dramatic situations the picture has seldom been equalled. The lone woman exposing her own past to save the life of a girl-prisoner, and swinging the votes of eleven men!

"The White Moth"

FAR more interesting to the American public than the rise and fall of the franc is the back-stage life of the Parisian theatrical world. So it would seem anyway, from the enthusiastic reception given the Maurice Tourneur production, "The White Moth." The heroine is an American girl whom fate and a charming personality make the idol of Paris. Along come two American brothers, and from then on the romance moves fast enough to break all speed limits—even Parisian.

Barbara La Marr is the girl and Conway Tearle, in the leading masculine rôle, is co-featured with her.

"A Self Made Failure"

LLOYD HAMILTON, graduated from a knight-of-the-road to a waiter (a hôtel sizes up the evening's entertainers. He and Ben Alexander (on the right) punctuate this J. K. McDonald production with laughs.

WILLIAM C. DeMILLE ON HIS HOLLYWOOD COURT
This court is made of cement instead of clay or grass and is the scene of some fast matches. Sixty of the matches mentioned below were 'singles'—much harder on shoes than "doubles" matches.
Below is shown a Keds Oxford with Crepe Sole—one of the many models in the Keds line.

A great motion picture director

makes a record with Keds

"IF there's anything harder on shoes than a cement tennis court I haven't seen it!" said William C. DeMille recently.

And he placed on a desk in our office a pair of Keds which he had brought all the way from Hollywood to New York for our inspection.

"I've already worn these for 101 sets on my own cement court—and they're easily good for 50 more. That's three times the amount of wear I generally get. I thought you would like to know about it."

Another instance of the amazing wearing quality of Keds!

These examples come from all sides. From amateur sportsmen throughout the country (including the 10 leading tennis players)—and from parents who have found that the long-wearing quality of Keds makes them the ideal summer footwear for the active feet of growing boys and girls.

For Keds are not only the leading sport shoes today. They're especially built to stand the games, hikes, camping trips of vacation time, and hard every-day wear.

Keds are a complete line of canvas rubber-soled shoes, varying in price according to grade, size and style—from $1.25 to $4.50.

It is important to remember that all canvas rubber-soled shoes are not Keds. Keds are made only by the United States Rubber Company. Every pair of Keds is built to give longer wear and better service.

And every Keds shoe has the name Keds on it. It will pay you to look for the name.

Information on games, woodcraft and dozens of other things boys are interested in, is in the 1924 Keds Hand-book for Boys; and vacation suggestions, sports, recipes, etc., are in the Keds Hand-book for Girls. Either sent free. Address Dept. R-5, 1790 Broadway, New York City.

United States Rubber Company

Keds are a complete line of canvas rubber-soled shoes, varying in price according to grade, size and style—from $1.25 to $4.50.

Keds with athletic-trim are not only standard for sport and vacation wear, but are also the ideal long-wearing every-day summer shoe for boys and girls of all ages. Keds with Crepe Soles are the choice of thousands of tennis players—including the ten leading players in the country. Other Keds include attractive pumps and oxfords for street, home and all outdoor wear.

ATHLETIC-TRIM KEDS

Keds with athletic-trim come in various styles—lace-to-toe and lace-to-instep, black, brown, and grey trim. They are built for the hardest sports and vacation wear.

Keds

Trademark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

They are not Keds unless the name Keds is on the shoe

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his chair and closed his eyes. Another set of lawyers and litigants were elbowing Thomas Jefferson.

"But, if your honor pleases ——" exclaimed Thomas Jefferson.

"Step to one side, counselor," ordered an attendant, twitching his sleeve. "Your case has been tried and it's all over, so give somebody else a chance. Step back, counselor, step back."

The representative of the General Stores said to Thomas Jefferson in the hall, "You call yourself a lawyer, and you lose a case like that. Why, I could win that case myself and I don't claim to be a lawyer."

"We'll beat them on appeal," said Thomas Jefferson doggedly.

"And who's going to pay for the appeal? You ought to have won that case inside there and then there wouldn't be any appeal. Why didn't you win it? What kind of a lawyer are you anyway? Why, that Safetaky is a plain swindler; anybody with an eye in his head could see that he was trying to cheat us. What are you going to do about it? They'll tear my scalp off back in the office when they hear about this."

"I'll move to set the verdict aside," said Thomas Jefferson, badgered into offering his client a false hope. He did not say that the motion to set the verdict aside was merely a formal preliminary to an appeal.

He trudged down Centre Street on his way back to his office; he did not stride with an independent air. He had been keyed up like a batter getting up to hit; he was now run down like a batter who has struck out. He had done his best, but there was no solace in that; his client cared only for results. Indeed, the fact that he had done his level best aided in depressing him; his best wasn't good enough. Perhaps his best would never be good enough for New York.

He emerged from dusty Centre Street, passed the new Hall of Records, crossed Chambers Street and entered City Hall Park. Here was the old brownstone building that housed the city court, and the old limestone structure that housed the supreme court; there was the back of the City Hall. Many people were approaching and entering and leaving these buildings, going from one to another, going briskly but unhurriedly, showing no awe as they entered the little City Hall wherein sat the mayor of New York and his dignitaries, showing no relief as they came unharmed from the courts, going like people who knew what they were about. Everybody seemed to be pushing on with confidence, going somewhere with assurance, everybody but he. He had no business to take him into these higher courts, he had no excuse to go and snatch a glance at the august governors of six millions of people. Perhaps he would never have any. It might be on the cards that he should be a hack and a scrub to the last day of his life; perhaps it would be wise to drop his dreams and ambitions. He was an outsider, a rank outsider. How should he come to public notice? Had he worthy ability of any sort? Which of these many deft and dapper gentlemen could he hope to thrust aside? They wouldn't make room for him; they wouldn't welcome him. New York had no use for him.

He had secured desk room in the office of a law firm on Cedar Street, a law firm that wanted a big show for little money. The firm sublet most of its space. The clerks and stenographers of all the sublessees were crowded into the large room in which Thomas Jefferson had his desk. On the register in the public hall below "Thomas Jefferson Gentry—Room 810" looked very fine, but one could get to Room 810 and still have to hunt for Thomas Jefferson Gentry. The personnel in the big room was constantly changing, so that even here and in his own place he was a stranger and an outsider. He threw his brief case on the desk and fell into his chair.

III

THE house in which Thomas Jefferson tenanted a hall room was one of a dingy row of three-story-and-basement brownstone dwellings. About half of the space in them was taken up by halls and stairs and passages, and they were all very well in the 80's and 90's when brawny Irish and German servant girls could be had for twelve and fifteen dollars per month. They were rooming houses now, with cheap shops in the basements between the high stoops. One of these once-fashionable abodes had been spared; in front of this one a lamp-post had been raised, such a lamp-post as is set up before the homes of ex-mayors of New York, and it showed on the house front a black-and-gold sign which said Eskimo Club. Beneath the name was written this mystic injunction in letters of gold: Put Your Cross in the Circle Under the Star!

Thomas Jefferson had never entered the Eskimo Club, although he had been a Democrat in Frankfort, Ohio, in the face of outraged public opinion. He had preconceived notions about Tammany Hall. But he was feeling glum this night and the Eskimo Club was as chipper as ever. The windows were open and brightly lit and exhaling laughter and cheerful noise. He obeyed an impulse and stepped down into the area way and passed under the stoop and entered the basement of the clubhouse.

Three men and two women were seated on a line of chairs against a wall of the large front room; they were silent and were collected in manner and were evidently clients and not members. At the other side of the room was a businesslike roll-top desk, behind which sat a businesslike young man. This young man—who, at this moment and to Thomas Jefferson, personified Tammany Hall from its institution on May 12, 1789, down to and including the then evening—was a very likely fellow. He was red-headed, blue-eyed, trim, quick-spoken and alert.

"Hello," said Thomas Jefferson, feeling quite at home with him.

"Hello," said the red-headed man, grinning. "What can we do for you, big fellow?"

"I was thinking I might join this club," said Thomas Jefferson.

"Good! Who sent you down here—your district captain? I'm Jack Frazer; how are you, big fellow? Write your name out here and where you live. That's right. Let's see; Moe Morris is your captain. Wait till I get Moe." He went to the foot of a stairs and shouted, "Moe Morris! Hey, Moe! Send down Moe Morris!

"Got to know your captain," he explained. "You want to keep in touch with him, Tom. He'll introduce you to Jimmy. I'd take you up and introduce you to Jimmy, but the rule is to go through your captain. Keeps you in touch."

"Who's Jimmy?"

"Excuse me? Jimmy Clahan! Here's Moe now. Meet Tom Gentry, Moe; he's a new member in your district. Good luck, Tom, and glad to meet you."

"This way, Tom," said the dark and low-set Moe; and Thomas Jefferson followed him up the stairs to the main floor of the Eskimo Club.

The atmosphere of the basement had been businesslike; the atmosphere of the main floor was one of amiable good-fellowship. Some sixty men were in the three rooms; they were playing cards, playing checkers, drinking, shouting to and fro, talking and laughing. The air was blue with smoke. There were newly washed mechanics in celluloid collars and flannel shirts; there were neat and sallow clerks and shop assistants; there were knowing old men in cheap ready-made suits. Moe Morris began the ascent of another stairs.

The noise was quenched behind them as Moe opened and shut a door on the second floor. They were in a room whose center illumination shone on the green baize of a massive poker table. Eight substantial-looking citizens were seated about the table playing fifty-cent limit; a steward was putting tall and clinking glasses at their elbows. Thomas Jefferson came to know these men; they were the executive member, the alderman, a supreme-court judge, a local hotel keeper, a pawnbroker, a contractor, a sporting man, and the commissioner of a city department.

"Jimmy!" called Moe Morris.

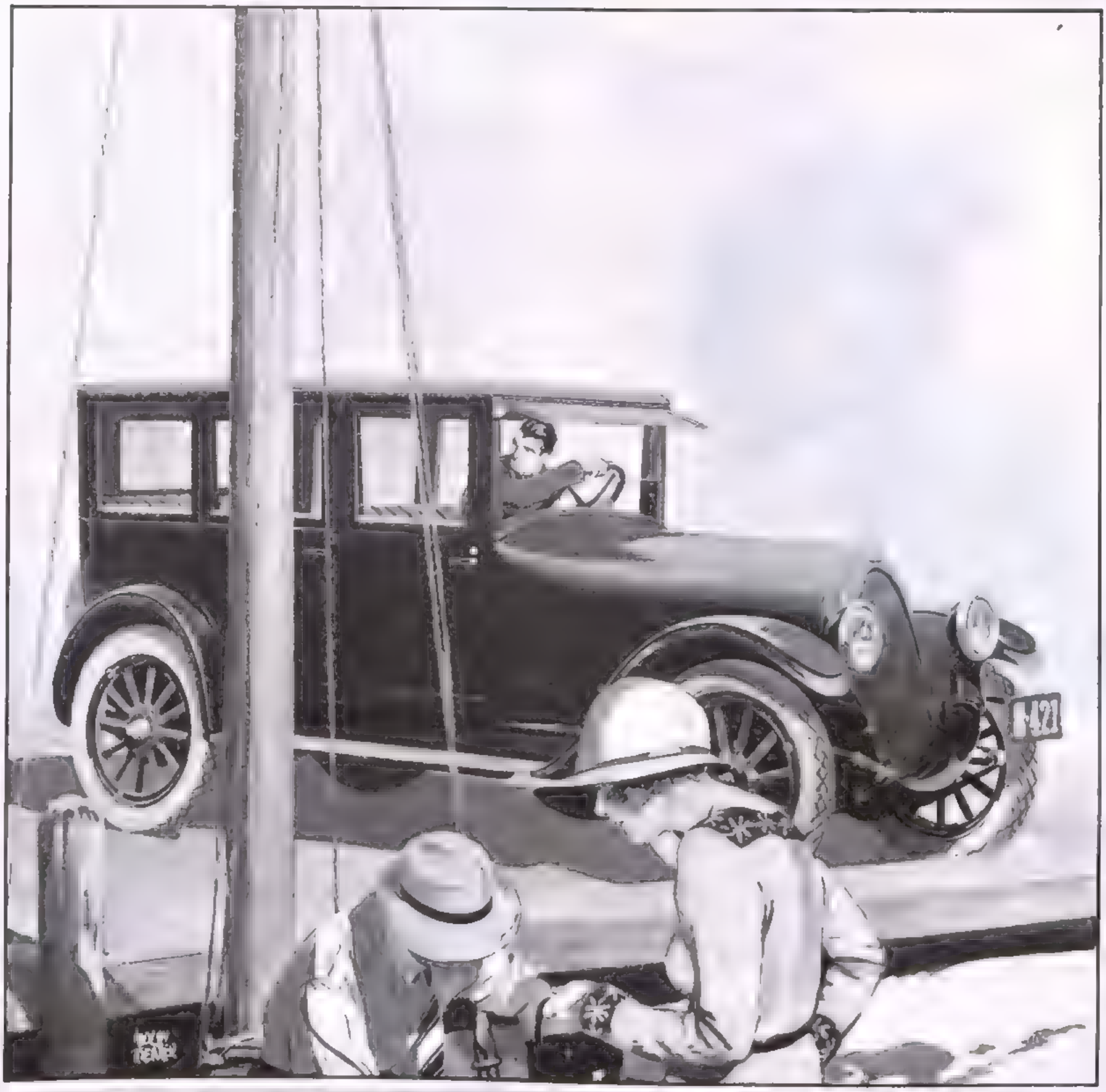
The executive member laid down his hand and came at the call of duty. He was a strongly built and handsome man. His close-cropped hair was gray; his mustache and eyebrows were thick and black. He looked at Thomas Jefferson with gravity, and then he smiled and Thomas Jefferson felt that this man liked him.

"Play my stack, Moe," said the leader of the district. "Well, Tom, what's the good word? Just moved into the district, did you, Tom?"

"From Ohio," said Thomas Jefferson. "You see, I was a Democrat out there, and so ——"

"And so you're a Democrat here, which means you belong in Tammany Hall. What

(Continued on Page 52)



FRANKLIN

On roads where everybody else has to be careful, why does a Franklin owner always speed by so unconcernedly?

This is Rice

Puffed to 8 times its natural size
with the richness of a confection

Have you ever tasted Quaker Puffed Rice? It's a breakfast dish and a supper dish that millions now enjoy.

We take selected grains of rice and steam explode them to 8 times their normal size. Every food cell thus is broken to make digestion easy.

The flavor is rich beyond compare. Crisp and toasty grains with the enticement of confections. Children love these fairy puffs, and adults delight in a refreshing change from ordinary cereal dishes.

You serve with milk or cream, with fresh or cooked fruits. You mix them with butter to eat between meals. Serve often and in many ways.

Just for the joy of it, try a package today.

Puffed Wheat, too

Quaker Puffed Wheat is another cereal delight—grains of wheat exploded like the Puffed Rice. Most folks get a package both of the Puffed Wheat and the Puffed Rice. And thus supply variety.

Quaker Puffed Wheat

Quaker Puffed Rice

(Continued from Page 50)

do you do, Tom? Say, you're big enough to fight Willard!"

"I'm a lawyer."

"Lawyer, hey? We're a little shy on lawyers in this district. We can use you, Tom. And you can use us, see? One hand washes the other! Ever been in politics, Tom?"

"No, I never have. I didn't expect to, either."

"Well, Tom, if you want to stay out of politics in New York the best way is to join the Republican Party. Ha, ha! But seriously, Tom, a lawyer can't keep out of politics in New York, not if he wants to get ahead. Well, Tom, what can we do for you tonight?"

"Not a thing, Jimmy."

"Oh, come off. Get it out of your system now and don't nurse it for a month before opening up. We know you, Tom; you want something or you wouldn't be here. Every man in the club came in first looking for something and that goes for Jimmy Clahan too. What's on your mind? How can we make you happy?"

"Really, Jimmy, I don't want anything of you. Oh, well, pshaw; there is something that bothers me, but you can't do anything about it. I wouldn't ask you to."

The leader put an arm about Thomas Jefferson's waist and tickled his ribs. "Let us hear it, Tom."

"But I tell you it's outside your province. It was a case in court today—small case, but I needed to win it—and I got a rotten decision."

"Who was the judge?"

"Barclay."

"Municipal court? Well, Tom, old scout, Judge Barclay is a Republican."

"Well, there you are again."

"No, Tom; there you are again. It don't make a damn bit of difference if the man we got to see is a Republican or a Democrat, so long as he was made by politics. What do you want me to do with Judge Barclay, Tom?"

"I don't want you to do anything with him!"

"Then what are you kicking about?"

Thomas Jefferson thought quickly. That decision of Judge Barclay's had been decidedly rotten. Unjust! He looked the leader in the eye and he said in a low voice, "Jimmy, I don't want you to influence Judge Barclay in any way, supposing you are able to do it. I am going to move to set that verdict aside and I wish you would say this to Judge Barclay: 'Please pay attention to the argument. Give the verdict to the right side, but do, for heaven's sake, listen to what's being said!' Say only that to him, Jimmy."

"I got you, Tom," said Jimmy Clahan, shaking hands again. "Mighty glad to have you. Go down and look the boys over and see if you can pick out a good one. Ha, ha! So long, Tom!"

The leader went back to his game. Thomas Jefferson drifted downstairs and into the assembly rooms. He saw a vacant armchair by the front windows and he took it; in the armchair beside him sat a sunburned man wearing a high-crowned hat of brown straw. Moe Morris passed behind the chairs, said "Harry Pickett—meet Tom Gentry," turned on his heel and walked away.

"Glad to meet you, Tom," said the sunburned man, shaking hands. "Are you with the city?"

"I'm an attorney," said Thomas Jefferson.

"I'm with the tenement-house department; inspector. You're a lawyer, are you? Well, say, Tom, there's something I want to ask you. Supposing a tenant sees the ceiling in the kitchen is cracked and she reaches up with a broom and taps it to be sure it won't fall down and then the whole ceiling falls down on her head, can she sue the landlord? There's no violation on the house, you understand, and she was just making sure the ceiling wouldn't fall down and hurt somebody. I know the party and I promised I would ask a lawyer for her. How about it?"

Thomas Jefferson ventured an opinion. Near-by chairs joined in the discussion without waiting to be invited; without waiting to be introduced they addressed Thomas Jefferson as Tom. Under other circumstances this promiscuous familiarity might have nettled him—he was an athlete and was used to the easy manners of the playing field and the gymnasium, but there had been no obligation then to reciprocate by accosting as Dick or Harry everybody who called him Tom. But he was grateful to these men; they were wise men, men who knew their way about, good fellows, honest fellows, hearty jokers and laughers; if he had not stepped into the Eskimo Club he would have been grinding away in his stuffy little room at this moment, leafing wearily over his rejected brief, with the sweat trickling into his eyes and his head buzzing in tune with the singing gas mantle.

He was pleasurably stimulated and he talked. Jimmy Clahan, pausing in the doorway to look and to listen, heard him telling the group a story of college baseball as it was played in Thomas Jefferson's fresh-water college.

"Our catcher was a ringer named Paddy Bates. Paddy was a cracking good catcher in spite of six broken fingers he ought to've been, seeing that he'd caught nine years in the old Three-State League—but he was a little behind in his studies, though he worked hard to catch up. One day we were playing Ann Arbor—Paddy broke up that game with a homer—and an old ballplayer friend of Paddy's recognized him and said, 'So you're going to college now, are you, Paddy? Well, well! But don't you find those college studies hard?' 'Not so worse, Dave,' said Paddy. 'There's only one of them is a real stinker, and that is that darned Multiplication!'"

He was quite at his ease and his big voice had rolled out. Jimmy Clahan called from the doorway, "Who's making all that noise Big Tom Gentry?"

IV

"THIS is Judge Barclay's stenographer," said the voice on the wire. "Can you come up and see the judge right away?"

Thomas Jefferson hurried up to Centre Street and met the judge's stenographer in the court clerk's office. He had seen the stenographer at work in court at his little table below the bench, and then the stenographer had had a still face and a flat voice. But now he smiled, and his voice had the trills and runs of old friendship He introduced Thomas Jefferson to the court clerk and to subsidiary clerks, stating to them that his friend was a friend of Jimmy Clahan, of the Eskimo Club. He conducted him then to the court room and to the bench, whereon sat Judge Barclay trying a case and sleeping the sleep of the just man who has eaten a big lunch on a hot day.

"Jimmy Clahan says you think you got the worst of that decision the other day, counselor," said the judge, opening his eyes.

"I certainly did, judge," protested Thomas Jefferson, hitching his chair nearer. "Why, that case was as plain as a pikestaff, and I was simply paralyzed with ——"

"How's my friend Jimmy? Say, has he got that police dog yet?"

"I don't know, judge. Did you notice that English decision I cited in my brief, judge? It was on all fours with this case. The Lord Chief Justice of England ——"

"He offered to bite me once," said the judge, nodding. "He bit a peddler's leg, and the S. P. C. A. came and got him, and Jimmy ought to let them keep him. You tell him I said so. Go ahead and make your motion, and give my regards to Jimmy."

A few days later Thomas Jefferson made his motion to set aside the verdict in the case of General Stores against Safetsky. The motion was made, as was usual, in open court and before an impatient crowd; Thomas Jefferson knew that he would be in the public eye and he had prepared an excellent speech. "Would that I had the golden eloquence of my silvery-tongued adversary wherewith to argue this motion, your honor," he began ingeniously. "But, your honor ——"

The judge struck the desk. "No argument. Submit your papers, both sides."

Thomas Jefferson's experienced opponent smothered a smile, handed up his paper in opposition and swaggered away. He had something to puzzle over when he was told later that the motion had been granted.

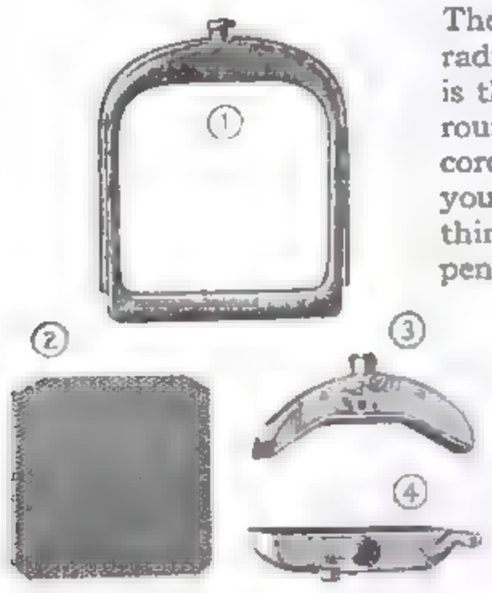
This small victory gave Thomas Jefferson prestige with the Tromper Collection Agency; inducing a judge to reverse himself and set aside his own verdict was something that was done exactly once each blue moon. Here was a man who never said die! The agency turned over to him a number of small accounts to bring suit on. He won a majority of them; he knew the judge and he knew the clerks, and it is just possible that some of his cases would have gone through to victory even if he had forgotten to get up and go to court those

(Continued on Page 54)

Know your Radiator!

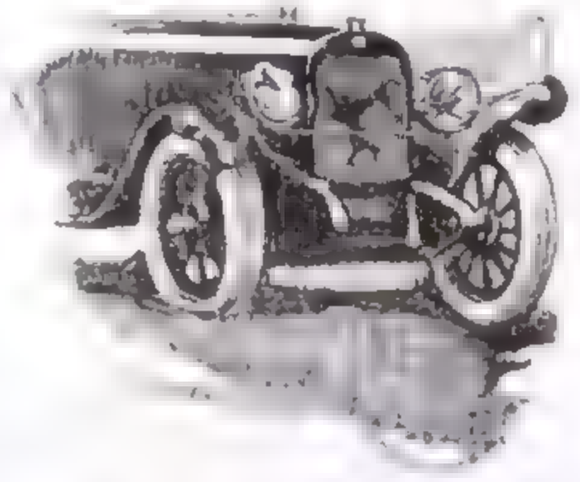
Valuable facts about it, and about its care which will save you delays and expense

What are the principal parts of the Radiator of your car?



There are four distinct parts to the radiator of your car. The shell (1) is the ornamental exterior. It surrounds and protects the core. The core (2) is the "business part" of your radiator. It is constructed of thin sheet metal, to provide independent passages for cooling the water from the engine jacket, and for the air which is sucked through it by the fan. The upper tank (3) receives the hot water, and the lower tank (4) collects the cooled water, which then returns to the water-jackets.

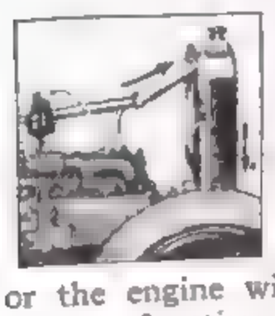
In case of accident must all parts be renewed?



Usually not.

The various units of a radiator are individually replaceable. It is unusual indeed that any accident or condition requires the renewing of *all four* of these principal parts. Perhaps only a new core is required or more likely a repair to the old one. It is surprising how cleverly a specialist can repair a damaged radiator and how much he can save you. Hardly ever is a complete new radiator necessary.

What is the function of a cooling system?



The burning of gasoline in an engine generates heat, but only a small portion of this heat is utilized as power. The surplus heat must be eliminated from the system or the engine will overheat and soon cease to function.

This cooling is effected by circulating water through the cylinder jackets and then through a special cooler, the radiator, which is provided for the purpose.

Why must a Radiator be kept in condition?

Your engine cannot function correctly when overheated. It will surely overheat if the cooling system is not working properly. An obstruction in the air or water-passages, or a leak in your radiator or hose connection, may cause serious damage if it is not attended to. It pays to use a good radiator and keep it in condition. An occasional inspection of your radiator by an expert is an excellent plan.

Where should you go for Radiator service?

Harrison Radiator Service Stations are located everywhere. You will know them by the United Motors-Harrison sign shown at the left. They are manned by specialists and are equipped to do the sort of repair work that will save you time, money and needless trouble. Write the nearest United Motors branch for the latest directory of authorized service stations.

HARRISON RADIATORS

Authorized Service by

UNITED MOTORS SERVICE

General Offices **INCORPORATED** Detroit, Michigan

ATLANTA	DALLAS
BOSTON	DENVER
BUFFALO	DETROIT
CHICAGO	INDIANAPOLIS
CLEVELAND	KANSAS CITY
LOS ANGELES	PHILADELPHIA
MINNEAPOLIS	ST. LOUIS
NEW ORLEANS	SAN FRANCISCO
NEW YORK	SEATTLE
OMAHA	TORONTO, CAN.

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mornings. Being among friends, he had confidence, and he let his voice expand and roll; impressed laymen sidled up to him and pulled his sleeve and told him that they had no lawyer and asked him to handle their affairs. He could afford to take tickets to benefits, and to keep a pocketful of bad cigars for free distribution where they would do good.

Nor was his practice confined to municipal courts, which were inferior tribunals taking cognizance of no suit involving more than one thousand dollars; he found place for himself in the courthouses in City Hall Park, and here, too, Jimmy Clahan opened the way. He had gone to the Eskimo Club to thank Jimmy for passing the word.

"I wouldn't have asked you, Jimmy," he said with fierce earnestness, "if it wasn't dead right. That was a rotten decision and there was no other way to beat it."

"That's all right, Tom, my son," said Jimmy, slapping his shoulder. "Glad to oblige you. Now I suppose you want to do something for me, don't you?"

"I wish I could, Jimmy!"

"Well, Tom, all I'm going to ask of you is for you to drop around to the club here four or five nights a week. That's easy, isn't it? I'll tell you why. We've got too many foreigners in this club and the Americans in the district see that and they shy away from us. Say, Tom, there's an opening for you right in your own block. How would you like to be captain of that block?"

"What's the matter with Moe Morris?"

"What do you care? But I'll tell you if you want to know, because I told Moe to his face: He's not keeping his end up. He didn't get out the vote in the last primary. One reason is because he salted down too much of the expense money. He needn't tell me he spent it; I didn't see a runner on the street except his uncle, and he can't speak English. And Moe isn't a good enough mixer; he can't talk to people and make them like it. Moe's too busy with his insurance business, I guess. Do you want to try the job or are you too blamed lazy?"

"I'd sure like to try, Jimmy—only, of course, you see, I'm not very well fixed to spare much time."

"You don't think I'm asking you to do it for nothing, do you? Talk it over with Jack Frazer, the secretary. Say, there goes Judge Van Gilder; I want you to meet him, Tom. Supreme court. Hey, judge!"

Judge Van Gilder turned away from the stairs. He was a tall man with wide shoulders and silver hair; he made an impressive figure when seated on the bench in his judicial robe, and he had a reputation for learning and astuteness.

"Judge," said Jimmy Clahan, "this is Big Tom Gentry, one of our new members and a boy that is right. Put Tom on your list, will you? He's a lawyer."

On a morning after, Thomas Jefferson saw his name in the Law Journal; Judge Van Gilder had appointed him as referee in a foreclosure on a loft building in the new Garment Center. Further search of the Law Journal revealed that Thomas Jefferson Gentry had been appointed receiver of rents in another legal proceeding. Thereafter and for many days Thomas Jefferson did not read the Law Journal perfunctorily and as a matter of duty; reading it had become as fascinating a sport as searching for eggs left in the garden by the Easter Rabbit had been to his childhood

Jack Frazer called him up.

"Jimmy says that Frank Whalen is to be appointed auctioneer to sell that building at foreclosure; you better write the name down. . . . What's that? . . . No, there is nothing for you to do but sign your name to the report when it comes in to you, all made up.

"Jimmy will see you tonight about that receivership; he has somebody in mind to do the repairs."

Thomas Jefferson's conscience bothered him at times, but not badly. It was ready to listen to reason. This is the way things are done! He would be a fool to think that judges handed out plums to strangers. A rustic notion. And why should he object to letting Jimmy Clahan distribute whatever patronage there was? If he objected, Jimmy would distribute the patronage just the same, but somebody else's name would appear in the Law Journal. Thomas Jefferson felt his moral horizon broadening; that was it—he was growing broad minded. He would have rejected angrily a dollar that was unmistakably dishonest.

There were patriotic exercises in the Eskimo Club on the Fourth of July. Jack Frazer put Thomas Jefferson Gentry down for a spiel; Thomas Jefferson was glad to oblige; he liked to speak in public. He strode to the front of the flag-draped platform and launched an impassioned attack on George III, and when he spoke of the Hessian mercenaries his fine voice vibrated and he did not mince words

"Wonderful speaker," said Jimmy Clahan to Judge Van Gilder. "Nice boy too."

"Not a New York boy, is he?"

"No, he's a corn-fed. Say, there's a boy that we can do something with. He's got the size and the looks and the voice, and he's bright enough to stand without hitching."

"Just about bright enough," murmured the judge, looking at his Havana.

"And he takes to the game, too; the way he is dashing into it he is going to have his district in his pocket. We'll have to run him for the Assembly or something, some day. Say, but can't he hand out the hokum! The way he is talking you would think George the Third shot his dog, and I bet he never laid eyes on the man in his life."

"George the Third ——" said the judge, looking at Jimmy Clahan with a gasp.

"Give him a hand, give him a hand!" exclaimed Jimmy loyally. And he went to clapping his hands loudly.

BIG WATER

(Continued from Page 17)

From that port, after filling the tanks with fuel oil, it took eighteen days of unceasing monsoon bucking to lay Socotra astern. Chill winds out of Africa howled in the antennæ of the wireless. Fine rain whipped down out of leaden skies. Wave after curling wave smote the freighter fair on the nose, staggering her, cutting down her speed. She wallowed like a monster in labor; she never quit; but during those weeks of gale upon gale her progress was almost imperceptible.

"'Cause she's foul," observed Singapore.

The third assistant nodded agreement.

"The Old Man's going to dock her in Constantinople. Some days she ain't making four knots an hour."

Nor was the nose smiting the whole of it. Those waves had the tricks of skilled wrestlers. They side-swiped, brimming the after well deck. Green water crashed on the hatches, foamed white around the winches and the first assistant's barrels, then sucked noisily out through the scupper holes. But Singapore's knots stood the strain; the barrels stood the buffeting as though they were part of the deck. As for Singapore himself—well, he and his fellow wipers chipped paint and chipped paint and chipped paint. Once past Port Said, they would begin painting the places they had chipped.

Aden, with its red barrenness, marked another change. Followed six days of hell. The Red Sea beggared description, or it could have been described in one word—heat!

It poured down on the ship from the brazen sky. It lifted from the dead water. It filled the steel decks until the touch of them blistered bare skin. There was no escaping it by day or by night. It was just as bad on the forecastle head as it was in the engine room, just as unbearable in the Old Man's cabin as it was on the poop deck, where the crew had swung their bunks to the awning fixtures.

If there was ever a breeze it scorched like the breath from a furnace door. The six days were worse than overwhelming; they were a fiery torment.

Sight of land, even, brought no relief. Heat followed the Juniper Point past Suez and well into the canal. So it happened, on the afternoon of their passage through, that the second assistant—hoping against hope, no doubt—sent Singapore up to the boat deck to swing the engine-room ventilators toward the ever-elusive windward.

The big fellow completed his task and looked around. The freighter, he noticed, was tied up to the east bank of the canal, waiting on a southbound Britisher whose smoke rose black between two pitiless yellow deserts. Lines ran from bow and stern of the Juniper Point to convenient bitts on shore. A couple of Arab canal employes, who had joined the ship at Suez, were squatting on the bitts, looking like grotesque scarecrows in their dirty white garments. They were waiting to cast off. Then they would come aboard again with their work boat.

Glad shouting reached the wiper's ears. It came from port.

Wondering a little, Singapore made his way around a lifeboat, looked down and saw men swimming. He recognized them. They were Johnson and Tony and Squarehead Ole—all three fortunate in being off watch at the time. As soon as they saw the wiper their tumult changed to mocking invitation.

"Come on in, Singapore!"

"Tak' a hetter, Sangapaw!"

"Don't ye wish ye could!"

Came for Singapore a brief interval of indecision. He had a chipping hammer and a hot corner waiting for him below. But he was not a man long to be restrained by any sense of duty. In front of him was water, cool water, cooler at any rate than his heat-scourged body. And the only thought that rose to bother him was whether he could get away with it.

Where was the first? In his bunk, of course, at this hour. So temptation gained an easy victory. Singapore's heavy shoes, dungaree trousers and undershirt dropped in an oily pile. His big white body flashed thirty feet downward.

A beautiful dive for a man of Singapore's size, and his swimming was something to delight the eye. If he was awkward on a ladder or a painting scaffold, in the water he was graceful as a porpoise. He loved it. He laughed for sheer pleasure as he broke the surface after each deep plunge. Although such a conception never entered his mind, the velvet touch of the salty depths had the curious effect of cleansing his whole spirit of littleness. He became another man.

Five minutes of stolen freedom! Forgetting everything but present enjoyment, the wiper made the opposite sandy bank and returned before the Britisher drew abeam. It was the City of Yarmouth, Calcutta bound.

The freighter wrestled, the Arabs came to life. Led by Squarehead Ole the swimmers scrambled to get under the freighter's stern and forward along her starboard side. So the Britisher's passengers, crowding the port rail, were saved from a significant reception into that disconcerting world known as the Far East—the sight of four naked men swarming up a rope to the deck of the Juniper Point.

Singapore was last. He was grinning from ear to ear. But the sting of the hot deck under his soles woke him up to a realization of his defection. Three heavy strides took him up the after companionway, three long steps up the iron ladder on the galley bulkhead to the boat deck above. His heart gave a jump of actual consternation for sailoring instincts persist, although bucko mates pass—when his eyes beheld the first assistant standing with sour mien over his clothes.

Somehow, though, he made pretense of not being alarmed. Somehow he fell into a swagger as he approached his superior, at the same time vaguely understanding that a naked man cannot swagger to good advantage.

Murray stood with his hands on his hips and his head thrust forward.

"You belong in the engine room, Ellis!"

"Sure," said Singapore; "but the second sent me up t' shift the ventilators."

And then the storm broke.

"Oh, he did, did he?" Murray came back hotly. "But he didn't tell you to go swimming, did he? He didn't give you any license to fool around here on deck for half an hour? What do you think this is, you big bum, your yacht? I like your nerve! You get paid for a full day's work, don't you? I guess you'd howl if you didn't, and I guess you'll come across with a full day's work or I'll have you logged!"

Which, as a matter of fact, was all fair enough; no more than Singapore deserved or expected. The first should have let it go at that. It would seem, however, that Murray was one who did not know when to end a rebuke.

"Swimming, eh?" he continued. "Well, you big fathead, you think you're at Coney perhaps. I'll give you Coney! I'll have you swimming in sweat from here to New York!" he promised unpleasantly. "When do you think I'm going to get my engine room painted with you trying your ——"

"Aw, I was jest a minute!" The big fellow was not losing his temper at such close range; no fear of that. But nakedness was making him feel very much the fool. "I jest took one dive, first. Get off me pants, will ye?"

"I'll get off nothing till I ——"

But he did. Singapore had already made two vain attempts to reach his clothes. Now he made a third. His shoulder drove Murray forcibly against a lifeboat. Yet this was no proof of insubordination or desperate courage on the wiper's part. Simply—he had slipped.

And an accurate explanation of Murray's reaction would be difficult indeed. Most likely it lay in the fact that the first ought never to have gone to sea at all. Or it may have been a question of size. Murray was well put together; but as compared with Singapore he was a very small man. It may be, therefore, that he felt for a moment the futile rage of the undersized when confronting giants.

There was another possibility, too; one more favorable to the engineer. Perhaps Murray was seized with a savage impulse to whale into the big man, and restraining himself out of respect for the law proved too much for him. In any case he lost his head.

"That cooks your goose, Ellis!" he cried wildly, as he faced Singapore with red face and clutching fingers. Singapore, by now, was struggling into his clothes. "That fixes you—proper! Just you wait, you fool! I'll have you in irons before an hour's out!"

"Huh!" Singapore's frightened countenance popped from the folds of his undershirt. Just the mention of irons was enough to throw him into a panic.

"You made a pass at me, you big stiff You struck an officer on the high seas!"

"Aw, I did not!"

Nine men out of ten would have laughed at the wiper's dismay. But Murray apparently saw nothing funny. He continued to rant and fume in a fashion that was hardly in accord with the traditions of his manly profession. Singapore's assault was out-and-out mutiny! Irons? He could have the man hanged! And he would! He would! It was not long before Singapore fled to the engine room in fear for his very life

Afterward, of course, the first soaked his head, or cooled off in some equally efficacious manner. There followed for Singapore no clamping in irons, no incarceration in the forepeak for laying violent hands on a wearer of the gold braid. So, as the days went by, the wiper was able to swing his mind back to the scene on the boat deck without arousing within himself too serious qualms of uneasiness.

What kind of a guy was he up against anyway? What kind of a guy was this Murray?

Singapore had seen all sorts of strange mortals in his decade and a half at sea. He had seen cussing officers and bellowing officers and praying officers; but never before had he seen an officer dancing around the deck like a furious schoolboy. Something wrong somewhere, and all by himself the big fellow figured out just where the trouble lay. If he could not see yellowness in himself, he could in another.

Yellow! The first was yellow! He must be, puling any such hot air when all Singapore had done was give him a little shove. Murray was yellow! Cowardice lay hidden behind his hard exterior, behind his biting tongue. The discovery was sweet to the wiper as the cook's pudding on Sunday.

This, to be sure, was entirely forecastle presumption; and the forecastle is a place where thoughts become unbelievably distorted. Mountainous grievances grow there out of molehills. Molehill revenges give satisfaction out of proportion to their importance. Conclusions are jumped at; and Singapore now was certain his superior was lacking in nerve. So he lost all respect

Continued on Page 59

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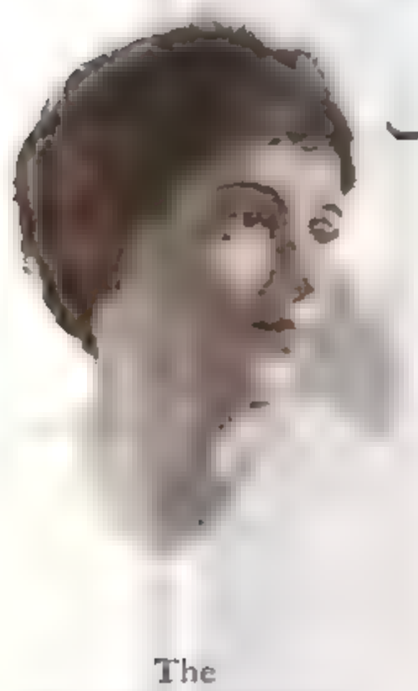

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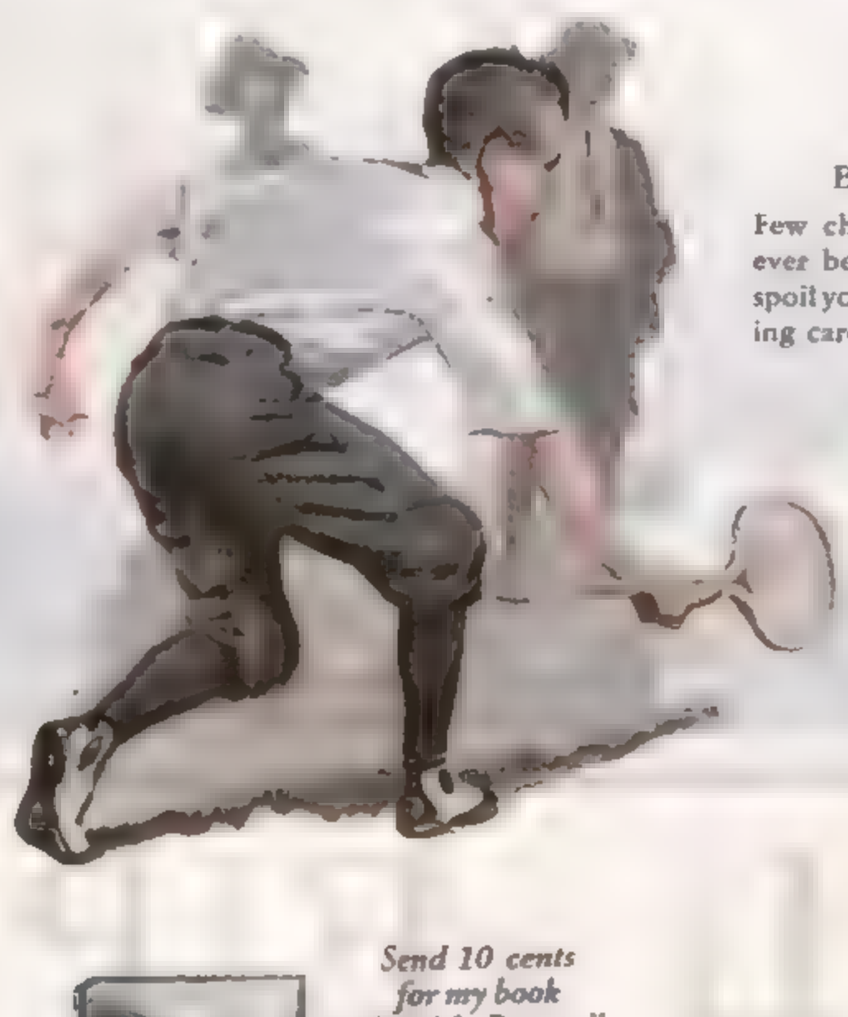

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(Continued from Page 54)

for the man, and his first important display of that loss cost him dearly in hard-earned money.

III

"OOZOO!" said Squarehead Ole enticingly.

Oozoo is slang for douziko; and douziko is a Levantine drink that would make a brass monkey climb trees. Squarehead Ole was thirsty—for harsh liquor. Not on watch himself, he little cared whom he might lead astray. He had stuck his blond head into the black gang's mess room.

"Oozoo!" said he. Two firemen and three wipers looked at one another.

"I'll go ye, by gosh!"

This, suddenly, from Singapore Ellis. He had still half a day's work to do; but what did he care for the first?

"First bane sleepin'."

"T' hell with him! Let's go, Squarehead?"

Recklessness, once it took possession of the wiper, swept him along in its irresistible flood.

The Juniper Point lay in dry dock about five miles above Constantinople. A settlement had sprung up around the dock, and delightfully situated on the shore of the Bosporus were three small coffee houses. Here they sold douziko to the crews of the shipping. Singapore went as he was, grimy after a morning of toil. To avoid passing the first assistant's cabin, he walked forward along the port-side passageway. Three minutes later he and Ole were off the ship, off the dock itself and safely out of sight beyond the dock sheds.

This was pure bravado on Singapore's part. The first would go on watch at four; he could not miss detecting the wiper's absence. But what if he did? What could he do about it? Shoot off some more hot air, of course! Something else, too; but Singapore was strangely indifferent.

"You ain' afraid, eh, ol' Sangapaw?" grinned Ole. "Ve go Ol' Vhiskers' place?"

"Yeh; the glasses is bigger."

That was true. Old Whiskers was always most generous. He was probably looking for steady American trade. A piaster went further in his establishment than in either of the others. But that was not the only attraction; and Singapore smiled broadly to himself. Glad of his freedom, the wiper had an idea he wanted to talk with Katrinka, the buxom dark Greek girl who waited on Old Whiskers' customers.

They had not far to go. A couple of minutes' walking took the two men through a dusty street of small shops and out onto a broad sidewalk which lay between the coffee houses and the strait. The awnings were down over the sidewalk tables; but a strong light stabbed back from the oily, calm surface of the Bosporus. So Singapore and Ole went inside. Katrinka knew them from the preceding night. She now greeted the two seafarers with a gay smile, indicated a small table in a cool corner and tripped away for a couple of douzikos.

The men drank. But when it came down to cases, Squarehead proved a more cautious drinker than one would have expected. He was content to dream over his liquor.

Singapore, ordinarily, was greedy. But on this occasion three douzikos moved him to relate his life's history for the Greek girl's benefit. Katrinka was no snob. Singapore's week-old beard, his wiper's attire and his grimy hands apparently caused her no moment's dismay. Anyway, it was her business to be affable. She listened eagerly; and the American's tale was long and rambling, preventing more than one trip to the bar—and more than two. So it happened, incredibly, that Singapore was still sober when the sun went down.

One by one, then, or in little groups, Singapore's shipmates came ashore. They stormed noisily into Old Whiskers' place, demanding douziko. Katrinka could listen no longer, and Singapore forgot her.

He set about correcting his sobriety. And—aided, no doubt, by his earlier start—he labored to such effect that ships and first assistant engineers and buxom Greek maidens became to him considerations of supreme unimportance. Some time later, with much urging and loud-toned execration, men brought him back to the Juniper Point.

Afterward Singapore had a hazy recollection of crawling on his hands and knees across the ship's ladder—a perilous journey, for the ladder lay horizontal from dock to deck. Fifty feet below, the iron floor of the dry dock promised certain death to anyone who fell. Singapore was blissfully unaware of it. He did remember, though, encountering a blurred crowd near Number Three Hatch. He remembered grinning into Murray's set face.

But no words passed between the two at that time. Words would have been vain, and manhandling is no longer the solution in such cases. Singapore made his unsteady way aft to fourteen hours of unbeautiful slumber. It was close to noon before he came on deck the next day.

"Come on, Ellis!" greeted him snarlingly. It was the first, leaning on the rail amidships. "I'm through talking to you. Come up to the skipper!"

Singapore followed the engineer stupidly. His head was an aching void. The Old Man came to the door of his cabin and Murray broke into an explosive little speech. The wiper's faculties were too dull to comprehend the whole of it; but its outcome immediately was painfully clear. Murray must have been saving up for this opportunity. Ready of tongue while the wiper was dumb, he succeeded in having old offenses recognized. Punishment was retroactive. The Old Man logged Singapore six days' pay for three days' defection.

Then, when the detail work was ended, he stood the wiper against the rail and did his best to set forth his opinion of shirkers in general and the specimen in front of him in particular. Singapore paid no attention. It seemed to him that he saw only the first, standing by during the whole performance. Murray had nothing to say after his opening accusations; but his eyes spoke such volumes of sheer disgust as to strike through even to Singapore's understanding.

The wiper had expected to be logged—two days' pay. Before his escapade the price had seemed fair. Afterward was a different story. And not two days, but six! That was no joke—somewhere in the neighborhood of twelve dollars.

And how about that for yellow, calling in the skipper to fight his battles? That would always be the difficulty. The first had this assistance ever at hand. Singapore stood alone.

Hatred grew bitter in the big fellow's breast; but it gradually became plain to him that any retribution of his would have to take subtle form. Violence was forbidden him, although by now he had convinced himself it would be a simple matter to stand Murray on his head, the gold-braided stiff! And now shirking had played the boomerang.

"But they's other ways!" said Singapore. He set his slow wits to work.

In the fullness of time the Juniper Point stood well along on the last leg of its journey home. Bizerta, with its white battlements challenging the sea and Sicily, lay a day's steaming behind. The freighter had stopped there only for fuel oil and none of the crew had got ashore. But the bumboatmen had been active in their business of changee-for-changee. They had taken such wearing apparel as had been lowered from the deck and given unspeakably vile cognac in return. The black gang had accumulated four or five bottles.

No one bothered them. The officers, forward, could as well have been a hundred miles away. And anyway, what harm? It was night. The three wipers and two of the firemen were off watch. Moreover, their festivities were being held in the seclusion of their darkened forecastle.

Slide, Kelly, slide, for Casey's at the bat;
Down went McGinty; where did you get that hat?
In the evening by the moonlight, on Paddy Murphy's cart—
Oh, little Annie Rooney was my sweetheart!

They sang it over and over again as they sprawled on the bunks and the benches. It seemed to amuse them vastly. Their laughter rang out in the dark. Every time they finished the mad chorus the bottles passed from hand to hand. But ever and anon, as though it lurked continually in the background of their minds, they broke into harsh detailing of their grievances against the first, the yellow skunk!

"A skunk?" Dessel repeated. "Well, I guess he's a skunk! Ye seen where he had me t'day, Singapore? Up over the filter box where it's a hundred an' thirty! An' every time I goes out fer a blow under the fireroom ventilator he's right on my neck till I go back."

"Yeh," said Tracy; "only he's worse with me. A lot I care fer how hot it is; only he shoves me down cleanin' the bilges—down where I can't stand up straight an' I'm up t' my knees in muck."

"He logged me six days," said Singapore darkly.

Tracy took a drink.

"I've seen no worse guys 'n him get laid fer."

"Laid fer?"

"Yeh—an' laid out!"

Singapore lurched across to the bunk near Tracy.

"Not on board ship!"

"Naw; on shore somewheres. They was once a mate I seen get his in Macassar——"

"But that's no good now!" Singapore interrupted. "We don't make no more ports."

Tracy sneered.

"Only N'York," he replied. "I suppose they ain't no dark streets along Staten Island water front. I suppose ye couldn't hide ——"

"Sure ye could!"

"That's jest the place! Along near them big warehouses, eh, Tracy?"

Singapore rose suddenly to his feet. For all the liquor within him, he could not help but be aware of a feeling of inquietude. He had better get out! The next thing he knew they would be ringing him in on some scheme to assault the first, and the wiper shrank from the prospect. He was not so much afraid of the law; he was afraid of Murray. He cursed himself, for Murray was yellow! But the feeling that possessed Singapore was beyond his control. He walked out of the forecastle.

"They's somethin' I can do t' show him!" he panted. "They must be somethin'!"

And then it came to him. In the darkness of the after deck a flash of inspiration pointed out one petty way to get partly even. The wiper drew his knife, stole forward across Number Five Hatch. He performed a slight operation and concealed his work expertly. The barrels! He was careful not to weaken their fastenings too much. They must not come loose at the first slight roll. Instead, as he left them, it would take a good green sea to start them. And a good green sea, he assured himself, would smash them to splinters against the steel bulwarks.

Petty? Singapore did not think so. Nor would Murray. The engineer loved money so much that he had lugged half a dozen empty barrels half around the world. It would certainly gripe him to watch one surge of the Western Ocean do him out of twelve dollars—just the amount, by the way, he had had lopped off Singapore's pay by logging.

IV

FOR a full week Singapore hugged himself in happy anticipation. The thought of those barrels breaking suddenly from their lashings in the grip of a powerful wave filled the man with some amusement. He only hoped the first would be on hand to view the destruction.

But the Western Ocean fell far short of expectations. Day after day, after passing Gibraltar, the Juniper Point plugged along without pitch or roll. The sun went up in the morning and down at night in a cloudless sky. If the Mediterranean had been calm as a mill pond, the Atlantic's smoothness resembled nothing so much as the water in a bathtub. Unusual weather, for it was well into October.

The wiper grew sullen with waiting. But lack of courage kept him from tossing the barrels into the sea without more ado. That, he reflected, would not be the work of a minute. The chances were that he would be seen. The weather was keeping everybody on deck as much as possible; the oilers were often coming aft to the steering engine; the Chinese cooks were working in the galley at all hours. Better wait and put trust in the unfailing Atlantic.

So Singapore lived in a fever of suspense. He never mentioned the barrels to his comrades, but his thoughts were of nothing else. They festered into an extreme bitterness. In this condition of mind he was quick to follow the lead offered by a conversation he had one day with Dessel.

It took place while they were at work. The wipers by now had got pretty well along with their painting of the engine room. Starting at the skylights which gave onto the boat deck, they had worked down level by level. Through the depth of four decks the white bulkheads glistened like new. The fresh black on gratings and pipes intensified the effect. It was no secret that the first assistant was proud of his domain,

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and part of a first's standing with his superiors rests on the appearance of his engine room at inspection in New York.

"There's himself," said Dessel.

He and Singapore were straddling a scaffold in a corner near the main circulating pump. He jerked his paint-stained thumb toward the log desk, where Murray was standing.

"What's he lookin' up fer?" said Singapore.

"Prob'ly he's thinkin' how they'll like this job when we get t' the States."

"Huh!"

A grin passed over Dessel's features.

"A can o' black 'd raise hell," he observed.

"Huh?"

"A can o' black paint."

Singapore looked puzzled.

"What d'ye mean—a can o' black paint?"

Dessel cast his eyes aloft and made a circular motion with his brush.

"Jest swoosh it down from up above," he said, "when no one's lookin'."

Then Singapore understood. He looked up, too, and let his regard travel over the shiny expanse of white. And oh, what a chance to get square! From top to bottom the engine room was ready for the port engineer's survey. It rose to the highest deck like a huge square vault. The turbine and the main condenser, gigantic and creamy with fresh paint, filled the lowest level. And a man standing on the gratings above, in the space of one brief second, could make a terrific mess of their beauty.

A can of black paint! Singapore knew where there was an extra can to be found. But he said nothing to Dessel.

The moment was revealing. All the ignobility of Singapore's nature found full vent. Frustrated in earlier attempts to annoy or injure Murray, the simplicity of his present evil intention brightened his visage; it sharpened his wits. His mind began to function with surprising efficiency. Something advised him to get the paint into his possession without delay. Then he would be ready when the first chance offered.

That night, therefore, he stole away from his comrades in the forecastle. In the passage outside was an entrance into the poop-deck ventilator. This ventilator served a triple purpose. It carried fresh air to the stern end of the shaft alley; it carried steam pipes which heated the forecastles and gave power to the poop-deck windlasses; further, it was fitted with rounds like an iron ladder to enable men to pass up and down if necessary.

Singapore started to descend. He had to be careful. It was dark as the pit. There was little room for his big body and the steam pipes were hot no matter what the weather. The wiper emerged at last, however, in the end of the huge alley which ran under Four and Five Hatches and contained the revolving shaft which drove the propeller.

Here was an untidy storeroom for odds and ends. But Singapore was sure of himself. He reached under the shaft, groped under a pile of oily rope and his hand encountered that which he sought. He returned with it to the forecastle and secreted it in his bunk.

Now—when to drop it?

For a while Singapore considered the advisability of passing his contemplated act of destruction off as an accident. He could pretend to slip while at work. No one could blame him for slipping. But he rejected that plan in the end. Painting was finished on the upper levels. There would be a lot of questioning as to what had brought him there. No; this must be done by stealth and by night.

The night before arriving in New York, Singapore immediately decided, for then there would be no time left to repair the disfigurement. And the morning of that day was ushered in by an abrupt change of weather, the first northeaster of the season, it seemed, roaring and racing down from Iceland.

The sky was clear at first; but the wind blew hard and was bitter cold for men who were fresh from the tropics. Tag ends of spray whipped over the weather bulwarks. The sea tossed angrily, increasing its violence toward night. The sunset had a red and wintry look. Everything boded ill for the first assistant's barrels, with their weakened lashings. But Singapore had forgotten all about them.

"Murray!" He laughed to himself. "He'll cuss all right when he sees black drippin' all over his turbine!"

After supper the wiper began to feel very mysterious and wicked, but apprehensive at the same time. For no reason at all he ranged between the forecastle and the mess rooms, spotting each member of the crew. This only served to heighten his inescapable sensation of doubt. A dozen times he was on the point of not going through with his plan. But it was so easy! And the first had robbed him of six days' pay. It would be a dumb move to slip up on such a chance for revenge.

All he had to do was wait until ten o'clock. Then the last of the pinochle players would be asleep. The officers—except the third assistant, whose watch below lasted till twelve—would be forward. And Singapore would just step into the upper level of the engine room and—swoosh!

Right onto the turbine! A cinch!

The hour came. With snoring men in the bunks around him, Singapore broke out the can of black paint from under his pillow. It was a two-quart affair, the cover held on by its own pressure. The wiper pried the cover up carefully. Not too far, not enough to loosen it altogether, lest he leave fresh traces of paint on his fingers—traces which later would fasten the guilt where it belonged. Singapore guessed not; he was bound to be crafty and cautious in evil-doing.

Anyway, what difference did it make? A forty-foot drop and the shock of landing on the turbine would jar off the cover all right, all right!

All set! Singapore was mightily afraid. If he ever got caught they would hang him! But he managed to pull himself together; and passing forward along the after well deck, he realized for the first time the increasing seriousness of the gale that was blowing. In an obscurity which was slightly relieved by the lights amidships he saw a wave rise tremendously high. It leaped in over the starboard side, crashed between the hatches.

The wiper, on the port side, escaped a wetting by reaching the companionway just in time. Then he looked back. The barrels had withstood the shock.

"Guess I left that line too strong," he muttered. "But I should worry! About one minute more, Mr. Murray, an' somethin' real's goin' t' happen!"

It did—something cowardly—a stab in the back, and not exactly in the way Singapore had planned. At the door into the upper level the wiper lost his nerve. The door was too close to the deck engineer's cabin. Someone would see him. He started to sweat, although the night was cold. His breath came faster and faster. It was then he decided that aiming was unnecessary. Nothing could miss that enormous turbine four decks below. He opened the door, tossed in his missile—and fled.

Five steps took him back to the after companionway, and his heart stopped dead at what he saw in front of him in the gloom. Murray! Singapore nearly collapsed. Sheer terror robbed his knees of their strength. He was caught. There was no escape. He just stood there and gaped at the first. But Murray was looking down onto the well deck. A thumping and splintering came to the wiper above the noise of the sea, through the fog of his mental tumult. The first's barrels were loose!

"Come on, Ellis! Help me get 'em overboard before they smash everything!"

Murray started down to the deck and Singapore followed like a whipped cur. He was no longer master of himself; he was limp

The first did not know. But he would! Another minute and the third assistant would be up on the hotfoot to find out who had showered him with paint. He and Murray would put two and two together. And what would they do to Singapore—the two of them—in the dark! The situation affected Singapore with a sort of nausea. He was capable of no other physical action than tagging behind Murray, a blur of white undershirt in the murk ahead. He could not hear the thunder of wave after wave or feel the rushing water about his knees. His vision was that of a man in a dream. He just followed and watched the first.

It happened with sickening suddenness. Murray had a barrel in his hands. Singapore saw him stagger to toss it overboard to leeward, and in that moment the ship gave a terrific lurch. The barrel rolled up

(Continued on Page 63)

A Personal Message from

Walter P. Chrysler

Motor Car Manufacturer

(See Next Page)

Walter P. Chrysler
Announces
Maxwell's New Achievement

Those who value the natural virtues of the four-cylinder car and have hoped, some day, to find them united with unusual riding comfort and brilliant performance, can now confidently count upon that combination in the good Maxwell.

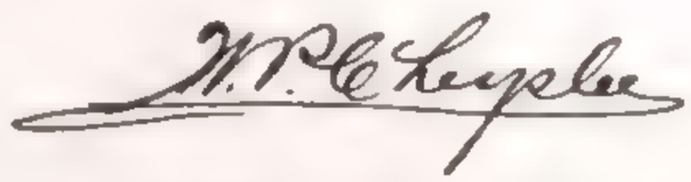
It has long been my conviction that the four-cylinder car could be developed to the point where its performance and enduring service would match the economies, the simplicities and the other advantages which everyone knows it to possess.

Freed from the tyranny of tradition, the accomplishment of this ambition was begun three years ago by the group of engineers engaged in the development of the good Maxwell.

The process of betterment has gone on continuously ever since, latterly with the creative talent and active participation of the engineering staff which developed the Chrysler Six.

Incidentally, it has involved, during the past year alone, the investment of more than a million dollars in improved manufacturing equipment, with the outlay of another million dollars planned for the coming year.

As it stands today, the good Maxwell is not merely greater in every respect than ever before, but it represents an achievement in the four-cylinder field as striking as the Chrysler in the field of sixes.



President and Chairman of the Board
Maxwell Motor Sales Corporation

(Continued from Page 60)

on the rail and Murray rolled with it. In front of Singapore's bulging eyes he clutched frantically at the air for a second, then slid outward into the black water. And the wiper—involuntarily, it would seem—took three steps forward and followed.

HE HIT the slope of a receding wave, and instantly Singapore was a coward no longer. The change came with the rapidity of a shock. A minute before, on deck, he had been a spineless creature, cowering at Murray's heels; now he was swimming with heroic strength toward where he figured Murray must be. Truly, the water was Singapore's element.

Nothing but the blindest sort of luck, however, enabled him to reach the first. He could see nothing; but suddenly he could feel the man, wholly under water, clawing upward at his body—and those clutching fingers tempered his new courage with anger. They reminded him that Murray was yellow and himself was a fool! Murray would drown the both of them. Drown? They were sure to drown! No one had seen them leave the ship. Yet Singapore felt no fear.

"Can ye swim?" He held the first at arm's length and shouted above the hissing of the waves.

"No!"

"Then keep quiet or I'll brain ye!"

And Murray did keep quiet. Singapore could sense the engineer's terror. He was prepared for a furious struggle. If the man was yellow, he was likely to make things interesting for the one who tried to rescue him from drowning. But the first seemed to understand. He stopped his clutching. The wiper clapped his two hands onto Murray's ears, rolled over on his back and drew Murray up onto his breast.

"Don't move!" he harshly commanded. "I can hold ye this way all night."

That is, he could do so under ordinary circumstances. All he needed to do was lie there, breath deeply and not withdraw his palms from the sides of Murray's head. But the circumstances now were decidedly out of the ordinary. A giant's strength would soon fail in such a rioting sea. It was cold, too; and Singapore's blood had thinned in the tropics.

But he was not afraid. Neither of them moved during half an hour of utter darkness. Singapore, looking straight upward, could make no effort to see whether the Juniper Point had stopped. He was sure it had not. The conviction held him that he and Murray would watch the dawn approach without change in their hopeless position. If the wiper thought of rescue at all it was merely that something into or out of New York would run close enough to see them by daylight.

Until—would they last until daylight? Singapore felt his biceps cramping and a gradual numbness creeping up his arms. A second half hour passed.

The numbness in the wiper's limbs could no longer be ignored. It seemed to be reaching up to his brain. That meant he would presently be unconscious. So he would have to think the matter out before the time came when he could think no longer. The answer was easy. A little movement was all he needed. Swimming would banish this drowsiness, banish this horrible cold that was eating into his heart. But swimming would mean letting Murray go!

"Are ye dead?"

"No."

"Then keep quiet!"

"I am quiet."

"Well, don't move! I can hold ye till we starve—an' I guess we will."

Not a shiver out of the first. Say, the guy was game at that! That was funny. Some mistake. If he was game he was not yellow.

What was that flash in the sky? Lightning?

It was cold. Deadly cold. And that was not numbness. When a man was numb he could feel no pain. But Singapore felt dozens of knives in his breast, dozens of knives in his biceps. If he could only move his arms! But he must not let Murray drown. There was that flash again. Singapore wondered. But he did not really care. Now he was sleepy. It was strangely warm of a sudden. No flash. Steady. A flood of white—white. And the turbine was black with splashes of paint. Too bad. The first was a game guy. And then

"Hey, Sangapaw! Ve're cawming, Sangapaw!"

That—miles away, it seemed—was the last Singapore remembered until he woke up some hours later in a bunk in the sick bay of the Juniper Point. The third assistant was leaning in at the door. He grinned at the wiper.

"Good boy, big feller! Guess they got you and Murray just in time."

"Who seen us go over?"

"I did," said the third.

"But—you was on watch, wasn't ye?"

"I come up. I come looking for blood, let me tell you! Some fool left a can of paint on that top tank. It rolled down on me. I come up on the warpath and I just got a glimpse of you across the deck."

"Black paint," said Singapore aimlessly.

"Yeh. Lucky it didn't bust open. It would have made a mess of that turbine. It hit plumb on the cover, I guess; then it hit me plumb in the middle. It doubled ——"

"It didn't spill?"

"Not a drop! As I was saying, it doubled me ——"

"I'm glad it did," said Singapore. "I'm glad, 'cause that Murray's not a bad guy. It's a good thing it didn't bust on his white paint."

Then the wiper closed his eyes again. He felt like sleeping some more. The conflict was over between him and the first. The voyage was over for the Juniper Point. Singapore would soon pay off. He would soon be ranging South Street, looking for another berth. Another berth, where he would shirk his duty and go as far as he dared with the first assistant? Perhaps not. He had had one hour of unselfishness on the vast bosom of the dark Atlantic. Who could say but that some of its exaltation would stick with him for the rest of his days?

THAT's right. Pick out the vegetables for your salad carefully. Get the freshest and crispest the market affords.

But don't forget the vinegar. Its quality has more to do with the success of the salad than the quality of the vegetables.

Don't think because you use so little vinegar, it makes no difference what kind you use. It is because you use so little that you can afford to use the best. The flavor and aroma of Heinz Vinegars developed by aging and mellowing, are absolutely necessary in the making of a perfect salad

No ingredient of a Salad costs so little and adds so much as

HEINZ PURE Vinegars

Protect them with good brake lining

THERE is one obligation greater than *personal* safety, and that is the safety of others. Will the brakes STOP *your* car when someone thoughtlessly walks in front of you?

If the brakes are properly adjusted and lined with Silver Edge Raybestos applied by the Raybestos Method, you may drive with confidence and the knowledge that every precaution has been taken to safeguard other users of the streets and highways.

An Eloquent Plea for Protection

Editor of the Press—

It seems to me that the persons who object to having their brakes tested are taking an unreasonable position.

My little girl, murdered so cruelly a short time ago on the streets of this city, might still be living if the brakes on the contrivance which killed her had been in proper working order.

Yours truly,
(Name on Request)

Have your brakes inspected by the Raybestos Brake Specialist in your vicinity, before it is too late. And above all things—see that the brake lining you use is dependable in *any* emergency.

REPAIRMEN—YOUR ATTENTION
Garage or repairmen who desire to specialize in brake service work are requested to write for our very interesting proposition

THE RAYBESTOS COMPANY

Factories: Bridgeport, Conn. Peterborough, Ont., Canada
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Branches:
New York, 299 Broadway Detroit, 2631 Woodward Avenue
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Silver Edge Raybestos

"Brake Inspection—Your Protection"

BILL THE CONQUEROR

(Continued from Page 23)

apt to forget his surroundings when he became absorbed in his work, had scarcely got halfway through the latest song hit before something that seemed for an instant like a charge of cavalry shot out of the private office; and the next moment young Master Smith—Henry was one of the Smiths of Somers' Town—was being told things about himself which even the companions of his leisure hours—and they were a candid and free-speaking band—had never thought of saying. Mr. Slingsby, roused, had a large vocabulary and Henry was getting nearly all of it.

The instinct of self-preservation rules us all. Flick, though their acquaintance had been so brief, was fond of Henry, and had her own affairs been less pressing might have attempted to create a diversion. As it was, she merely welcomed the fact that Mr. Slingsby was busy outside of his private office and walked into that sanctum without a pause. And there was the second door, beckoning her.

Flick opened this second door and thrilled with exquisite relief. It was not a cupboard. The door led into a passage. The passage in its turn led to a flight of stairs. The stairs led into a small dark courtyard full of boxes and barrels. And the courtyard, after she had threaded her way among these obstacles, proved to lead into a street. Flick reached this street, and hurrying down it without a backward look, left the premises of the Paradene Pulp and Paper Company forever.

III

A MATTER of half an hour or so after Flick's departure a cab stopped at the main entrance of the building and Sir George Pyke sprang out. Pilbeam, leaving his doorway, advanced, gamboling about him like a faithful dog.

"Where is she? In here?" demanded Sir George, a man of few words.

"Quite," said Pilbeam, a man of fewer.

They entered the building, Pilbeam explaining as they climbed the stairs the events that had led up to this tense situation—events which he had had neither time nor space to record in his brief note.

"You're sure it was the right girl?"

"Quite."

"Now what in the world," mused Sir George, as they halted outside the door, "could the fool of a girl be doing here?"

Pilbeam, baffled by the same problem, forbore to speculate. They went into the office. A meek and chastened Henry took Sir George's card into the inner room, where Mr. Slingsby, outwardly calm once more, but inwardly still a mere volcano, scrutinized it captiously.

"Who's this?"

"Dunno, sir."

"What's he want?"

"Dunno, sir."

"Well, show him in, blast him," said Mr. Slingsby forcefully.

We have already seen Wilfrid Slingsby considerably persecuted by fate, but even in the brief interval which has elapsed since his last appearance another blow had befallen him. On top of all the Prudence Strykers, Percy Pilbeams and whistling Henrys that had recently made life so hard to bear, he had now discovered that his stenographer had mysteriously disappeared at just the time when he needed her assistance most. There were a number of important letters waiting to be dictated; and if the plight of a man all dressed up and having no place to go is bad, that of one full of dictation with nobody to dictate it to is hardly less enviable. Small wonder that the world looked black to Wilfrid Slingsby.

The Episode of the Vanishing Stenographer, as Mr. Slingsby would have called it if he had been a writer of detective stories, had that quality of utter and insane inexplicability which makes a man moan feebly and stick straws in his hair. He had with his own eyes seen her come in, and now she simply was not. The thing got right in amongst Wilfrid Slingsby's nerve centers; and just as he was feeling that he could stand no more, he saw sailing in in the wake of Sir George the loathly figure of young Pilbeam.

It is a curious phenomenon, which can be vouched for by anyone who has ever boiled an egg, that a slight increase of provocation added to a bubbling fury produces a condition strangely resembling calm. The water which has hissed and shrieked in the saucepan seems to subside almost phlegmatically when it reaches boiling point. It was so with Mr. Slingsby now. The sight of Pilbeam seemed to produce in him a kind of frozen inertness. With his unblacked eye he looked venomously at his visitors, but he did not spring from his chair and bite them in the leg And though his fingers closed for an instant on the large inkpot on his desk, he released it again.

Pilbeam did the honors.

"This is Sir George Pyke, of the Mammoth Publishing Company, Mr. Slingsby," he said.

"Do you publish Society Spice?" asked Mr. Slingsby in a dull voice.

"Among a great number of other papers," replied Sir George with a touch of pomposity.

"Ah!" said Mr. Slingsby. He toyed with the inkpot once more, but again relaxed his grasp.

Pilbeam proceeded briskly to business. He had had a word with the elderly clerk in the outer office while waiting, and ascertained the reason of Flick's presence in this place.

"We have just discovered," he said, "that your stenographer is the daughter of an old friend of Sir George's, Mr. Slingsby. She recently left home ——"

"Amnesia," said Sir George.

"Quite," said Pilbeam.

"Indeed?" said Wilfrid Slingsby, still in the grip of that sinister calm.

Sir George glared impressively. He intended to stand no nonsense from this man. Mr. Slingsby's black eye and the knowledge of how it had been acquired had made an unfavorable impression.

"I have come to take her back to her home."

"Oh, have you?"

"The poor girl is in an unfit state to be wandering about alone."

"Oh, is she?"

"And so," said Sir George imperiously, "I should be obliged, Mr. Slingsby, if you would produce her."

Wilfrid Slingsby, his mind working with cold swiftness during these exchanges, began now to see his way to getting a bit—a small bit, but nevertheless a bit—of his own back. He forced a winning smile into his bleak face.

"I should be only too glad to produce her, as you put it; but she is not here."

"She came in here."

"Exactly—and went away again. She said she had a headache and wanted to go home, so I let her off for the afternoon."

"But I've been watching the door and she didn't go out," said Pilbeam keenly.

"Yes," said Sir George; "how do you account for that?"

"You are at liberty," said Mr. Slingsby, "to search the premises if you wish. Here are the keys of the safe, and the drawers of this desk are not locked. The waste-paper basket, as you see, is empty. I imagine," he continued, for the solution of the puzzle which had been vexing him had now presented itself, "that she went out by that door there, which leads to another exit. By now, I expect, she is well on her way home."

"What is her address?"

"Seven, Paradise Walk, Earlsfield," said Mr. Slingsby promptly.

The locality had not been selected by him at random. Paradise Walk, Earlsfield, was, he knew, in a particularly unpleasant part of London and had in addition been quite recently the scene of a rather unusually spectacular murder. Mr. Slingsby was not without a faint hope that the inhabitants, if given to that sort of thing and having nothing better on their hands, might turn their talent for slaughter in the direction of his visitors.

"Thank you," said Sir George.

"Not at all," said Mr. Slingsby.

"Much obliged," said Pilbeam.

"Don't mention it," said Mr. Slingsby.

The visitors picked up their hats. As the door closed behind them there came into Mr. Slingsby's drawn face something almost resembling a smile of happiness.

CHAPTER XII

THE callousness of Nature in times of human suffering has been commented on so often by poets and others that it has become a truism. If Nature had possessed a heart, the day following that on which

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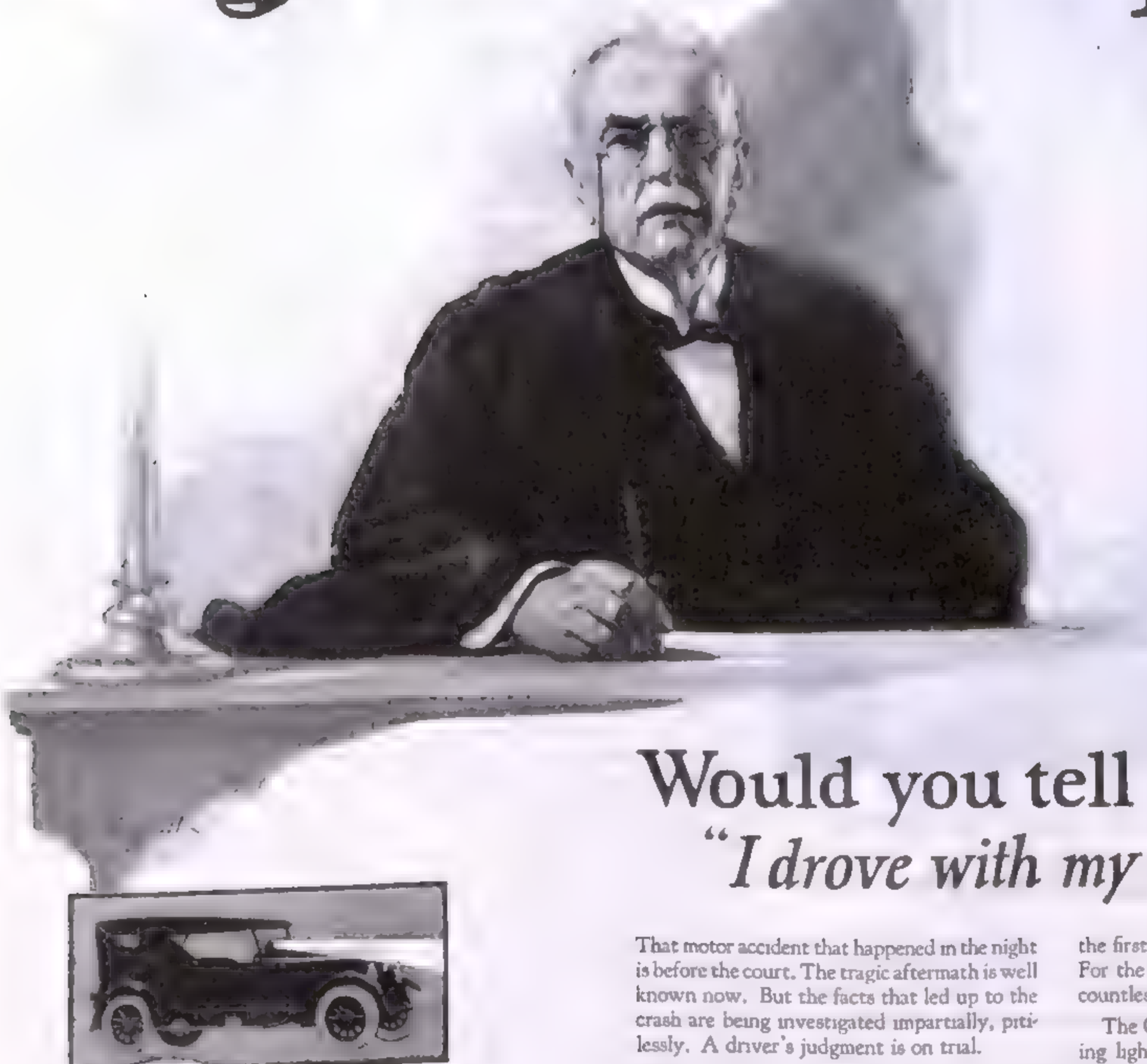
THROUGH-THE-WINDSHIELD

Clymer Safety LIGHT



Would you tell the court *"I drove with my eyes shut"?*

That motor accident that happened in the night is before the court. The tragic aftermath is well known now. But the facts that led up to the crash are being investigated impartially, pitilessly. A driver's judgment is on trial.

If it were you—would you admit to the court that you were practically driving with your eyes shut? Yet what difference, if you must admit that you had no adequate light to guide you?

When you meet approaching headlights, your vision is *always* impaired. Often it is reduced to the point of momentary *blindness*. It is in these moments of impaired vision that accidents are most apt to occur. There is only one way to insure proper vision at ALL times—the Clymer Safety Light. It is the first, most vital aid to safe night driving For the safety it adds, the Clymer is worth countless times its price.

The Clymer Safety Light is the night driving light of courtesy and safety, that beautifies a car. It is a graceful added touch by day, a grateful first aid to good driving by night.

The Clymer fits through the windshield where the spotlight belongs. Its Pistol Grip is inside the car, always ready for use. Turn it in any direction—snap on the light with the handy Trigger Switch. Quickly installed by dealers for $12.75 complete. The Clymer is easily removed and used as a trouble lamp We guarantee your windshield when you have a Clymer installed.

Legal in Your State

Patented May 15, 1923; others pending. Infringers will be prosecuted

Dealers: Order from your jobbers
Clymer Mfg. Co., Rockford, Illinois
(Div. of Fyrac Manufacturing Co)

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD WHERE THE SPOTLIGHT BELONGS

Good Buildings Deserve Good Hardware

You can't afford not to have Good Hardware

IF you have to "cut the corners" when you build, don't make the mistake of skimping on the hardware—it never pays. And you don't need to, anyway. Here are two things you can do to hold down the cost and still have good hardware and lifelong satisfaction in it:

1. How many inside doors really need locks with keys? Those to a closet or two, and the bathrooms. But why put unnecessary locks on the other dozen or fifteen doors, when a knob and latch are sufficient? Here is a saving.

2. If your doors are to be painted, you will realize a second big saving by using Corbin cast iron butts or hinges on *interior* doors. They last almost forever, lubricate themselves, and are entirely satisfactory if kept painted. Of course, if you can afford it, you will want to use Corbin cast brass or bronze butts throughout the house. But, whatever your choice, use three to a door, and your doors will always swing and close as they should.

•

Good hardware speaks the language of quality—and acts it, as long as the building stands. Every architect and every contractor will tell you that good buildings deserve good hardware, and that such hardware is Corbin.

We have a booklet "Good Buildings Deserve Good Hardware," which will interest you if you are planning to build, also a pamphlet on Corbin Cast Iron Butts. Write for them.

P. & F. CORBIN SINCE 1849 NEW BRITAIN CONNECTICUT

The American Hardware Corporation, Successor

NEW YORK CHICAGO PHILADELPHIA

(Continued from Page 64)

Sir George Pyke and his young assistant had visited the office of Mr. Wilfred Slingsby would have been one of dark clouds and weeping skies. As it was, it reached a level of bright serenity that had not been equaled in London since the summer of the previous year. Tilbury Street, whose inhabitants still seemed to be boiling cabbage as if their lives depended on it, stewed in the sunshine, so that horses drooped their heads and strong men went gaspingly about their work, counting the minutes till the pubs should open. The pavement in front of Tilbury House was all inlaid with patinas of bright gold, and sparrows, reveling in the warmth, chirped merrily as they lunched in the gutters. In a word, all Nature smiled.

Nevertheless, as has been suggested by our opening remarks, there were aching hearts in Tilbury Street, hearts to which the glorious weather brought no balm. Chief among these was that of Percy Pilbeam. He sat in the office of Society Spice in that dismal half hour that precedes luncheon, brooding miserably. Of all sad words of tongue or pen, the saddest are these: It might have been; and the thought of how narrowly he had missed pulling off the coup of a lifetime gnawed at Pilbeam's vitals like a vulture.

If only Flick had proved less elusive, what a triumph would have been his! Sir George would have showered commendation upon him, and what is more, could hardly in decency have avoided giving him a handsome raise of salary. Instead of which ——

It is a defect in the characters of Napoleonic men that they are apt to demand from their subordinates success and nothing but success. To come within an ace of triumph advances the subordinate's stock not at all. Indeed, it rather depreciates it. Pilbeam realized that he would now be standing considerably higher in Sir George's esteem if he had never got on Flick's trail at all. His employer had exhibited a disquieting disposition to blame him for everything that had happened.

Number 7, Paradise Walk, Earlsfield, had proved, when reached after a long and expensive journey in a taxicab, to be an evil-smelling bird-and-snake shop, owned by a dirty and cheerful old man with gray whiskers and a skullcap, who had proceeded to answer their inquiries for Flick by urging them to examine his stock with a view to purchase. Sir George had read into the man's words a suspicious evasiveness, and it had been his idea that they should sit down and wait. The memory of that vigil had seared Pilbeam's soul deeply, and the recollection of the long green snake which he had suddenly found nestling in his lap was destined to haunt him for many days.

Eventually the realization that Mr. Slingsby, in his low fashion, had sent them to a false address had dawned upon them both at about the same time; and they had gone away, pursued to the last by the owner of the shop, who wanted to do a sacrifice deal on a parrot. The last they had seen of him before threading their way through the local murderers and starting back for civilization, he was standing in the street with the parrot on his shoulder, doing some spirited price cutting. It was just about this point that Sir George had become peevish.

Pilbeam sighed. It was hard that he should be blamed for what was none of his fault. Sir George's statement that he ought to have had the sense to know that a man like Slingsby, with one eye black and the other gleaming with the light of pure deceit, would naturally send them to a wrong address struck him as unjust. Still, there it was. He had failed and he was suffering the penalty always meted out to failure in Tilbury House.

He had just begun to busy himself with the revision of an article on Plague Spots of the West End—he was alone in the office today, Roderick being absent with a cold in the head—when a boy in buttons entered, bearing a form.

"Gem' to see you, sir."

Pilbeam took the form listlessly. His sufferings had had the effect of subduing his normal pep and ginger, and for a moment, so greatly did he desire solitude in his hour of travail, he had the churlish intention of telling the boy to say that he was out. Then his eye fell on the name written on the paper in his hand—Judson Coker.

Something stirred at the back of Pilbeam's mind. Coker? Why was that name vaguely familiar? Coker? Why were those two simple syllables somehow oddly significant? Coker? Where had he heard——

He gasped, awed by the sudden suspicion of a terrific possibility. Now he knew where he had heard the name before. "Good-by, Mr. Coker." They were the last words that infernal girl—for so he was now unchivalrously accustomed to think of Flick—had spoken before going into her office building. "Good-by, Mr. Coker." He remembered it distinctly. And then he had asked her if she would be coming to dinner, and she had said "Of course." What could this mean but that she was in the habit of visiting this Coker so frequently that her presence at his dinner table had become a matter of course?

"What sort of a looking fellow is he?" he cried.

The boy in buttons seemed perplexed. It was not usual for the editorial staff of Society Spice to demand word portraits of visitors.

"A kind of bloke," he said vaguely.

Pilbeam perceived that to continue examining this unprofitable witness would be wasting time. The thing to do was to have the fellow up and examine him face to face. Unusual as the name Coker was, he dared not allow himself to hope that this could be the same man. That would be too much like a miracle. Yet as he waited, nervously pulling at his small mustache, he could not keep himself from hoping. And when the door opened and Judson was ushered in he saw with a pang of excitement which seemed to stop his heart beating that his hope had been fulfilled. The million-to-one chance had come off. This was the fellow he had seen yesterday in St. Mary Axe.

"Come in, come in," he cried ecstatically. "Do take a seat, won't you?"

"Thanks," said Judson, a little surprised at this cordiality, but rendered by it distinctly happier. It began to look to Judson as though his mission was to be plain sailing.

It was the story which Flick had told on visiting the Marmont Mansions on the previous evening that had brought Judson Coker today to the office of Society Spice. Flick's description of Pilbeam's pursuit and how she had eluded it had been spirited and absorbing; but though all of it had interested him, the point that interested him most had been the revelation that Roderick was not the only official in charge of things at the Spice office. His knowledge of the inner workings of weekly paper offices was slight, and he had assumed until now that the only person to whom he could apply for a correction of that paragraph about Toddy van Riter and the Silks was the fellow who had batted Bill West over the head with his stick—obviously a man of the worst and one from whom it would be hopeless to seek justice. The discovery that Roderick had a partner altered the whole aspect of the affair.

He had come here, of course, in a spirit of the utmost wariness and caution. Very much on his guard, Judson was. On no account, he realized, must he let fall a word that would establish in the mind of this man a connection between himself and Flick. Pilbeam, he understood from Flick's narrative, was acting as a sort of amateur bloodhound as far as she was concerned. It caused Judson a faint amusement as he sat down to reflect what a lot this man would give to know that he lived in a flat to which the girl he was hunting came every night for dinner.

"What did you want to see me about?" asked Pilbeam.

"Well, it's like this," Judson began: "You had a piece in your paper a couple of weeks ago ——"

Pilbeam looked at his watch.

"I didn't know it was so late," he said. "You haven't lunched yet, have you?"

"No," said Judson, thrilled from head to foot by a sudden spasm of hope. In his wildest dreams he had never foreseen a bit of luck like this.

"How about coming out and having a bite? I can see you've got all sorts of interesting things to tell me, and we can talk better at lunch."

"So we can," said Judson enthusiastically. "So we can."

"You're American, aren't you?" said Pilbeam.

"Yes."

"Then we'll go to the Cheshire Cheese. You must see the Cheshire Cheese. You aren't a teetotaler by any chance?"

"No!" said Judson vehemently.

"I only asked because they have some rather special port ——"

Continued on Page 68

Boyce-ite

Yesterday We Laughed But Today—

THE first great American invention was the steamboat, Fulton's Folly they called it. And from Fulton's time on every worth-while discovery has been laughed at—at first.

The automobile was no exception—pneumatic tires, demountable rims, the self starter, the Boyce Moto-Meter, all have been laughed at, then accepted because they have proven to be necessities.

Therefore, when I announced that Boyce-ite poured into any gasoline created a carbonless fuel, I expected to be laughed at—yesterday I was. Today experienced motorists demand it.

Hundreds of thousands of them have proven by actual use that Boyce-ite treated gasoline kills the carbon pest, and eliminates for all time the expense of grinding valves and removing carbon which yesterday we thought was a necessary evil.

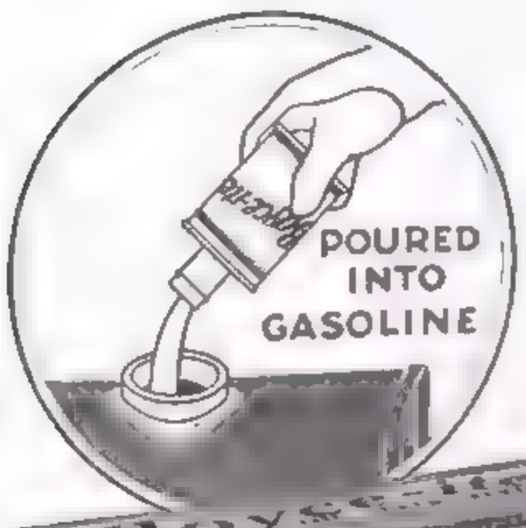
Today users of Boyce-ite, drivers of old and new cars alike, are obtaining more power, quieter motors, increased gas mileage.

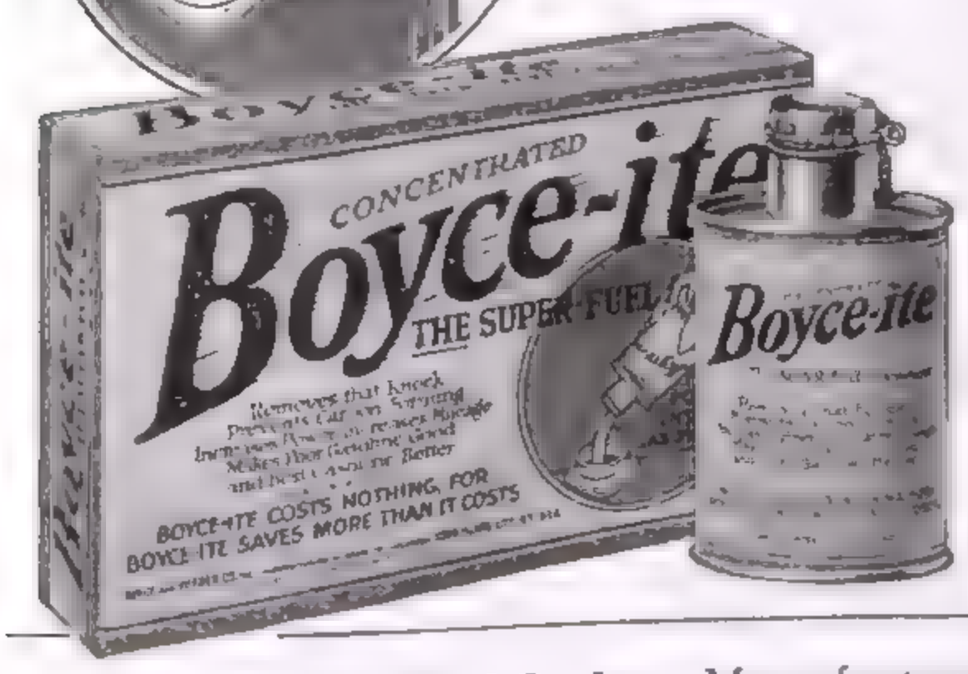
If you will read the evidence you will realize that you are not pioneering when you use Boyce-ite but are lagging behind the times until you do.

Report of the Sheffield Scientific School of Yale University

Remark No. 1—Engine was full of carbon and knocked badly but otherwise was in good condition. This test shows the effect of carbon in reducing engine horse power from normal value of 18 to about 13 b. h. p.

Remark No. 2—The car was driven 400 miles, Feb. 29—Mar. 2-3 using Boyce-ite in fuel as per directions. *Engine knocking disappeared after first 200 miles and increased power was noted on hills.* The fuel economy increased during the second 200 miles. The Dynamometer test showed a power increase of 30%.





Convenient touring package fits the pocket of your car —contains 3 cans of Boyce-ite — $1.00

Harrison Boyce

THE EVIDENCE

What the big car distributors say

Considerable improvement in the power and smoother operation of the motor.

The industry will be deeply indebted to you for Boyce-ite when they find how wonderful it is.

Marmon Automobile Co.
of New York
S. S. Toback, Vice Pres

The Ford car had much more pep and it is impossible to make it knock

Our entire organization endorses and recommends Boyce-ite to our Ford owners.

Jos. F. Haas Motors, Inc.
Ford Bldg., Brooklyn, N. Y.

We have decided to stock Boyce-ite and will recommend its use to Oldsmobile owners

Oldsmobile Company of N. Y.
New York City, N. Y.

We have recommended Boyce-ite to Packard owners who unanimously report great success in using it.

Agent for the Packard
Flushing, N. Y.

If Boyce-ite is consistently added to gasoline, a clean motor can be operated indefinitely with apparently no carbon formation

Uppercu Cadillac Corporation
New York

I can conscientiously recommend Boyce-ite to Stutz owners.

Parkinson Motor Sales Co. (Stutz)
of New York

What the jobbers say

The results obtained from use in our trucks and salesmen's cars has also been most satisfactory Boyce-ite has done everything you claim for it.

Berrodin Auto Supply Co.
Philadelphia

Boyce-ite is producing results in motors, and all the trade, both dealers and consumers, are very well pleased with it.

The Gibson Company
Indianapolis.

Our sales have gone far beyond our expectations. The number of repeat orders is remarkable.

Harbison & Gathright
Louisville, Ky.

The results obtained by us on Boyce-ite have far exceeded our expectations. We have received several very complimentary expressions from users

C. & D. Auto Supply Co.
Cincinnati

What the fleet owner says

Shortly after treating our gas with Boyce-ite the carbon knock was eliminated and we noticed a quicker pick-up in the motors with added power

We received a fuel saving to the approximate extent of 20%. We take pleasure in recommending this product to all who operate an automobile, taxicab or truck

Mogul Checker Cab Corp.
Clifford J. Gordon, General Manager

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BOYCE & VEEDER CO., Inc., *Manufacturers of Boyce-ite exclusively*, LONG ISLAND CITY, NEW YORK

When You Build or Repair

Select your hardware early

IT IS easy to safeguard yourself in the matter of hardware. Merely make one trip to your hardware merchant—but make it soon after plans are approved. Good hardware is a building necessity. It will outlast its surroundings. The merchant who sells McKinney Hinges will show you a wide selection of styles and finishes. He will explain the qualities of various metals and figure their costs. He will present to you facts and samples so that you can buy by knowledge.

McKINNEY HINGES

Too often the hardware selection is left till the last minute. Then funds are short and time is limited. The hardware suffers and you are irritated. To be sure that you get what you want, select your hardware early and then set aside adequate funds.

McKINNEY MANUFACTURING COMPANY
PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA

If you are planning to build, McKinney will send you a complimentary copy of a little device which will allow you to arrange your furniture right on the plans.

(Continued from Page 66)

"Port!" whispered Judson.

"Tawny port."

Judson's eyes closed for a moment in a prayerful ecstasy.

"Lead me to it," he said in a low, reverent voice. It is strange how the views of different people concerning any given individual can differ. There were men in London, dozens of them, who heartily disliked Percy Pilbeam. If you had asked Wilfrid Slingsby what he thought of the young man behind Society Spice it would have taken him ten minutes to reply, and scarcely a word of his remarks would have been printable. Yet Judson Coker found him one of the most delightful fellows he had ever met.

The Cheshire Cheese, that historical tavern, pleased Judson immensely. Its old associations, it is true, made but small appeal to him, and he was only tepidly interested in Doctor Johnson's chair; but the lark-steak-and-kidney pudding, that famous specialty of the house, went with a bang from start to finish. Washed down with tankards of old ale, it appealed to all that was best and deepest in Judson. By the time the tawny port arrived he was in a mood so mellowed that it was difficult for him to realize that the man with the slightly blurred outline sitting opposite him had not been a trusted friend since the days of boyhood.

Besides, apart altogether from the port and the old ale, Pilbeam had endeared himself to Judson by his thoroughly sympathetic and understanding attitude in the matter of that Silks article. It was unforgivable, declared Pilbeam warmly, that such a mistake should have occurred. But a man of the world like Judson would understand how hard it was to keep a paper like Society Spice free from these occasional errors.

"Of course, of course!"

They would creep in from time to time.

"Exactly!"

But it should be corrected in the very next issue.

"Awfully good of you," said Judson.

"Not at all, not a-tall," said Pilbeam.

"Oh, but it is!"

"No, no."

"Oh, but it is!"

"Not a bit."

"Oh, but it is but-i-toz but it is!" insisted Judson with enthusiasm.

He drained his glass and gazed with goggle-eyed affection at this obliging man, whom he liked, he was now convinced, quite a good deal better than anyone else in the world.

"I'll write an article myself," said Pilbeam, "putting the matter straight. And look here, we don't want any more mistakes—I'd better send you proofs."

"How's that?"

"Proofs."

"No, sir!" Judson waved his hand in a wide and generous gesture. "Don't want any proofs. Take your word for it."

"Proofs of the article," explained Pilbeam gently, "so that you can see it before it appears."

"Oh—ah!"

"Where shall I send it?"

"Nine, Marmont Mansions, Battersea."

"Right!" said Pilbeam. "And now," he went on, for triumph had made him kindly, "tell me all about the Fifth Avenue Silks. You must have had a great time. I can't think how you ever happened to get the idea."

It was a flushed and uplifted Pilbeam who parted from Judson outside the Cheshire Cheese at a few minutes after two and made his way with great strides down Fleet Street to Tilbury House. The sight of Sir George's limousine drawn up at the curb told him that his employer had returned from lunch. He went straight up to the office on the fourth floor.

"Well?" said Sir George.

His manner was distant, but Pilbeam had been prepared for a cold reception. He would, he told himself, soon thaw the ice.

"I have great news, Sir George. I have found out where we can make inquiries of Miss ——"

There was an uncomfortable pause. Pilbeam had forgotten the name and so had Sir George. The latter, after a moment of swift thinking, decided on candor.

"Perhaps I had better tell you, Pilbeam—I am sure that you will treat the information in the strictest confidence."

"Quite."

"The girl is my niece."

"Is that so!" said Pilbeam, trying to inject a sharp amazement into his voice.

"My niece," repeated Sir George with gloomy impressiveness.

"It makes me all the happier that I have found her," said Pilbeam devoutly.

"Found her!"

"Well," amended Pilbeam, "found the place which she seems to be visiting every day."

He told his story with the crisp expertness of one accustomed to squashing the vice of a great city into a column and a quarter. Sir George listened, rapt.

"Pilbeam," he said, "I knew all along that I could rely on you."

"It is very kind of you to say so, Sir George."

"I train my young men to be bright, and you are the brightest of them all. You may take this note to the cashier."

"I will," said Pilbeam fervently, pocketing the slip of paper. "Thank you."

Sir George rose.

"I shall go at once to this Marmont Mansions you speak of. I shall see this man Coker ——"

"I don't think he will be in for some time," said Pilbeam. "When I left him he was saying something about going and having a nap in the park."

"Then I will wait for him. And when I see him," said Sir George portentously, "I shall stand no nonsense!"

II

A POWERFUL car was standing outside Marmont Mansions when Sir George Pyke arrived at that storm center. Beside it, one foot on the running board, a pleasant-faced young man of impressive physique smoked a cigarette. This young man watched Sir George as he alighted and approached. He had no recollection of ever having seen Sir George before, nor did his appearance seem in any way familiar to the older man. Yet they had met and in dramatic circumstances.

Sir George was peering up at the building. His chauffeur had told him that a policeman had told him that this was Marmont Mansions, but there was no name over the door to prove it. He decided to seek a further opinion.

"I am looking for Marmont Mansions, Battersea," he said.

"Right here," said the young man agreeably.

"Thank you."

"Not at all. Nice day."

"Very," said Sir George.

He passed through the doorway. The young man, who seemed to be expecting someone, resumed his vigil. Presently he smiled and waved his hand. A girl in a floppy and unbecoming sealskin coat was advancing briskly along the pavement. Sir George's chauffeur, sitting stolidly at his wheel a few yards down the street, eyed her with approval. He had a nice taste in female beauty, and not even the sealskin coat could hide the fact that Flick was an unusually pretty girl.

"Here I am," said Flick. "Haven't I been quick? What do you think of the coat?"

"Fine," said Bill.

"It isn't. It's awful. But it was the only thing I could get that was warm enough. I borrowed it from my landlady."

She climbed into the car and settled herself cozily.

The idea of hiring a car and taking Flick for a drive out into the country had come to Bill as a luminous inspiration while they lunched together in the neighborhood of Shaftesbury Avenue, a locality which seemed well outside the danger zone haunted by Sir George Pyke and his minions. The fineness of the day had not escaped their notice, and they had decided that it would be unwise to waste it. Bill, moreover, being a young man used to the possession of a car of his own, had been experiencing for some days that restless and starved sensation which comes to habitual motorists whose motoring is cut off for any long period. His fingers itched to close themselves over a wheel again, and he had sent Flick off to her lodgings to borrow a warm coat while he negotiated for the hire of a car for the afternoon. He climbed in after her.

"Where would you like to go?"

"It's lovely out at Hindhead."

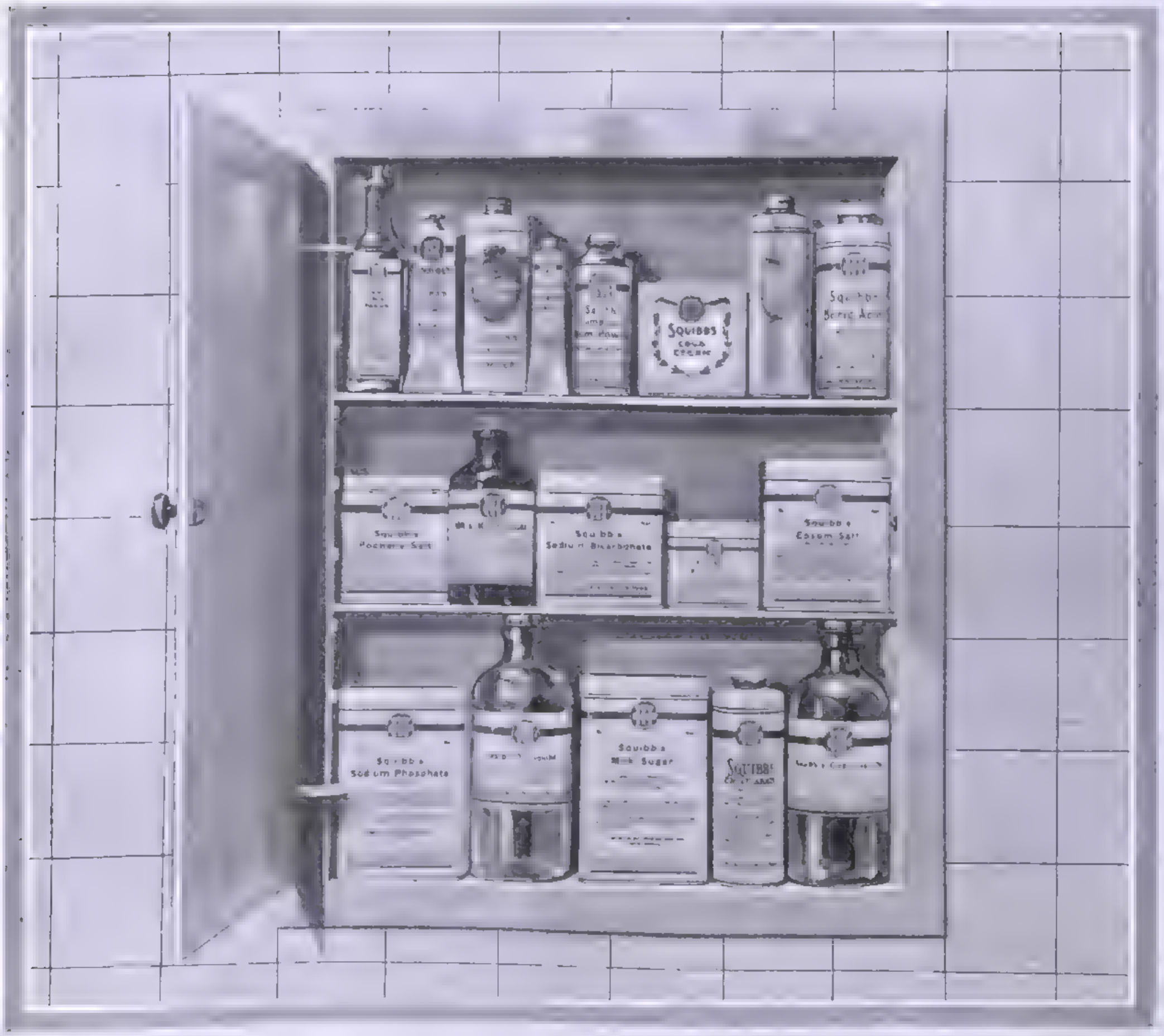
"All right. How do you get there?"

"And of course anywhere down on the river is wonderful."

"Well, you choose."

But they were destined to go that afternoon neither to Hindhead's majestic heights nor to any silvery reach of old Thames.

Continued on Page 70



The "Emergency Drug Store" in the home

THERE in the bathroom wall . . . nearer than the nearest drug store . . . available instantly . . . the Squibb-filled medicine cabinet. And right at hand for an emergency.

Squibb-filled, for extreme purity. Squibb-filled, for correct strength. Squibb-filled, for safety. Not merely one or two Squibb Household Products in an assortment of products of doubtful value, but Squibb throughout.

That is the kind of medicine cabinet your physician will approve. For he recommends these identical Squibb Products in his daily practice. Further, he knows that, since 1858, the House of E. R. Squibb & Sons has stood for all that is highest in quality and ethics. A fact which every pharmacist recognizes.

Restock your medicine cabinet *completely* with household products bearing the purity-mark, "Squibb." Insist upon the original Squibb packages.

Then you will be in a position to co-operate *fully* with your family physician. You will have the very household products he prefers. You will also have the comforting assurance that you are using the purest products possible—products whose formulæ *start* with the "Priceless Ingredient."

Squibb's Bicarbonate of Soda—Free from all impurities, without bitter taste. Will not irritate the stomach

Squibb's Epsom Salt—More agreeable to take than the ordinary unpurified market product.

Squibb's Boric Acid—Granular for solutions, or soft powder for dusting. A soothing, mild antiseptic.

Squibb's Milk of Magnesia—A superior corrective for acid mouth and stomach. For children and adults.

Squibb's Dental Cream—Made with Squibb's Milk of Magnesia. Protects the teeth from Acid Decay. Heals tender gums.

Squibb's Cold Cream—An exquisite preparation of correct composition for the care of the skin. Will not become rancid Does not grow hair

E. R. Squibb & Sons, 80 Beekman Street, New York, *Manufacturing Chemists to the Medical and Dental Professions since 1858.*

SQUIBB

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E. R. Squibb & Sons

The "Priceless Ingredient" of every Product is the Honor and Integrity of its Maker

(Continued from Page 68)

While Flick was still trying to make her choice the decision was taken out of her hands. Bill, leaning back in a restful attitude, was startled by a little squeak of dismay, and looking up, saw that she was staring with round and horrified eyes at something beyond him. Turning his head, he perceived that the stout man who had asked him for Marmont Mansions had returned and was coming out of the doorway.

"Quick!" gasped Flick. "Oh, be quick!"

Bill was quick. Though not an abnormally intelligent young man, he gathered that this was no time for waiting and asking questions. He started the car without a word and they began to glide off; and as they did so the stout man uttered a sharp bellow and became a thing of leaping activity.

The reappearance of Sir George at this point was due to the fact that he had got tired of ringing the bell of Number 9. There appeared to be nobody at home, and he had decided that it would be more comfortable to wait—and he intended to wait for hours if necessary—down below in his limousine. The sight of Flick seemed to him, as it had seemed to Percy Pilbeam twenty-four hours earlier, direct evidence that Providence looks after the righteous. It was only when he saw her being borne rapidly away from him that he realized that his position was not so advantageous as he had supposed.

In this crisis Sir George lost his head. He shouted uselessly. He galloped along the pavement. Not until Bill's car was twenty yards away and moving swiftly westward along the Prince of Wales Road did it occur to him that he, too, had a car and that the pursuit could be conducted far more agreeably on wheels than afoot. He waved like a semaphore to his chauffeur.

"Hi!" he shouted. "Here! Hi! Briggs! Come on, you fool!"

The chauffeur, blandly unemotional, stepped with dignity on his self-starter. He drew up beside his fermenting employer. Sir George sprang in and gesticulated with both hands in the direction of Albert Road, the corner of which Bill and his companion had just turned at a high rate of speed.

"Ur! Ur!" gurgled Sir George.

The chauffeur touched his cap aloofly. He gathered that his employer wished him to pursue the other car, but he was not thrilled. It took more than this sort of thing to excite Augustus Briggs.

III

"THAT was Uncle George," said Flick.

Bill had deduced as much. He nodded and glanced over his shoulder.

"It still is," he replied briefly, and drove his foot down on the accelerator. They whirred over the Albert Bridge.

CHAPTER XIII

ONCE started in flight, the human instinct is to keep on running. It was not immediately, therefore, that Bill recovered from the first stark desire to be elsewhere as quickly as possible and began to turn onto the situation the searchlight of clear reason. For perhaps ten minutes or a quarter of an hour his faculties were entirely occupied with the desire to shake off pursuit, and with this end in view he kept his large foot firmly on the accelerator and paid only the most meager attention to the hurriedly expressed criticisms of the various traffic policemen dotted here and there about the winding route.

If he had a thought outside the bare, primitive craving for speed, it was a feeling of relief that he had taken the trouble to hire from the garage a really good car. It was as if some presentiment had warned him not to accept the quaint old rebus which they had offered him at the start of the negotiations, but to hold out firmly and coldly till they produced a real hummer. His motorist's eye had told him after one glance at the engines that this was a car of quality, and events were proving his judgment sound. With a smooth and effortless efficiency, it was eating up the asphalt like a racer.

They snapped across Chelsea Embankment, purred up Oakley Street and, turning to the left at the Fulham Road, began—though Bill was not aware of it—to cover the same ground which he and Judson had gone over that night when they had followed Roderick to Wimbledon Common. In Putney High Street they were enabled to draw away for a while, for the limousine—to Sir George's manifest discomposure, though Briggs the chauffeur accepted the blow with wooden calm—got itself blocked by a brewer's dray just across the bridge; whereupon Bill, dexterously imitating the ingenious tactics of the hunted hare, turned down Lacy Road into Charlwood Road, turned again into Felsham Road, and so, doubling on his tracks, crossed Putney Bridge once more and bowled along the Fulham Palace Road, to emerge finally into the bustle of King Street, Hammersmith. It was a maneuver which might well have settled the issue; but Augustus Briggs, for all his woodenness, was an astute fellow; and looking over his shoulder as they reached Hammersmith station, Bill was annoyed to perceive the limousine swerving lithely round a truck, still in the game. It was at this point that he began to examine the situation.

"What on earth is all this about?" he asked.

"It's Uncle George."

"I know. But what are we running away for?"

"Because I don't want him to catch us."

"Why not?"

The question deprived Flick momentarily of speech. Bill filled the hiatus in the conversation by dodging an omnibus and turning sharp to the left up Addison Road.

"What do you mean?" said Flick, astonished.

"Well," said Bill, skillfully avoiding manslaughter with a quick twist of the wheel, "what can he do if he does catch us?"

It had begun to irk his haughty spirit, this headlong flight from a little man with a double chin whom he could have destroyed with a finger. He would have guaranteed, if challenged to mortal combat, to clear up Sir George and Briggs the chauffeur, too, inside a couple of minutes. In the vivid phrase of Mr. Isaac Bassett, he could butter the pavement with them both. Yet here he was fleeing like the wicked man in the Proverbs, permitting himself to be chevied by these persons all over London. The pride of the Wests put up a strong protest.

"What on earth can he do?" he demanded again. "He can't tie you up and drag you home against your will."

"I know," said Flick. "It's just that I can't face him."

"Why not?" persisted Bill, just contriving to avoid diminishing the juvenile population of Ladbroke Grove by one.

"You don't know Uncle George," said Flick, shaking her head. "He's such a compelling sort of man. So frightfully sort of hypnotic."

"Oh, come!" protested Bill.

"Well, you know what I mean. He glares at you and tells you to do things and you just do them. When he looks at me I always feel like a rabbit and a snake."

"How do you mean, you feel like a rabbit and a snake?" said Bill, puzzled.

"Well, you know, sort of hypnotized. I'm sure if my door hadn't been locked that night, and he had been able to come in and glare at me, I should have lost my nerve altogether and come meekly down to dinner instead of running away. If he catches us I know exactly what will happen. I shall have to go back with him."

"Nonsense! Be a man!"

"Well, that's how I feel."

Bill was in many ways a simple soul, but he had lived long enough in this world to know that a woman's whims have to be respected, however apparently absurd to the view of the more earthy male. And in a dim way he could follow Flick and understand her position. Until he had got used to him, he had found Ridgway, his late manservant, affecting him in rather the same fashion. Ridgway had had quiet but decided views on ties and hats, and many a time Bill remembered, he had had his way in these matters, sternly overruling the preferences of the man who paid him his wages. One cannot argue about personality. Its compelling power has to be accepted as a fact. If Flick felt like that about her Uncle George and shrank so timorously from the prospect of meeting him, then Uncle George must be shaken off if it took the last drop of gasoline in the tank.

He put on the wheel round and they shot away in an easterly direction, and from this point the affair took on a dreamlike aspect which precluded coherent thought. Bill had no notion where he was going. Like the heroine of a melodrama, he was lost in London. His simple policy was to take any road which looked smooth and fairly empty and to skim down it till he came to another road possessing the same desirable qualities. And always the motor purred. It was impossible to get away from it in the traffic, and Bill yearned for the open country. And suddenly, when he had least expected it, the houses began to thin and he was thrilled by the discovery that there really was an end to this sprawling city after all.

So sedulously had Bill twisted, retwisted and kept on twisting his steering wheel that, though he had started out along the Portsmouth Road, he was now heading for Hertfordshire. And presently London, with its tram lines and traffic, was left behind and they were out on the open road.

"Now," said Bill, teeth grimly set, "we'll show 'em!"

Although this car of his was but a hired one, he had come in the course of this adventure to love it like a son. It was a beautiful car, obviously only recently tuned up by expert hands, and what it needed to give of its best was just such a broad highway as now lay before it. Tram lines and traffic fret and hamper a car of spirit. What it craves is space. This it had now got, and the roar of the engines as Bill pressed down his foot sounded like a joyful cheering. The needle on the indicator crept up to forty, then swiftly to forty-five.

"Laugh this off!" growled Bill over his shoulder at the pursuing limousine.

It was as if Augustus Briggs had heard the provocative words. He did not attempt to laugh it off, for he was a chauffeur and by the rules of his guild not allowed anything beyond a faint smile at the corner of his mouth; but he did indulge for an instant in this faint smile. The idea of a Cardinal Six—for such he perceived Bill's car to be—attempting to give the dust to his own peerless Brown-Windsor excited in him an almost jovial contempt; and so sudden was the bound which the limousine made as he opened the throttle that a hen down the road which had planned to make a leisurely crossing saved its valuable life only by a frenzied leap in the last split second.

And so, going nicely, they passed through New Barnet, Hadley Wood, Potters Bar and St. Mimm's, and came to the town of Hatfield. And it was outside Hatfield, just before you come to Brocket Hall, that the long, long trail reached its abrupt end.

Bill had not been aware of the new touch of grimness added to the chase. He had noted the chauffeur's spurt and had answered it by putting his needle up into the fifties. But now a chill feeling of impending defeat had begun to lower his mood of exultation. Something seemed to tell him that the car behind had just that extra turn of speed which was going to make all the difference. Sticking doggedly, however, to his guns, he was endeavoring to urge the Cardinal Six to a gait which its maker had never contemplated, when the disaster occurred which subconsciously he had been anticipating all the time.

There was a sudden loud report. The Cardinal Six swerved madly across the road, nearly jerking the wheel out of his hands. And when he had managed to get it into control, he was made aware by a harsh bumping that the worst had happened. At the very tensest stage of the race he had been put out of the running by a burst tire.

The tragedy had taken place almost immediately opposite the neat little gate of a neat little house standing back from the road behind the shelter of a quickset hedge. Bill brought the car to a stop and looked behind him. The limousine, a couple of hundred yards in the rear, was coming up like a galleon under sail. He grasped Flick's arm. It was a moment for swift action.

"Come on!" he cried, and jumping out, they ran through the gate.

The garden in which they found themselves was one of those beautifully trim preserves whose every leaf and petal speaks eloquently of a loving proprietor. Neat little sticks supported neat little plants. Neat little gravel paths ran between neat little flower beds. It was the sort of garden from which snails, wandering in with a carefree nonchalance, withdraw abashed, blushing and walking backwards, realizing that they are on holy ground. And it should have affected Bill and Flick, those human intruders, with the same self-conscious awe.

But Bill and Flick were in a hurry, and when we are in a hurry we forget our better selves. In such a maze of flower beds it was obviously impossible to keep to the paths. Taking Flick's hand, Bill raced diagonally across country to where a shrubbery seemed to offer at least a temporary refuge.

From a window on the ground floor an agonized purple face glared at them with an expression of pure hatred. Two frenzied hands beat madly on the pane. A protesting wail like that of a tortured demon came to their ears, muffled but awesome.

They stopped for neither apologies nor explanations. Hand in hand, they trampled over the beds and were in the shrubbery. There they halted, panting; and presently observed, shooting in at the gate, the projectilelike form of Sir George.

II

SIR GEORGE PYKE had marked with a stern triumph the accident that had checked the Cardinal Six. It had seemed to him like retribution overtaking the wicked. So greatly did it stimulate him that he yielded once again to that overmastering impetuosity of his, and instead of waiting to be driven up to the gate banged imperiously on the glass and bounded from the limousine while still a good twenty yards down the road. The long period of physical inaction had told upon his nerves and he was impatient to be up and doing. As quickly as his little legs would carry him, he scuttled along the hedge and bolted in at the gate.

He was halfway across the flower beds, following the clearly defined tracks of his quarry in the mold, when a roar so loud and anguished that it compelled attention brought him to a momentary halt:

"Stop! You! What the devil do you think you're doing, you —— ——, —— you?"

He perceived a large, mauve-faced individual in golfing costume gesticulating forcefully from the steps of the house.

"——! ——!! ——!!!" added this person, driving home his point.

So great was Sir George's absorption in the business in hand that it is doubtful whether mere words, however eloquent, would have stopped him for long. The speaker had used two adjectives and a verb which he had never heard before, but it was not the desire to pause and inquire into the meaning of these that caused him to remain. What rooted him to the spot was the sudden appearance from behind some bushes of a second man, in corduroy trousers, and the thing about this second man that so compelled respect was the fact that he carried a large and dangerous-looking pitchfork, and—as if this were not enough—was accompanied by a weedy dog of ratfish aspect, which now trotted up and began to sniff in a strong, silent way at Sir George's calves. Sir George looked at the dog, and the dog, using one rolling reddish eye for the purpose, looked at Sir George. He could never, even with his face in repose, have been a handsome dog, and now his appearance was made definitely repellant by a slightly updrawn lip, revealing a large white tooth. Pressing as his engagements were, Sir George decided to linger.

The man in the golf suit came up.

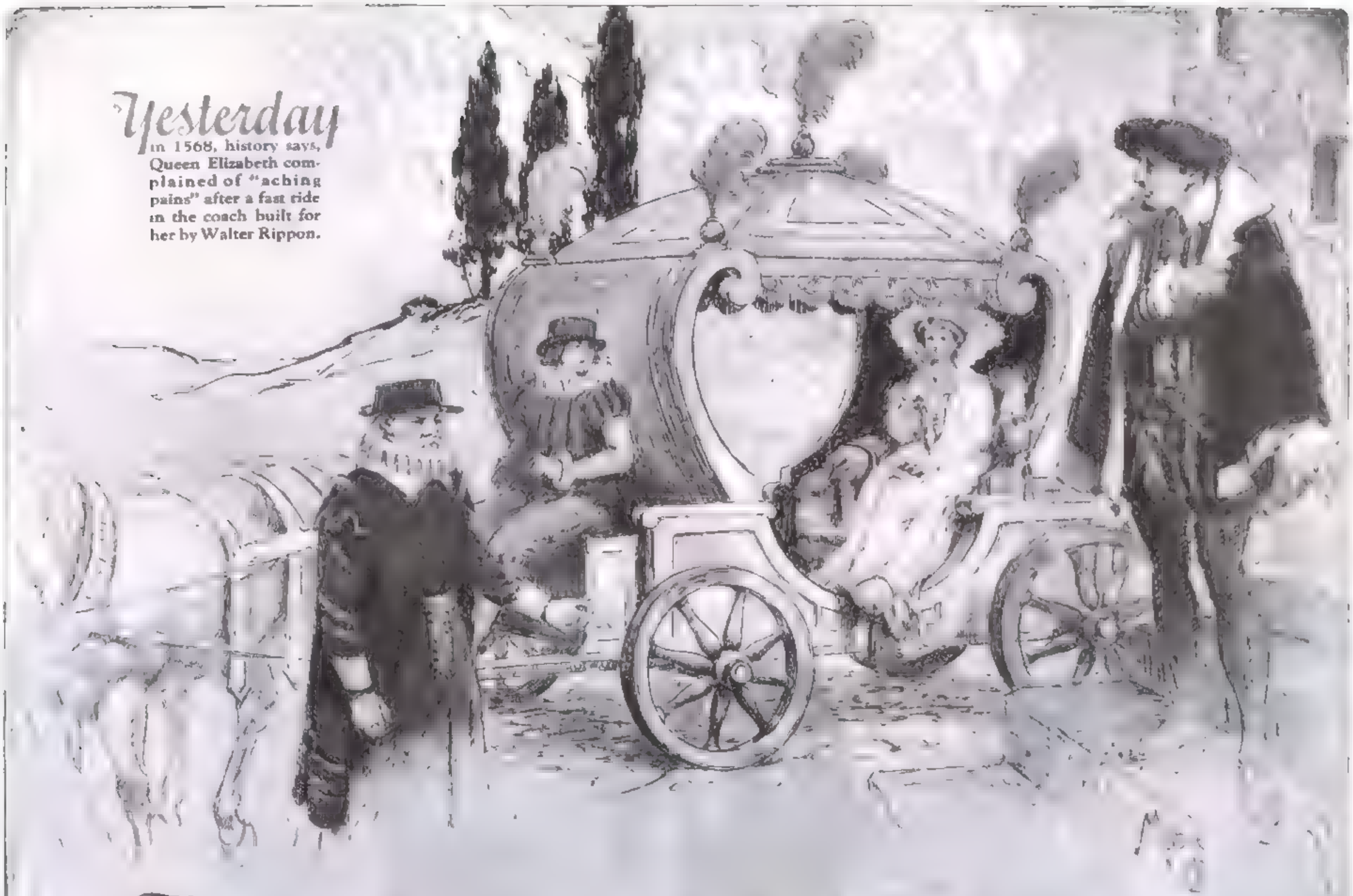
"——! ——!" he began, enriching Sir George's vocabulary with a new noun.

The owner of the neat little house and garden, though he looked and behaved like a retired Indian colonel of the old school, was in reality no such thing, but technically a man of peace. He was in fact no other than Montague Grayson, the well-known writer of sunny and optimistic novels, and it would have been a distinct shock to his large public could they have beheld him in his present frame of mind. And yet had they known all the facts, they could hardly have denied that his wrath was justified.

If there is one thing that wakes the fiend which sleeps in us all it is getting stuck in the big chapter of a sunny and optimistic novel. For nearly three hours Montague Grayson had been writhing in his study like a lost soul, trying to inject whimsical humor and gentle pathos into the pivotal scene of his new book. And when, looking out of the window for the hundredth time, he saw Flick and Bill plowing through his beloved flower beds all the hatred which he had been feeling toward his hero and heroine became instantly diverted to them. He had not thought it possible to dislike any human beings so much until, coming out of the house and catching sight of Sir George, he realized that what he had felt for Flick and Bill had been but a pale imitation of the real thing. If Montague Grayson had been a Dante he would have gone straight off and started writing a new Inferno in which Sir George would have occupied a position in the middle of the innermost hell. As it was, he contented himself with bounding out into the garden, his bosom seething with that perilous stuff that weighs upon the soul.

"—— you, sir! —— and— you!" bellowed the ex-sunny and optimistic man,

Continued on Page 75


Yesterday
in 1568, history says, Queen Elizabeth complained of "aching pains" after a fast ride in the coach built for her by Walter Rippon.

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Wilson *built* Body

. . . the very miles seem cushioned as you glide along in cradled luxury. For a quarter of a century the Wilson craftsmen have been adding and adding to the beauty, richness and comfort of modern motor car coachwork. Designing with finesse and building with thoroughness. Fusing art with artisanship. Creating around the emblem —Wilson built Body—a prestige born of excellence, and the pride of all who love fine things.

C. R. WILSON BODY COMPANY, Detroit *and* Bay City, Michigan

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The Dainty Things that Delight your Wife -

She tells how she keeps all her charming little accessories looking their best—their colors unfaded—their texture unharmed. How china and glassware are kept clean and sparkling without roughening or reddening her hands.

"With fear and trembling I made up my mind to wash my white silk alpaca sports dress. I just couldn't face sending it to the cleaner all through the summer. I followed the directions for white silk on the Lux box. It washed beautifully. I never was so thankful for anything in my life."

"On his last trip to New York, my husband brought back to me some of the prettiest collar and cuff sets you ever saw—they really seemed too lovely to wear. But he said, 'Nonsense, you put them right on and wear them!' Well, of course I did. And it really wasn't extravagant of him, for I've washed the red ones and the blue ones several times in my standby, Lux, and they haven't run a single bit."

"I've found a new way to launder very sheer stockings when I am doubtful about the dye. The nude shades seem to streak even in water. After washing in lukewarm Lux suds and rinsing in water the same temperature, I stuff cheesecloth in them and hang them up to dry. The 'stuffing' seems to keep the color from streaking."

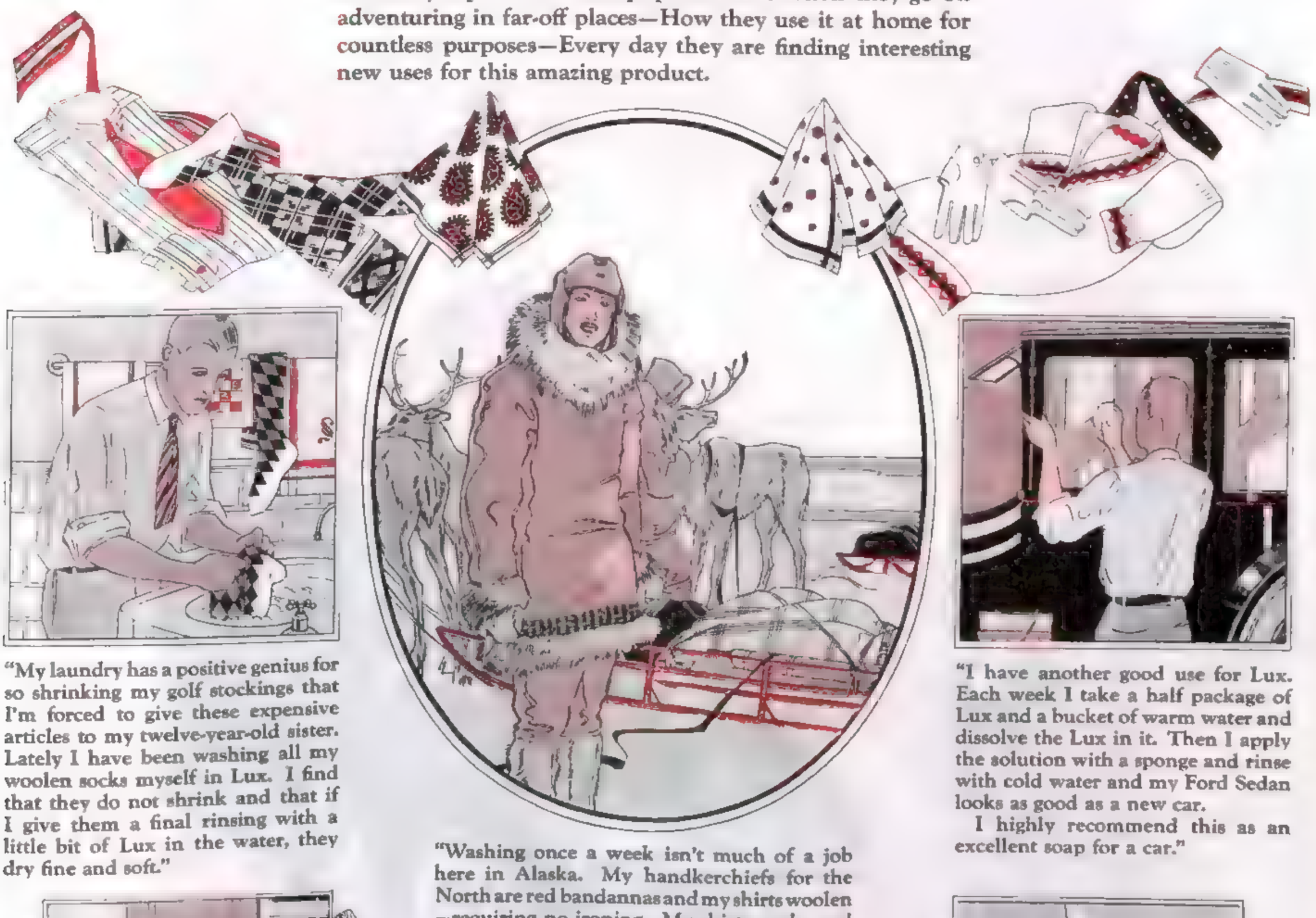
"My father was a missionary and he left me his collection of quaint Chinese treasures. They are of course very precious to me. I wash them once a month with Lux, and I really love to do it. It was just because Lux never injured my hands when I used it for my dishes that I dared trust these little Chinese statuettes, porcelain flowers, etc., to it."

Lux won't injure fine fabrics—won't redden or roughen hands

"I thought you might be interested to know that I have just washed a brilliantly colored Rodier scarf very successfully. I used almost cool Lux suds and washed it as quickly as I could. I even had the rinsing waters all ready and plunged it from one into the other. Then, instead of hanging it up I dried it on a bath towel. It came out beautifully clear and bright."

To say Nothing of the Sturdier things that interest You

MEN write how Lux meets their own special needs—How necessary a part of their equipment it is when they go off adventuring in far-off places—How they use it at home for countless purposes—Every day they are finding interesting new uses for this amazing product.



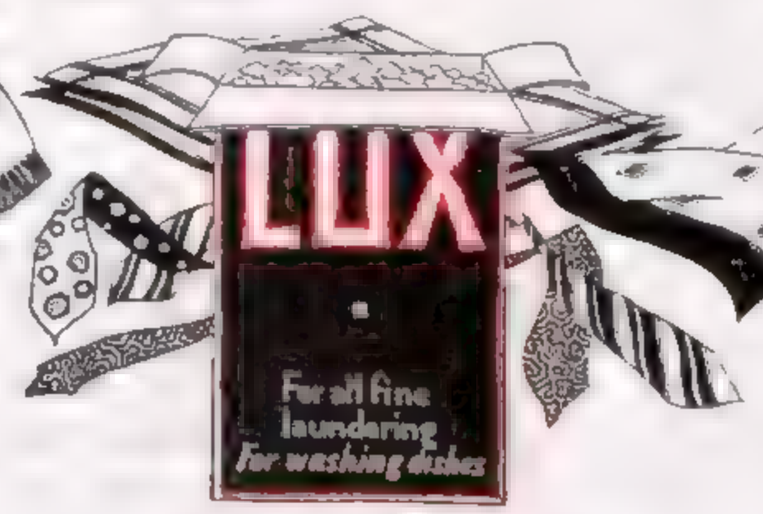
"My laundry has a positive genius for so shrinking my golf stockings that I'm forced to give these expensive articles to my twelve-year-old sister. Lately I have been washing all my woolen socks myself in Lux. I find that they do not shrink and that if I give them a final rinsing with a little bit of Lux in the water, they dry fine and soft."

"Washing once a week isn't much of a job here in Alaska. My handkerchiefs for the North are red bandannas and my shirts woolen—requiring no ironing. My shirts, socks and underwear I wash in Lux and rinse them out and hang in my room overnight to dry. Outdoors they freeze stiff in five minutes. The weather here is about zero most of the time. 40° below today."

"I have another good use for Lux. Each week I take a half package of Lux and a bucket of warm water and dissolve the Lux in it. Then I apply the solution with a sponge and rinse with cold water and my Ford Sedan looks as good as a new car.

I highly recommend this as an excellent soap for a car."

"Our white Colonial house is built 'close to the ground,' and the lower clapboards get very much spattered with mud and dirt. Repainting seemed too expensive, so we washed the lower part with Lux. It worked wonders, and we have saved the cost of repainting, for we have learned that the outside of a frame can be washed as readily as the inside trim."



Lux won't injure anything pure water alone will not harm

LEVER BROS. CO., CAMBRIDGE, MASS

"Light racing sails of gossamer thinness—made of Egyptian cotton—can't be treated to ordinary washing methods. If they shrink the least bit it means they are ruined for racing purposes. Then, too, their fibers while strong must not be subjected to harsh soap or they are weakened. Lux is the safe way to wash these sails as all yachtsmen know."

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WHAT'S in that fine, old name Peerless? Simply this—the crystallizing into a present day car of rich beauty and rare comfort, all the wealth of past experience in designing and building cars of proven dependability and of power exceptional. Coupled with this is the keen satisfaction of owning the finest. Both the Peerless Eight and the Six kindle that warming pride of ownership which, after all, is beyond price.

THE PEERLESS MOTOR CAR COMPANY ~ CLEVELAND · OHIO

(Continued from Page 70)

brooding over Sir George like a thunder cloud. It should be mentioned here in further extenuation of Mr. Grayson's peevishness that he had had a bad morning's golf. "What the —— do you think you're doing?"

Sir George drew himself up with what dignity he could muster, painfully conscious of the dog, which was plainly waiting only for a word of encouragement from the man up top before starting to give free play to his worst nature.

"My niece ——" he began.

"You come trespassing in here, trampling on my flower beds ——"

"I am sorry ——"

"What's the good of being sorry?"

"I should explain that my niece ——"

"I've a good mind to shred you up and sprinkle you under the rosebushes."

The man with the pitchfork, an enthusiast in any scheme that made for the good of flowers, nodded silent approval of this plan. The dog breathed asthmatically.

"If you will allow me to explain, sir——"

"Explain! What possible explanation can there be? It's an outrage!"

"I ——"

"Look at those beds! Covered with your beastly hoof marks!"

"My niece ——"

To Bill and Flick, lurking in the shrubbery, only the author's portion of this dialogue had been audible, but that had been enough to send them creeping onward through the bushes with all the speed that they could command. A respect for other people's property is deep-seated in most of us, and already the heinousness of the crime that they had committed was heavy upon them. There is something about the mere act of treading on somebody else's flower beds that automatically puts back the clock and makes us children again; and Bill and Flick, as they slunk away, were feeling about ten years old. It was just such behavior as theirs that led to no jam for tea, and they felt their position deeply. It was not till the shrubbery ended in a small hedge and they found themselves out in a field dotted with sheep that the sense of guilt left them, to be replaced by one of elation. Deplorable though their conduct might have been, it had at any rate had the excellent result of giving them a breathing space. From the way the interview between Sir George and Mr. Grayson was developing, it looked as if their pursuer might be occupied for quite some time.

"Take care!" said Flick suddenly, and dropped on the grass. Bill joined her, flopping as if his legs had been mown from under him.

"What's the matter?" he asked a little querulously, for his nerves were not what they had been at the start of this affair, and he was shaken.

Flick pointed. Above the hedge that rimmed the field rose the silhouette of the limousine. Against the pale sky the profile of Augustus Briggs stood out like something carven. Calm, Augustus seemed, with the calmness of the man who is able to unhitch his brain at will and think of absolutely nothing. Only the smoke rising from the cigarette that appeared to be glued to his lower lip showed that he was alive.

Bill looked at Augustus keenly. He was thinking hard. A superbly strategic plan was beginning to shape itself in his mind. At this point good fortune sent to him precisely the ally he required. Close beside them, looking down on them with youth's frankly inquisitive stare, was standing a small boy.

"Hullo," said Bill, smiling ingratiatingly.

"Hullo," said the boy. He spoke reservedly, as if wishing to convey that he committed himself to nothing. He was a grave-looking boy with the pinched face of one on whom the cares of the world press heavily. He seemed worried about the cosmos.

"Do you want to earn half a crown?"

"Where is it?"

"Here"

"Yes," said the boy, having examined the coin critically. Bill pointed.

"See that car?"

"Yes."

"If I give you this half crown will you start throwing stones at it?"

"Stones?"

"Stones."

"D'yer want me to throw stones at that car?"

"At that car," said Bill patiently.

"And you'll give me that 'alf crown?"

"Yes."

An instant before one might have thought that it would have been impossible for this stripling to smile, so strained and careworn had been his face; but now his head seemed suddenly to split in the middle. A vast grin gleamed like a gash beneath his snub nose. Stunned for a moment by the stupendous reflection that he was going to be paid a huge sum for indulging in his favorite sport, he recovered swiftly. He took the half crown, bit it, put it in his mouth and retired. At a leisurely pace he crossed the field and for an age-long minute there was silence and peace. The sheep browsed in the grass, birds twittered their evensong in the trees, Augustus Briggs smoked his cigarette in the front seat of the limousine.

Then things began to happen.

Appearances to the contrary, the mind of Augustus Briggs was not wholly a blank as he sat at his wheel placidly savoring his gasper. His was the quietude of deep content. This rest from the chase, with the opportunity it afforded for a couple of whiffs, was just what he needed most. So far from having unhitched his brain, he was thinking quite deeply, the object of his thoughts being the tip he had received that morning from the butler on tomorrow's three-o'clock race at Hurst Park. The butler, a knowledgeable man, had recommended an investment on Soapy Sam, and the more Augustus examined the prospect the better it looked. By this time tomorrow it seemed practically certain that he would be a richer man by a matter of ten shillings.

The reflection soothed Augustus Briggs. He gazed almost with benevolence at the small boy who was crossing the road. He was not fond of small boys as a rule, but in his mellowed mood he did not actively dislike this one. He would not have adopted him; but on the other hand, he would not have clipped him on the side of the head. He watched him indulgently as he disappeared through the hedge. Then he turned to his thoughts again. Two bob on Soapy Sam at five to one

Something whizzed across the road and clanged against the bonnet of the car. For an instant Augustus Briggs sat gaping. Then, peering over the side, he saw that what had struck the bonnet was a large, jagged flint. And a moment later he observed bobbing up over the hedge a grinning face.

"Gor!" exclaimed Augustus, and as he spoke a second flint found its billet.

The chauffeur was not a man of deep sensibility. Toward most of the phenomena of the world through which he moved his attitude was one of superior indifference. A primrose by the river's brim a simple primrose was to him, and it was nothing more. But one thing he did love with a strong and holy passion, and that was his paint. And the impact of those flints on his shiny bonnet caused him an anguish more acute than that which he would have felt had his own head been their target. With one short, sharp wail he leaped from the car, raced across the road and burst into a torrent of eloquence.

The hedge, it grieved him to discover, formed an impenetrable barrier. It was one of those hedges through which boys can glide like eels but which cannot be negotiated by chauffeurs fearful of tearing their uniforms. He had consequently to be content with mere words. And while he stood there, sketching out a list—necessarily incomplete, for it had been compiled on the spur of the moment, but nevertheless impressive—of the things he proposed to do to the boy if he caught him, Bill and Flick hurried silently out from their ambush.

Augustus, startled by the noise of engines, spun round. The car, with a wholly unauthorized driver at the wheel, was moving rapidly out of sight.

III

IT IS pleasant to be able to record that Bill's first act on returning to the metropolis was to drive, guided by Flick, to Sir George's house in Manchester Square and leave the limousine outside the front door. He had no desire to add larceny to his other offenses against the gentleman. This done, he hailed a cab and took Flick off to a restaurant to dine. He was feeling in need of refreshment after the activities of the afternoon, and it had become evident to both of them that the situation which had arisen was one that called for calm and unhurried discussion.

"How on earth," he said, as the waiter receded from the table which they had taken in a quiet corner, "your uncle found out that you were likely to be at Marmont Mansions simply gets past me. I suppose we've got to take it that he did come there looking for you?"

"I'm afraid so. There doesn't seem any other possible reason why he should be in Battersea at all."

"In any case, he knows that you are to be found somewhere round those parts, so the question now arises, What's to be done?"

Flick drew little patterns on the tablecloth with her fork. She looked about her at the gradually filling restaurant. She had lived a cloistered life at Holly House, rarely emerging for meals except to go to recognized resorts of wealth like the Ritz, Claridge's and the Carlton, and this sort of place was strange to her. She was trying to decide whether the people at the other tables were interesting or merely flashy when Bill put his question again:

"What's to be done?"

"Yes, I'm wondering too," said Flick. But she spoke listlessly, for the long ride with all its varied emotions had left her tired. She wanted to postpone serious talk, and to that end turned the conversation to the subject of this restaurant in which she was sitting. "What did you say the name of this place was?" she asked.

"Mario's," said Bill.

"What made you choose it?"

"I was trying to think of somewhere where your Uncle George would be least likely to drop in for a bite, and I remembered this place. Slingsby took me here to lunch one day. Why? Don't you like it?"

"Yes, I think it's —— Oh!"

She was looking past him at the door, and he was surprised to see that the color which had been coming back to her face under the influence of food and drink had suddenly left it again. Her eyes had widened in a startled stare of dismay, and for a moment there flashed into his mind the absurd thought that Sir George might miraculously have appeared as if out of a trap. He swung round in his seat and was relieved to find that no such miracle had occurred. Somebody had just come in at the door and was walking down the room looking for a table, but it was not Sir George. It was a young man in a check suit, black-haired and adorned—if you could call it that—as to the upper lip by a small blob of mustache. Bill had no recollection of ever having set eyes on this young man before, nor did the other's appearance give to his thinking reasonable cause for alarm. He turned round again and looked at Flick inquiringly. She was still pale.

"Did you see?" she whispered.

"See?" said Bill, mystified. "Do you mean the fellow in the check suit?"

Flick nodded.

"Mr. Pilbeam!"

Bill, who had taken up his knife and fork, laid them down again. He eyed Flick incredulously for a moment, then turned once more and looked down the room; and looking, saw that the check-suited one had congealed into a pillar of amazement and was gaping in their direction with open mouth. If he had been a highly paid motion-picture star he could not have registered surprise more eloquently.

Bill flushed darkly. It took a good deal to ruffle his normally good-humored outlook on life, but it could be done. Roderick Pyke had done it by hitting him over the head with a stick, and Percy Pilbeam had done it now by the mere act of walking into a restaurant where he was having dinner. A man who has been through the sort of experiences which Bill had been having that afternoon does not look at things in the light of pure reason. Mario's Restaurant was open to the entire population of London, and Percy Pilbeam had a perfect right to go there to dine if he wished; but to Bill, who had been chased by the other's employer from the Prince of Wales Road, Battersea, to within a couple of miles of Brocket Hall in Hertfordshire, his presence in the place seemed as much an outrage as that of Sir George Pyke in his flower bed had seemed to Montague Grayson, the sunny novelist.

It was persecution. That was what Bill felt—sheer persecution, and he pushed his chair back and rose with protruding jaw.

"Where are you going?" asked Flick.

The next moment it had become plain where Bill was going. He was stalking down the aisle in the direction of the table at which the intruder had now been induced by a solicitous waiter to seat himself. He reached the table and, planting two large hands on the cloth, bent forward and raked

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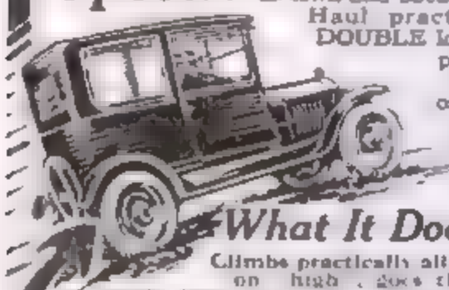

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the assistant editor of Society Spice with a lowering gaze that seemed to the latter to sear his very soul. Not for a long time had Percy Pilbeam seen at close range anyone so big and so obviously unfriendly as Bill. He shrank into his chair.

"Is your name Pilbeam?"

Pilbeam gulped dryly.

"Yuk!"

Bill bent a little closer. To the diners at the neighboring tables the incident seemed a common one of restaurant life—the old friend spotting the dear pal across the room and coming over to pass a chummy word. Pilbeam would have been amazed if he had known that anybody could possibly so misinterpret the position of affairs. He was, indeed, wondering dully why the whole of the assembled company did not instantly rush to the spot to avert the murder which seemed to him so sickeningly imminent. In the pursuance of his duties as scandal gatherer for Society Spice he had been in some unpleasant situations, but compared with this one they had been roses—roses all the way. For a swift instant he met Bill's eye, and looked pallidly away, horrified by its red hostility.

"You notice I'm dining with Miss Sheridan?" said Bill in a quiet, rumbling voice.

Pilbeam tried to say, "Quite," but the word stuck in his throat.

"Good," said Bill. "Now, do you know what you're going to do?"

Pilbeam smiled the beginnings of a weak smile, intended to convey that he was open to consider in the most favorable spirit any suggestions which Bill might make.

"You're going to wait right here where you're sitting," cooed Bill, clenching and unclenching a fist that looked to the other's fascinated gaze like a ham, "until we are through. You will then keep right on sitting while we go out, and you will continue sitting for ten minutes after that. I should advise you to make it a little longer so as to be on the safe side, as I shall be out there keeping an eye on the door. See?"

Pilbeam said that he saw.

"That's understood then. Now don't," urged Bill earnestly, "go getting absent-minded and forgetting, will you?"

Pilbeam said he wouldn't, and Bill nodded a brief farewell and returned to his table. Pilbeam, after watching him the whole way, took up a fork and began to pick feebly at a sardine.

"What did he say?" asked Flick eagerly.

Bill considered the question.

"Come to think of it," he replied, "he didn't say much. But I gathered that he understood all right."

"Understood?"

"That he wasn't to stir from the table till we had been gone ten minutes."

"But he will! He'll sneak out the moment we leave and follow me."

"I think not," said Bill. "I think not. Would you mind changing seats? Then I shall be able to watch him. Not that it's really necessary. Come on," he said encouragingly. "Don't let a little thing like that spoil your dinner. Try some of this fish. It looks good."

With gentle solicitude he forced her to make an adequate meal, and was pleased to note the steady rise of her spirits as she ate. When the waiter had brought the coffee he felt that the time had come for serious discussion of the situation. The intrusion of Pilbeam, added to the shock of discovering that Sir George had followed the trail that led to the Battersea haven, had disturbed him a good deal, and he had been thinking deeply in the intervals of conversation.

"Now," he said "we must talk this thing over and see where we stand. It seems to me that they're beginning to come over the plate a bit too fast."

Flick nodded. The metaphor was strange to her, but she gathered its meaning.

"Let's get it clear," Bill went on. "Your plan of campaign is to stay away till your people throw in the towel and say that this idea of marrying the man Pyke is off. That's straight, isn't it?"

"Yes; but how am I to stay away, with them right after me like this? They know now where you live and any moment they may find out where I live."

"Exactly! Obviously, you can't come dropping in at Marmont Mansions any more."

"No."

"Two courses," proceeded Bill judicially, "are open. We can change our addresses ——"

"But even if I do change my address, I shall be all the time in a state of jumps, wondering if Uncle George isn't going to pop out from somewhere and pounce on me."

"Just what I was going to say myself. It doesn't seem to me worth it. You can't go on with this hunted-fawn business indefinitely. It would give you the heeby-jeebies in a couple of days. So what I suggest is that you clear out altogether."

"What? Where?"

"New York."

"New York!"

"I've thought it all out," said Bill complacently. "And between you and me, I think the scheme's a pippin. It'll only take a day getting your passport fixed up."

"But what am I to do when I get to New York?"

"I've two ideas about that. You might go to my Uncle Cooley at Westbury—where we first met, you know."

Flick shook her head.

"It wouldn't be safe. He would be sure to cable Uncle Sinclair that I was there. They're great friends."

"Yes, that's true. Well, then here's the other idea: I'll give you a letter to Alice Coker. She will look after you."

If Bill had not at that moment removed his gaze while he reached for a match he might have observed a queer expression flit over Flick's face. She looked at Bill wonderingly. It passed her comprehension how he could possibly be so dense as to imagine that she would go anywhere near the odious Miss Coker, no matter how great the emergency. True, she had never let fall a word to indicate that Alice Coker was in her opinion of all the superfluous women in the world the most superfluous, but she felt that he ought to have known it by instinct. She bit her lip and her blue eyes clouded.

"She's a great girl," continued Bill with tactless enthusiasm. "You'll love her."

"Yes?" said Flick thinly.

"I'll tell you what. I'll write the letter now." He called to the waiter, and presently pen, ink and paper were on the table. "I think this is a wow, don't you?" he said buoyantly.

"A what?"

"A wam," explained Bill. "The scheme of a lifetime. It solves the whole thing."

Flick watched him as he wrote, clenching her hands under the table. She was conscious of a rush of contending emotions. At one moment she wanted to bang this dull-witted young man over the head, and the next she was wishing that she could just bury her face in her hands and cry. It was this latter desire which she found it particularly hard to fight down. She was feeling bitterly hurt. The airy way he had suggested that she should go right out of his life like this, with never a hint that he would miss her for an instant! It was illogical, of course. She realized that. He was only trying to help her. But women cannot always be logical.

In itself, considered merely as a way out of her difficulties, the idea of going to America was, she was forced to admit, a good one. The activities of the enemy had rendered London impossible. She simply could not go on being, as Bill had expressed it, a hunted fawn. In New York she would feel safe, and she had plenty of money.

"There!" said Bill.

Flick took the letter and put it in her bag.

"Thank you," she said. "I suppose we might as well be going now, mightn't we? I'm rather tired."

"All right," said Bill. "I'll put you into a cab, and then I'll hang around for a while just in case friend Pilbeam starts any rannygazoo."

But Pilbeam did not start any rannygazoo. He was ostentatiously busy with the leg of a chicken as they passed down the aisle, nor did he allow his eyes to stray in their direction when they went through the door. Safety first was Pilbeam's motto.

Bill closed the door of the cab.

"Good night," he said. "Don't lose that letter."

"Of course not," said Flick. "Good night."

Bill turned back to the door of the restaurant and stood there solidly, in his eyes the watchful look of one on his guard against rannygazoo. The cab turned the corner into Shaftesbury Avenue. A hand waved at him from the window.

The cab had scarcely reached Coventry Street when the hand once more came out of the window. This time it grasped some fragments of paper. It opened and with a vicious jerk scattered these into the road. Then it disappeared again.

IV

THE good ship Homeric lay in her slip at Southampton, preparing for departure. Her decks and alleyways were crowded with voyagers and those who had come to see those voyagers off. Flick, leaning over the rail, stared down at the sun-speckled water, and Bill, by her side, gazed at the gulls circling overhead. For some minutes now conversation between them had taken on a limping gait, and the atmosphere was charged with a strange embarrassment.

"You'll be off soon," said Bill, urged by the silence to say something.

"Yes."

The gulls flashed to and fro against the cobalt sky, mewing like kittens.

"This is supposed to be one of the most comfortable boats in the world," said Bill.

"Is it?"

"I think you'll be comfortable."

"I expect so."

"They rather pride themselves on making you comfortable."

"That's nice."

Bill was not sure whether he was sorry or relieved to hear at this juncture the all-for-the-shore cry that puts an end to the sometimes trying ordeal of seeing off. Up till a few minutes ago everything had been jolly. Coming down in the train and for the first quarter of an hour on board the boat Flick had been full of chatter, a pleasant and cheery companion. But just recently a cloud seemed to have fallen on her mood, and she had tended to long silences and monosyllables.

"I suppose I ought to be going," he said.

"I suppose so."

"I hope you'll have a good time on board."

"Thanks."

"It'll seem funny to you being in America again after all these years."

"Yes."

"I'll look after Bob."

"Thanks."

"Well, I suppose I ought to be going."

"I suppose so."

A gull wheeled so close to Bill's head that he ducked involuntarily. He laughed a nervous laugh.

"What a lot of people come to see people off," he said.

"Yes."

"Friends, I suppose," said Bill brightly.

"I shouldn't wonder."

A steward with a voice like a foghorn in pain was once more urging all whom it might concern to make for the shore.

"I suppose," said Bill, struck with a novel idea, "I ought to be going."

"I think you'd better."

"Well, good-by."

"Good-by."

"You won't lose that letter?"

"Which letter?"

"Why, the one to Alice," said Bill, surprised.

"Oh, yes," said Flick.

"She'll give you a great time."

"Yes?"

They had walked to the gangplank. It was covered with a moving stream of humanity, bustling like bees going into a hive. There was something so suggestive of finality about the spectacle that a curious dull melancholy swept over Bill. He cast a side glance at Flick. The sight of her sent an odd pang through him. Perhaps it was the hugeness of the vessel that made her seem so small and forlorn.

"Gosh!" he exclaimed with sudden fervor. "I shall miss you! The flat will seem like a desert without you in the old armchair. I shall just sit there with poor old Bob ——"

He broke off.

"Good Lord!" he said, dismayed.

"It's nothing," said Flick. Her face was working. She dabbed impatiently at her eyes.

"But ——"

"I—I was just thinking of Bob." She held out her hand abruptly. "Good-by," she said, and was gone.

Bill stood for a moment, staring into the crowd which hid her.

"Golly!" he mused. "She is fond of that dog!"

He walked ashore thoughtfully.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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SUCH A RED ROSE

(Continued from Page 19)

thought, then formulated more slowly: "The feller where gits that there supper box, he gits the right to go settin' up keepin' comp'ny with that there party—not namin' no names—fur six months still, without no interference from nobody. Nobody's a-goin' to go walkin' up that front walk, nobody's a-settin' on that there porch, nobody's a-packin' or a-fetchin' her nowheres but the feller where gits the supper she makes still. Now is that there plain put?"

Mr. Boomershein glanced down upon his lapel and tottered with laughter. "Say, now, that is so easy I have pity ower you Plapp. Youse better go sayin' her good-by, then."

Whipcords of earnestness sprang out upon Peter's temples. He wheeled upon the third member of the group. "Feltbinder, you're a witness to this here yet, and you're a witness where's got the right to keep his mouth shut up and closed. We ain't namin' no girl and we don't want no girl's name blatted around. We don't want nothin' put out about this here."

Mr. Feltbinder's thin oyster-shell lips fluted tightly together upon the instant. Even his voice which issued from between them sounded tight: "I ain't fur lettin' nothin' about nothin'. The corkscrew ain't made a'ready where kin twist me from somepun if I ain't the mind to leave it. No; youse ain't namin' off no females"—he sighed and rubbed his short fingers over his nude pate—"but I know good enough this here one begins with a 'y' and ends up with a 'y' yet. And this I give you: if you'd a-been fittin' ower her twenty years back a'ready, I'd a-been hornin' in onto it too. And I bet I'd a-been the feller where eat the box away from youse both! But then agin"—here he flipped his little coat tail philosophically—"you save, still, when you git down to the widow wimmin and the old maids. There ain't hardly no bidding onto their boxes and you git 'em cheap. Extry wittles too." Mr. Feltbinder laid his finger aside his nose like a waggish old Puck. "You young bucks bids fur to fill your eyes; I bid fur to fill my stummick. And that's what wittles is fur, ain't not?"

"What's a matter of fillin' your eyes along of your stummick?" chortled Boomershein loudly as Peter Plapp strode resolutely from them down the street. "Take notice to me out Flathead!"

"Yes, well," fumbled Mr. Feltbinder wistfully, "'course, money and wimmin is what makes the world go round, yet. But you mostly can't git both the one and both the other at the same time."

In reality Peter Plapp did not feel so resolute as he appeared. He had not traveled a block until some of the assurance went out of his legs. What had he done? Suppose—just suppose that he shouldn't get the supper box. By the terms of his own hasty contract, then, he would be excommunicated for six months. For six months! Not to speak to her for six months! To see his rival in undisputed possession for six months! That meant death, nothing less. But what could prevent him from getting the box? Nothing. Nobody else knew about the rosebud. And yet—Peter slowed as he neared the substantial Boomershein dwelling behind its lofty hedge, and gazed at it with seared eyes. Boomershein Senior was the plethoric grocer of the village; Plapp Senior was only its impecunious school-teacher. Suppose—just suppose the bids upon the box ran higher than four dollars and eighty-five cents, the total amount of his worldly assets. Suppose Samuel Boomershein should march proudly forth to claim the box with the rosebud and to escort Miss Effie Yancey to her seat between the lines of clapping spectators!

When Peter Plapp came to himself, he was walking round and round the old pear tree in his own front yard, uttering strange monosyllables through a parching throat.

That way lay madness of course; and that way trod Peter for the eight days intervening between the night of his rash agreement and the Flathead Social. Desire for food failed and he felt at times that he was going to his long home; he knew, in fact, that he should do so, and speedily, if Boomershein got the box. He lost literal pounds; but by the inexorable law of compensation, the pounds he lost from his body were added to the weight of his spirit. This leaden spirit, in the vicious circle, permeated the husk of his body; and there he was, dragging about heavy feet, a sagging back, a hanging head, a drooping eyelid.

There he was; and in this guise he wended his solitary way to the Flathead schoolhouse early upon the night of the Auction Social.

That the inhabitants of this particular school district were not so obtuse as their communal name might seem to signify was proved by the building itself, which was a monument to civic adaptability and thrift. Its lower floor only was dedicated to the education of the young Flatheads; in its large upper room, flanked by a sizable coat room, were centered the administrative, judicial and executive functions of the community, as well as its social activities. Its bare walls echoed impersonally court procedure, grange discussion and social levity. With singular propriety the building conformed to the prevailing shape of its frequenters—it was flat upon the top and square of proportion, with the single exception of an inconsiderable lean-to at one end which housed the coal and wood supplies.

Peter Plapp sat down upon its upper step, leaned his tormented temple against a porch post and gave himself to the clouds of night.

The pleasure seekers arrived more and more continuously, hailing the popular Peter as they passed him—bustling matrons with the weight of the entire affair upon their hitching shoulders; sloggy matrons with no weight save their own; timid youths who hesitated on the threshold, peered up the long inner flight leading to the second floor, then clustered in scuffling hat formation in the shadows of the porch; young bucks who buffed at Peter with challenging paw, then clattered upward three steps at a time; meek maidens who skittered past with downcast eye and indrawn lip; coquettish girls whose predatory eyes invaded the shadows and forthwith shifted their boxes to more conspicuous position.

"Ain't it now awful?" giggled Sadie Ellenbarger as she dawdled past Peter. "I couldn't find nothing but this here blue ribbon fur to wear at my box."

Lettie Hoppes paused at the foot of the steps, ostensibly to arrange her sash. "I went to work and pasted this here pink wall paper onto my supper so nobody wouldn't conceit it was anyhow mine a'ready."

She came at last. She came as a queen should come, bowing and smiling, easy, assured, up the walk, up the steps. Shrinking by her side was the dejected Ellie. But he saw no rosebud!

Suppose she had forgotten! The shock of this thought straightened Peter's legs like a galvanic battery, shot him tensely upright as she passed him. Suppose she had never intended to! She had said she mightn't! This sent him scambling after her.

She was above him, two steps, three, when he caught at her from the dim-lit entry.

"Say," he husked, "what about that there—you know—onto your box?"

She flashed a glance toward Ellie toiling on up the stairs, dimpled, threw back her cape, giggled, and fled from him. But he had seen it; there, there upon her white bosom, a red rosebud!

The reaction left him limply staring after her. But it was impossible that he should remain below now. He, too, climbed the stairs, passed through the swinging door.

He was immediately surrounded. "If here ain't Peter Plapp oncet!" shrieked a gusty matron. "Now we'll be gittin' somepun comic!" Others launched themselves upon him.

Peter knew that he held by popular acclaim that village position known technically as the life of the party. And so he had always been, until the devastating blight of Miss Effie Yancey had fallen upon him two months before. But now, now, how could he be the life of the party when he felt precisely like the death of the party? He fumbled about, and was shunted about from group to group like a huge mechanical toy which was running spasmodically and for the last time.

Mr. Feltbinder tacking about in his wake drew him mysteriously aside. "I been a-bettin' on youse a-gittin' that party's box!" He clasped his hands underneath his gray-plaid coat tails and flipped them sportively. At Peter's sudden frown he shook his head violently and placed a finger tightly against his crimped lips. "No, no! I ain't bettin' with or at nobody; just only me myself." Here he tapped the cream splendor of a double-breasted waistcoat. "I up and bet myself a'ready three ten-centers against my or'nary two-fur-fives where you'd be eatin' the box still alongside of the party where ain't got no name. But I ain't lettin' nothin' to nobody."

Mr. Feltbinder, as always upon festive occasions, was in fine fettle. From the deceased uncle from whom he had inherited the hotel, he had inherited also a gallant toupee. The fact that his own original growth had been straight and auburn is immaterial. The legacy of dark wavy locks which he assumed upon festive occasions imparted a Byronic appearance which accorded perfectly with the chivalry of his spirit. From this same fastidious relative who had passed his life in a distant city, Mr. Feltbinder had fallen heir to a pair of saffron spats and an elk's tooth. Not possessing a watch chain from which to depend the latter he had ingeniously screwed a flange of a safety pin into its erstwhile nerve cavity and thus converted the bequest into an imposing scarfpin.

"Sh-h-h!" hissed the legatee of these various adornments. "There she goes, comin' out!" He faced toward the coat-room door and eyed the Yancey twins, who at that moment were emerging.

Peter crowded against the wall and for a moment filled his eyes. She was in white; a blue ribbon encircled her waist. Her cheeks were flushing dawn-pink; her dancing eyes were very blue; her hair flowed backward above the tiny tips of her ears like fluid gold. No one was ever so beautiful! No one was ever so infinitely desirable! He felt that he could not live if he looked upon her for another instant; and he felt that he would die if he turned his eyes away.

But he did turn them away, abruptly. He turned them upon a figure which had halted in front of him, jingling loud pockets. Mr. Boomershein was ostensibly addressing Daniel Sheifert, the auctioneer of the evening, though the sharp tail of his eye pierced Peter as he swept the air with an emphatic forefinger.

"When youse see me startin' in fur to bid, youse might as well knock the box ower at me. 'Course, if some such others wants to fool their time away a-biddin' at, it makes me nothing. All I'm sayin' is, I'm a man this way that I always git what I'm aimin' fur to git." He swung about upon an easy heel. "Why, hello, Plapp! What do youse conceit you're a-doin' here, huh?"

"Startin' in onto a six-months pleasure seekin'," flared back Peter. Mr. Boomershein rocked slightly under the flash of this retort, but he laughed loudly, twiddled his lapel and swept off.

He twiddled his lapel, and upon the lapel was a red rosebud! A red rambler rosebud! What did it mean? The smitten Peter stood still, staring after him. Had Boomershein simply snatched the bud from the Yancey bush as he had passed that night? Or could he in some underhanded fashion have learned the significance of the red rosebud, and was thus flaunting it? If he had, all was lost! Peter's fist dived into his pocket and clutched his meager purse. Lost!

Then entered Satan into Peter Plapp. He sidled along the wall, evaded with desperation those who would have detained him, burst through the door and plunged down the steps.

He had not an instant to lose. He ran to the end of the building, clawed at the pent-roof of the coal shed which was but a scant five feet above the ground, swung himself upon it and scrambled up its slope. He drew a long breath as he gained the top and leaned giddily against the wall of the building, then peered warily into the coat room. It was empty! He skinned over the sill.

The room was long and narrow; along one side hung the row of wraps; along the opposite, two shelves, the upper laden with a tumble of hats, the lower with the supper boxes. Peter, still cannily poised for flight beside the window, swept his eye over them. Where was the rosebud? Suppose—suppose—that bud upon Boomershein's lapel were the one he was seeking! Suppose the coquettish Effie had been inveigled into parting with it!

It was not this darkling thought which motivated his swift eclipse however. That was caused by the opening of the door into

(Continued on Page 81)

a holiday's Apollo day

EXAMINE a box of Apollo Chocolates. See for yourself how carefully they are made.

Then taste one piece. Your eye and your taste both tell you that the best is none too good for Apollo Chocolates. You'll like them.

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It is valuable as an insulator. It is flexible. It stands usage. Such a combination of properties gives cotton its important place in the covering of telephone and switchboard cords.

This cotton stands the hard test of day by day service because it was carefully selected for the job. Just one more evidence of the high standard which Western Electric sets for every stage of telephone manufacture.

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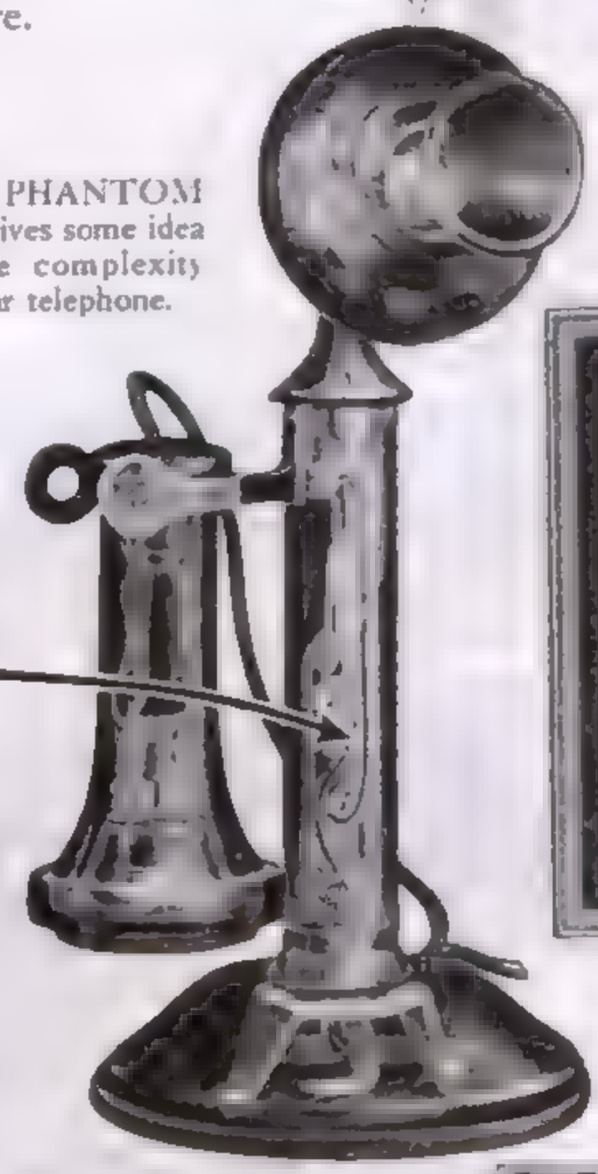
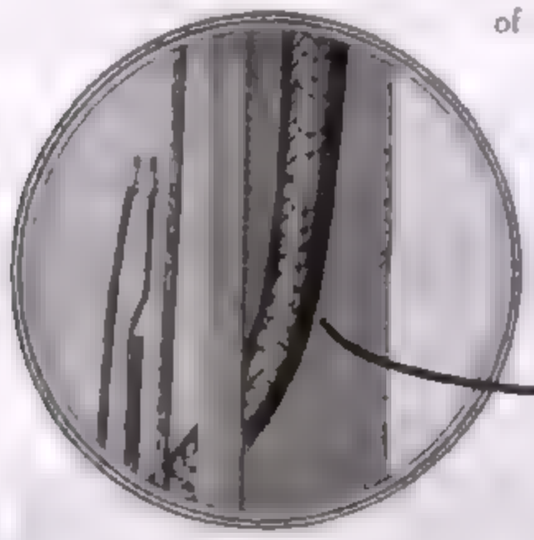
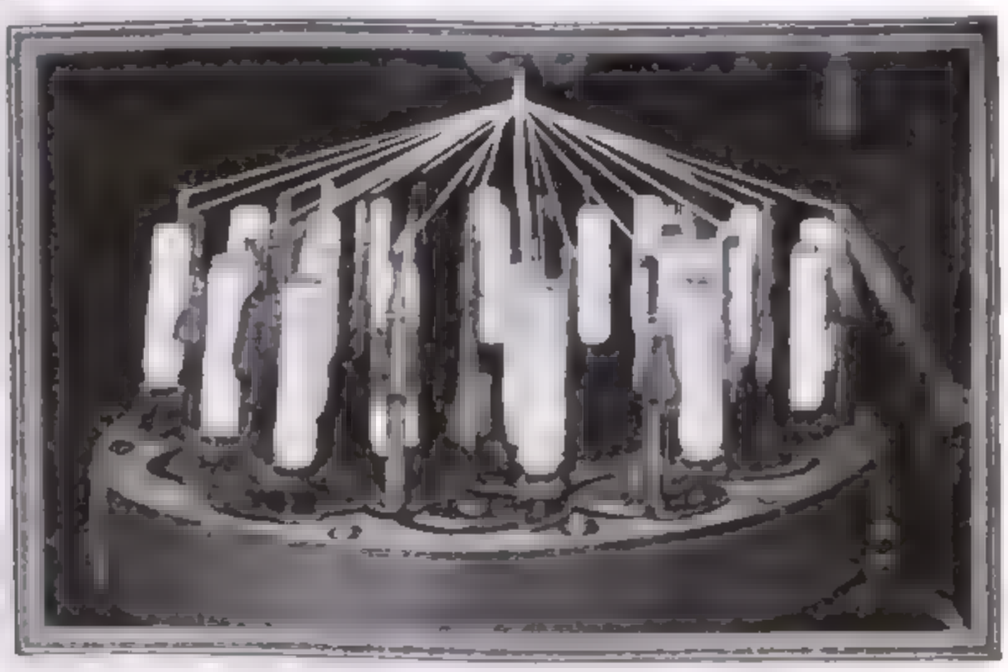
THE STRENGTH TEST. This machine takes representative samples of the cotton thread and tests their tensile strength. The standard required is such as to assure long and dependable service.



THIS PHANTOM view gives some idea of the complexity of your telephone.



A CLOSE-UP OF THE COVERING. The transmitter cord inside your telephone. Here the toughness of the cotton fibre counts—where it comes in constant contact with metal parts.



LIKE DANCING AROUND THE MAYPOLE. The spools of cotton whirl 'round and 'round, weaving the cord covering tightly and quickly—so quickly in fact that 11,000,000 cords was the record production for 1923.

Western Electric

SINCE 1869 MAKERS OF ELECTRICAL EQUIPMENT

(Continued from Page 79)

the social hall. Peter clipped simultaneously behind the wrap which hung adjacent to the window frame. It chanced to be that limp cotton garment affected by rural communities in the summertime and called, appropriately enough, a duster. Behind the duster, then, perspiring hugely and praying mightily, the hapless Peter cleated himself to the wall.

"Let your hat, then, and put it onto that there shelf," commanded a voice which Peter recognized as belonging to Minnie Raidabaugh, a discontented young thing whose charms he had been at some pains to evade. "Och, my! Would youse look on them there suppers, still! The many of them yet! I bet youse wouldn't anyhow git no more numbersome parties at Andore City towards what we git at Flathead a'ready."

"Ain't them boxes swell though?" piped a voice which Peter had never heard. Heels teetered down the room perilously near his covert. "Pitchures onto them yet, and such ribbons at! It spites me so the train ain't gittin' in sooner so's I could make me a sweller box and ketch me a sweller feller. Say, listen, Min, pass me your word you're goin' to keep shut on me. Just put it out where I'm your cousin that way. Leave me git a good time fur oncet."

"I ain't fur blabbin' nothin'," grumbled Miss Raidabaugh. "But if youse conceit you're a-ketchin' any swell fellers—well, hunt yourself another thought. With that there Eff Yancey pullin' 'em like she had got a ring to their noses at!"

"Leave me ketch myself oncet in the lookin'-glass. Who is this Yancey, then?"

"Who she was? You'll be findin' out plenty soon who she was. Sooner her box goes up, sooner all the fancy fellers goes fallin' ower theirselfs fur to git it. The dopples! But it's a long worm that ain't got no turning, and she'll be gittin' stomped onto sooner nor later."

"Well, was you ready? Le's not be missin' nothin'."

Even after the door closed, the wary Peter applied a cautious eye to a buttonhole of the duster before he ventured from behind its protective folds. With one stride he reached the shelf and began to paw frantically through the rainbow mélange of bright-papered, beribboned boxes. His thumb cruised against something soft and cool. The rosebud! The rosebud upon a square white box tied simply with a narrow white ribbon. Even in that hazardous moment he fumbled it tenderly as he drew it from its loop, then thrust it blindly beneath the ribbon of an adjacent box. In one leap he hurtled himself at the window and through it. He half rolled, half slid down the roof of the shed and pitched to the ground. Around the corner of the building he whacked into something, somebody, grabbed it, tottered with it, went down with it in silent, terrific heap. He wrenched free from floundering arms and legs; and, breath-spent, eyes-popped, zigzagged toward the entry. Inside, he paused for only a life-saving breath, then dizzily swarmed up the steps.

In the hall once more, he leaned against the wall, plastered back his hair, reviewed his soul and found it thridded through and through with triumph. Bring on the supper boxes! He had outwitted everybody! He alone knew that Miss Effie Yancey's box was white and square—and that upon it was no rosebud! He shunted apprehensively from the wall as he heard the footsteps of some late comer upon the stairs and swiftly joined the merrymakers who were now clustering in excited discussion about the low platform.

"Hey, Peter! Pass your opinion on this here!"

With something of return to his former jocosity he countered: "My opinion, still! My opinions is too waluble to go passin' 'em around free-handed!"

"Aw, go on, Peter! Should we go fetchin' the boxes out by ones, still, or by the altogether yet?"

Peter threw up both arms recklessly. "Pack 'em all out! I want fur to git the pick of the biggest! And make hurry at it!"

"Ain't he the real comic though?" tittered behind him.

Amid clapping and scuffling the boxes were brought forth and ranged upon the table. Daniel Sheifert, a serious youth who had been chosen to auction them because he had once been for two months freight handler for an auctioneer in Andore City, took up his official position.

"The terms of this here sale is stric'ly cash and nothing but," he began impressively. "Each and every feller where buys a supper is guaranteed to git with it the young lady where made it. Each and every lady has gone to work and writ her name onto her box a'ready; and till the biddin's all, and I read off said name, said lady will oblige to please step up front and join onto the arm of the lucky gent and step out and down to them chairs at the fur and extreme end of the room yet. Now, is that put out plain to every and all concerned? If so, everybody please to stand up or set down and the auction will begin. Bid lively, now, gents." He took up the box nearest his hand.

Peter's eyes roved possessively to the plain white box near the center of the table. They roved to Miss Effie Yancey, throned in elevation upon the single row of raised seats along the side of the hall. She sat complacently, a slight, aloof smile upon her lips, her dimpled hands loosely clasped in her lap. Not so her twin, who shrank beside her, one of her afflicted eyes resolutely fixed upon space, the other darting nervously toward Mr. John Schnabel, a large-headed young man with a Roman nose and a granite chin who gloomed upon the festivities from the rear. Peter's eyes, every masculine pair of eyes, dwelt with curiosity and with considerable satisfaction upon the stranger with Miss Minnie Raidabaugh. She was a slight, high-colored, darting creature, vivid in both manner and appearance. Mr. Feltbinder constituted what might have been termed the floating population; he tacked about the fringe of the crowd, nudging, chaffering, applauding the longest as each victorious bidder bore his lady and his supper from the scene of conflict.

Peter applauded too, but listlessly. Five—six—seven couples. How long was eternity? Eternity of waiting until little dimpled fingers should be resting within his arm!

Why, it would be almost like a wedding march!

"I'm a-pickin' these here suppers, just to say, by random," explained the auctioneer. "Now here's a supper where's plain to the appearances; but it's neat, genta. It's neat, still. What am I bid fur this here neat supper?"

Peter's heart thudded and stopped, thudded and stopped, then thudded, thudded, thudded. All the squares and rectangles upon the table heaved into cubistic heaps and fell again. But he would be wary; he would follow the procedure he had planned. He would wait until somebody bid; then he would bid, casually; and take the box—and Miss Effie Yancey!

"Well, don't go draggy, genta!" Sheifert balanced the box upon his palm. "It's got heft, genta, that I give youse. Och, my, the heavy it is!"

Peter could have laughed aloud; it was all so precisely as he had planned. Nobody knew the box, not even Miss Effie Yancey! He stole a glance around for Boomershein. And at that very instant he was thrust roughly aside.

Samuel Boomershein swept in front of him, shook his black mane challengingly and bellowed: "I takes it fur a dollar."

Thrill pricked the assembly to attention. Masculine heads turned toward Miss Effie Yancey, then back upon the bidder, made swift deduction and flung with spirit into the competition.

"Dollar quarter!"

"Thirty-five!"

"And a half!"

"Sixty oncet!"

"Seventy-five!"

Bids hurtled. Hands clapped. Feet stamped.

Peter, petrified, sucked in his lolling tongue at last and shouted, "Three dollars! And a quarter yet!"

"He's bid against his own self!" boomed a voice.

Salvos of laughter.

Peter did not care. Perhaps he did not comprehend. All he saw was the white box balancing, balancing; all he heard was the bruising bids of Boomershein. The lesser contestants dwindled, ceased. They alone, now; they alone.

"Four and a half!" shouted Peter.

"Seventy-five!"

Peter, more slowly: "Four eighty-five! Four eighty-five!"

"Aw, five! Five and a half! Let's git the dum fuss done with!" Boomershein, contemptuously.

Peter, grinding his inadequate purse—gambling in futures now: "Six!"

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Runs errands at the summer cottage or camp—even if "town" is miles away

Gives you the only really *portable* marine engine

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Johnson
OUTBOARD MOTORS
GET INTO THE BOAT AND SEE FOR YOURSELF

"And a half! Anything!" Rattled with deadly menace Boomershein pockets.

Peter turned whitely away.

The moment hung suspended, a drop of agony, shattered at last by the pronouncement: "Well, then, Samuel Boomershein he fetches this here expensive supper fur six dollars and a half. Six dollars and a half, still." With rare feeling for dramatic suspense he held his audience with a solemn eye. "And I bet anyhow it's the most expensivest meal being et in this here United States tonight. Leave me see, now, who the popular young lady's name is, yet. Miss—Ellie—Yancey. Hol' on! Yes, that's right! Miss Ellie Yancey, step up front now and join onto your gent."

A collective gasp. Incredulous whispers. Stricken silence. And into the silence, fluffing her skirts, flushing with red pleasure, stepped Miss Ellie Yancey. Miss Ellie Yancey murmuring over and over: "Yes, it's mine a'ready! It's mine, still!" Trickling applause, increasing applause, violent applause; and in the midst of it Mr. Samuel Boomershein shoved forward from hand to hand to meet his prize at the foot of the platform. Mr. Samuel Boomershein, his face the blank of a sleepwalker, shuffling numbly the length of the hall, Miss Ellie Yancey a wisp of triumph clinging tightly to his arm, her eyes so crossed in her excitement that her left was virtually her right.

"What was it at youse, then? Was your brains upmixed or whatever?" Thus Mr. Feltbinder dancing at Peter's rear and pummeling his back with frantic fists.

Upmixed, that was it. So upmixed that his head was whirling and he was faintly sick. He oozed slowly toward the edge of the crowd. Across the long hall his eyes and Mr. Samuel Boomershein's eyes met and clung in weak questioning agony. With concerted movement the two pairs traveled slowly to Miss Effie Yancey.

Miss Effie Yancey's eyes met no one's. They stared rigidly before her; she sat rigidly upright, her hands locked rigidly in her lap. Flames of rage, humiliation and surprise rose and fell, rose and fell, in her cheeks. But her head was high. Oh, she was still the queen, even though the favorites of her kingdom had publicly disowned her, had treacherously voted against her!

Peter was in steaming welter. Boxes were put up, knocked down; he did not see them, nor care. His soul was cramped to the dimension of a single thought: How had it happened? He would have taken his oath, even then, that the box which Boomershein had purchased was the box from which he had stolen the rosebud. How, then, had it happened? And, as a corollary, how did it come that Boomershein had been so sure that the plain white box was Miss Effie Yancey's?

Here, then, was still upon the table! This conviction suddenly nipping him, terrier-like, shook all other thoughts from his mind. Sam Boomershein was disposed of, and he himself still had a chance! Somewhere in that colorful heap upon the table was her box! But he could see no square white box! Could it be underneath some of the others? That must be it. He would bide his time then. A tingle of remorse pricked him as his eyes raced again and again over the box with the red rosebud; he wondered vaguely whose supper he had thus feloniously decorated. Even as he wondered, it was lifted from the table.

"Now here's a box with a rosebud at. Och, my, that ought to make somepun romantic! Who's a-goin' to git the supper with the rosebud at?"

Silence. The more eager swains had already secured their partners. The diminished bidders were mainly middle-aged bargain hunters who drove tight fists into their pockets and eyed the boxes and one another shrewdly.

"Bid up now, gents!" urged Sheifert. "I kin smell the cheesecake at it, and I would bet it's anyhow got ponhaus in!"

"Don't git kreustied!" whispered Mr. Feltbinder. "Take a chancet at this here one with the flower a'ready."

Peter averted his eyes with a groan. Mr. Feltbinder cast an appraising glance over possible contenders, straightened his elk's tooth and stepped briskly forward

"Twenty-five cents yet!"

"Thirty-five," contended a spiritless voice.

The saffron spats squirmed in hesitation. "Well, forty, then."

Silence.

Silence deep as death itself when a moment later, in response to her name, Miss Effie Yancey stepped down from her throne, up to the judgment seat and placed the tips of icy fingers within an agitated gray-plaid arm. Indeed, so violently had Mr. Feltbinder jerked about at the reading of her name that the legacy of Byronic hair had become considerably disarranged. Though his coat tails flipped triumphantly as he strode the length of the room by the side of his fair companion, his left eye gazed jauntily from behind a brunet spray.

Peter turned toward the blur of the door. All he asked now was to escape from the unreal scenes of this madhouse.

"Hey, Peter! Peter Plapp! Youse wasn't goin' without your supper, was you?" Thus the auctioneer. "Or was you mebbe lovesick, or whatever?"

Stung by the quick hilarity which followed this public taunt, Peter drove himself to bid upon the gaudy, slovenly box which Sheifert was lifting from the table. He purchased it for sixty cents and went forward to meet the mysterious stranger, portions of whose anatomy he had first glimpsed through the buttonhole of a duster.

"Arletta Hangen," proclaimed the official.

"My cousin a'ready," Miss Minnie Raidabaugh dutifully completed the communal introduction, bobbing from behind her draw of a widower who was wearing literal crape upon his left arm for his third while he figuratively beckoned with his right for his fourth.

Peter extended his arm, clawlike fingers appropriated it and, in a hum of hilarity which his own bereaved spirit transposed to a funeral march, paced to the farther end of the hall. She was as good as anyone; if he had to eat supper he didn't care with whom he ate it; all that mattered was to get it over as soon as possible.

Not so, Samuel Boomershein. Twisting discontentedly by the side of the colorless Ellie, who was contented to sit in silent glow, meditating her recent social coup, he eyed with unconcealed envy Peter's spectacular companion, and finally bolted to his side.

"What's a matter of me fetchin' my lady to set alongside?" he demanded.

"Fetch, then," conceded Peter laconically.

A moment later Boomershein, followed meekly by an Ellie from whom the flush of triumph was rapidly fading, joined them.

The stranger was, indeed, as piquant as the discerning Mr. Boomershein had suspected. She perched, flame-bright, upon the edge of her chair, her tiny heels caught in its rounds, her tongue quick in repartee, her fingers pecking bits of food from one box and the other—a bit of pickled beet from one box, a bit of cheesecake from the other, a spoonful of smearcase from one, a spoonful of lemon rice from the other. Mr. Boomershein laughed more and more loudly and redoubled his efforts to win her entire attention to himself. He had little competition. Peter was still revolving in his mind the mystery of the boxes; and as his mind revolved so did his eyes. They revolved upon Miss Effie Yancey nibbling a dill pickle, her head high, her eyes in chill abstraction upon a cream waistcoat by her side which was rapidly filling out, even as a box upon a gray-plaid knee was emptying; upon Mr. John Schnabel, that earnest yearner over heathen souls, who was now most openly yearning over Miss Effie Yancey as he sat staring upon her in gloomy astonishment, consuming from his stout partner's box continuous Wienerwursts, skins and all; upon Miss Ellie Yancey by his side, whose meager features looked pinched and forlorn as she stole questioning glances toward her late partner, who had contended for her so rabidly only to desert her so promptly.

Sympathy gripped Peter, won him from himself. He hitched his chair closer to hers, playfully snatched her box, ate from it, mightily praised it, praised her. She looked at him in mournful suspicion; he redoubled his efforts; she began to flush again, to smile, to laugh whole-heartedly. Altogether, theirs became the noisiest corner in the room, and apparently the merriest.

Apparently. But in the bustle incident to disposal of the supper boxes in the cast-iron stove, depressed uncertainty again clouded Peter. He skulked to the lee of Miss Effie Yancey and stood, gathering courage. She had risen; her fingers were doubled tightly in her palms; her feet moved in restless desperation; her eyes darted this way and that.

As Mr. Feltbinder rose and occupied himself with shaking down one trousers leg after the other, Peter lunged toward her ear and whispered throatily, "Say, kin I git the dare to see youse home oncet?"

She started. Her eyes darted a rapier-blue thrust at him over her shoulder. She side-stepped and swished her skirt as though from contamination.

"Well, I would guess anyhow not! If I ain't good enough fur to eat with, I guess I ain't good enough fur to walk home alongside!"

"But looky here," fumbled Peter, "I honest tried to git youse, I honest did. I—I can't explain just what happened me, but ——"

"Yes, I seen youse tryin' hard!" cut in Miss Yancey. "And I would guess anyhow youse couldn't explain nothing. Anyways, I ain't intrusted in no explainings. I say youse good-by now."

Mr. Feltbinder had straightened with a jerk and was scowling at him through brunet fringe. "She's picked her comp'ny a'ready," he announced severely, "and picked it poetical. Listen on here oncet!" He elevated a small piece of paper and intoned:

"The feller where finds from me this poem
Will git the dare fur to see me home."

He launched toward Peter in first position for the duello and demanded: "Does that settle hashes, or ain't it?"

Miss Yancey stamped her foot. "I never want to see youse agin!" she decreed with trembling lip. "Not never!"

"Not—never!" sternly echoed Mr. Feltbinder.

Peter went out and welcomed death. In the yard, in the black night, he went round and round, stunned. Upon primitive urge he sought thicket for his wound. He crept under the age-bent branches of a giant oak and sagged down upon the wooden seat which encircled its trunk.

The oak was midway between the coal shed and the gate. It was not long ere the voices of the first home seekers penetrated his covert.

"Now, looky here"—and the Syrian heathen would never hear from Mr. John Schnabel's lips more entreating tones than those in which he pleaded with Miss Ellie Yancey to turn from the error of her ways: "Youse ain't goin' to keep up this here coquettin', was you? I can't—I just ain't natured to bear up underneath it, that's all. Besides, it ain't either ladylike or either moral fur to git the men hangin' that way."

After all, Miss Ellie was Miss Effie's twin. There is no doubt but that she tossed her head under the winking stars as she retorted, "I can't otherwise help fur it if they up and git dippy ower me, kin I? And, anyways, I'm some tired of bein' just ladylike. But—whose auto is that there now? Ain't that a strange auto by the gate a-settin'?"

They passed. Others passed. Peter, his hands lifeless between his knees, paid no heed. Then Boomershein's voice, at which he straightened with a shiver of apprehension. A giggle. A skirmish. Another giggle. Another skirmish. Two forms close together. The click of the gate.

And then the flare of a flashlight, a strange masculine voice. "Aha, I ketched you. Let! A-playin' sneak agin, huh? A-leavin' your own man fur to run with some dang mealy-mouth! Pile in here whiles I settles with him."

And an unabashed soprano: "Settle with nothin'! Git back in here, Jake Hangen, and stop your blattin'. Min introduced me good and proper. This here little boy's just a friend of hern. To think you'd have jealous, you big silly! Take shame to yourself! Oh, Min! Ain't that you, Min? Come ahead on in. Here's mister up and tagged me from Andore City ower. Bye-bye, Sammy! Be a good boy now!"

And Boomershein, strangling: "Youse ain't fooled me none! I seen youse through! And now I'm goin' back fur to git my girl. Youse ain't spited me none! I'm a-goin' back fur to git my girl!"

Peter burst through the branches. He gazed after the form of his rival as it disappeared around the corner of the house. But what could he do about it? He, the outcast, the banished forever!

And as he stood there, lifting his tormented eyes toward the insensate heavens, he saw what was never given other man to see. He saw a luminous figure float upward into the cloakroom window of the Flathead schoolhouse. He saw it poised there for a moment. He saw it slowly descend the dark slope of the roof, hang from its ledge, and drop to the ground. Powerless to move, he saw it pick itself up, whir toward him, past him, so close that he might have touched its billowing garment.

Alone and in the dark! Alone, the Queen of Heitville! Sobbing, the Queen of Heitville! Oh, yes, Peter was following; at a distance of course; stealthily of course; but still close enough to hear the sobs of the Queen of Heitville, alone and in the dark!

Fleeing from her ancient gallant of course—that proud queen! Deserted, stripped of her retainers whom she had numbered by the score. What sorry trick of fate was this! One, one only, dragging fearfully in her wake.

One? Came running another; passed Peter skulking swiftly into wayside shrubbery.

Panting voice, pulsing the night: "Well, and here you was! I seeked fur youse everywheres, and somebody says they guessed you up and started a'ready. But trust Boomershein! What he sets out fur to git, he gits!"

Trembling figure with pointing finger: "Well, git then! Only don't just ever git yourself around me no more. Git and stay git!"

"Aw, say, now! Don't go to work and git a mad on me! That there box, now, if that's what's spitin' you. I near broke my neck a'ready a-tryin' to fix that there so I'd git you fur sure. Listen on me what I done! I clam the rooft of the shed and stuck your rose onto some such other box; and then I near bust myself a-histin' the bids onto that there plain box. Well, I can't explanation nothin' furder—I bid on youse a'ready, and I fetched Ellie. And that's all to it."

Hasty scuffling from the shrubbery. A powerful grip upon Boomershein's wrist.

"Answer me somepun! Did youse went and change off that there rosebud? Did youse went and put it at the box a-settin' alongside? In the coat room a'ready?"

"What's it to youse if I done it?" demanded Mr. Boomershein. "Leave loose o' me!"

Peter Plapp drew a long breath and dropped his arms. "Because I went and done that there same," he said solemnly. "I stuck it at the box alongside, and then here you come a-stickin' it back where it was at the first. You was the feller I skidded into around the corner then!"

"Youse done it?" gasped the bewildered Boomershein. "And I done it. Well, why ain't nothin' done, then? It's somepun here ain't plain on the surface."

A moment of intensive mental digestion of supper boxes, rosebuds and coal-shed roofs. Then the alert Miss Yancey stamped her foot. "It's plain on the surface you're all both of youse dopples, anyways!" she scorned. "A-meddlin' with my priwate rose! And it's easy seen youse ain't changin' nothin' fur all your changin'. One of youse grabbed the rose off'n my box and the other'n follered along and stuck it back. Take shame to yourselfs! A-clammin' the rooft like such tomcats! Upsettin' my evening like never was!"

"Well, Plapp here started the upsettin' anyways," Boomershein sullenly retorted. He turned toward Peter, kicking a root with a stubborn toe. "And that there contract o' yourn. That ain't fetched nothin' neither. We ain't either of us gittin' the box. So that there's a draw too."

Peter lifted his miserable eyes toward a figure in angelic white. "It wouldn't be fetchin' me nothin' anyways," he muttered, and stepped back.

But the Queen of Heitville swept imperiously between them. "If there's any drawin' to be did," she observed loftily, "I guess I'll be the one where'll did it. And I'll draw off the feller where made up to our Ellie—whiles some such other turned his back at and flirted ower a married woman a'ready!" She placed her hand firmly within Peter's arm and firmly drew his unbelieving feet into pace with hers.

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Lower cost-per-mile....less

for your CHEVROLET

ECONOMY and acceleration in your Chevrolet Superior car are secured through the use of a high compression valve-in-head engine. Close fitting cast iron pistons are employed and each of these is equipped with three rings above the piston pin. To prevent excessive quantities of oil passing the rings, an oil return groove with two drain holes is provided just below the third ring.

The lubricating system is of the splash circulating type in which the oil is fed to the splash troughs by means of a gear pump connected with the generator drive shaft.

The cylinders, pistons and all other working parts in the crankcase except the center main bearing are lubricated by the oil mist which is created by the connecting rod dippers dipping into the oil in the splash troughs. Oil is fed to the center main bearing by a supply pipe connecting directly with the oil pump and pressure gage piping.

When present day fuels are ignited in engine cylinders where carbon deposits have accumulated they tend to burn in a peculiar manner, causing the familiar carbon knock or "ping" which occurs when the spark is advanced excessively or the throttle opened suddenly. When care is taken to prevent excessive heat radiation from the cylinders and high compressions are used to promote fuel economy, this tendency of the fuel to knock or "ping" in the presence of carbon deposits is accentuated. Consequently it is important to minimize the possibility for carbon formations.

To meet the requirements of the Chevrolet lubricating system and to reduce carbon formations in this engine to a minimum, we recommend Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic for both summer and winter use. This oil is of the proper body and character to provide adequate engine lubrication under all operating conditions. It should also be used in all Chevrolet 490 models.

for your WILLYS KNIGHT

IN YOUR WILLYS KNIGHT engine, due to its sleeve valve construction, the heat which is absorbed by the pistons must be transmitted through two sleeves and three oil films before it reaches the cylinder walls and is transferred to the cooling system. In this respect it is unlike the poppet valve engine in which the piston heat passes through only a single oil film before it reaches the cylinder walls.

Retarding the heat flow causes higher temperatures in the pistons, piston rings and in the oil film surrounding them. Consequently a heavy rich lubricating oil may be employed under summer operating conditions without causing excessive fluid frictional resistance and consequent power loss. An oil of this character is also desirable in order to efficiently seal the pistons and rings and afford the maximum of lubrication at the higher operating temperatures encountered.

The 1924 Willys Knight engine is equipped with aluminum pistons of the latest constant clearance, split skirt type and very close clearances are maintained. Three narrow piston rings and one wider ring, specially designed to control oil pumping, are fitted above the piston pin. In previous models aluminum pistons of the conventional solid skirt type were used. To regulate the oil supplied by the force feed lubricating system in accordance with the engine power requirements, a special by-pass valve is connected with the throttle valve, this feature being employed on all models.

These features of design tend to prevent over-lubrication. Consequently the possibility of detrimental carbon formations, which would tend to occur if a rich lubricating oil were fed to the cylinders in excessive quantities, is reduced to a minimum.

To give the best possible lubrication with these engine characteristics, we recommend Gargoyle Mobiloil "B" for summer operating conditions.

Winter Lubrication: Cold weather materially reduces the operating temperatures. Consequently an effective piston seal will be provided by a freer flowing oil than is desirable at high operating temperatures. In addition, the lower temperatures increase frictional resistance of the oil f which are of large area in Knight engines. This condition is emphas in starting when a more fluid oil is essential in order to assure distribu throughout the lubricating syster

To meet these requirements du the period when freezing temperat are encountered, use Gargoyle M oil Arctic in the 1924 Willys Kn engine. For the previous model which the clearance limits are cor erably greater, we recommend the of Gargoyle Mobiloil "A" du winter weather.

for your STUDEBAKER

Big Six • Special Six • Light Six Models

STUDEBAKER engines are of the six-cylinder, four-stroke cycle, vertical type. The cylinder head is detachable and the valve arrangement is of the L-head type.

Studebaker pistons are equipped with a special oil-return groove and oil drain holes which allow excess quantities of oil on the cylinder walls to drain back into the crankcase reservoir.

The Studebaker lubricating system is of the splash circulating type, employing a gear type oil pump located on the outside of the crankcase and considerably above the oil level.

The lubrication of the cylinder walls, the pistons, piston rings, and piston pin bearings depends upon an oil mist. This mist is created by splas fitted on the lower side of the connec rod bearings dipping into oil in tro located under each cylinder bore

A suitable lubricant for these en must be of such body and charact to meet the operating temperatur distribution requirements.

The well-finished cylinder b close fitting pistons and the adeq provision for draining back exce from the cylinder walls are other tures of the utmost importanc determining the most suitable l cants for Studebaker engines.

Special consideration must be g to winter lubrication requirement is imperative that the oil used be o

General Instructions

Your engine will operate at its best if the level of the oil in the crankcase is kept between the half-full mark and the full mark on the oil level indicator; usually replenishment of the supply once a week will be sufficient to accomplish this. With a 5-gallon can or 15- or 30-gallon drum of the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil on hand you will always be ready to give your car this valuable attention.

The crankcase should be entirely drained of oil at least every 1000 miles in summer and every 500 miles in winter. When draining the oil, the removable screen (if your car has one) should also be cleaned. Draw off the old oil when the engine is warm, as the oil then flows more freely and tends to wash out any foreign matter. (Never flush the crankcase with kerosene.) Then refill with the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil.

ırbon....slower depreciation

roper fluidity to provide a positive priming of the oil pump.

To satisfactorily meet all these onditions, Gargoyle Mobiloil "A" is ecommended for summer use in Studebaker engines; Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic is best suited to the special winter requirements.

These recommendations apply to all models.

for your DODGE

YOUR DODGE engine is of the four-cylinder, vertical L-head type, bore 3⅞", stroke 4½". It is equipped with a splash circulating system of lubrication employing a vane pump located above the oil level.

Oil distribution is effected by dippers on the lower ends of the connecting rods. These dip into the oil in the splash troughs and project it to all friction surfaces within the engine. Small holes above the dippers are provided to convey the oil into the crank pin bearings.

On all Dodge engines, prior to 1923, cast iron pistons were used. Because of the present day fuels, comparatively small carbon deposits in these engines quickly result in "pinging" or knocking.

It is of the utmost importance, therefore, that a clean burning oil be used in these engines, under all operating conditions in order to eliminate the tendency toward excessive carbon accumulations. Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic meets these requirements as this oil is of sufficient body to assure thorough engine lubrication and is of such character as to burn with a minimum of carbon deposits. Its use is therefore recommended for both summer and winter.

* * *

The 1924 and 1923 Dodge engines use a special type of constant clearance, aluminum alloy piston. The chief factor for consideration from a lubrication standpoint is that they result in much lower piston head temperatures, thus minimizing carbon formations and in turn, the knocking or "pinging" tendency of an engine.

For this reason Gargoyle Mobiloil "A", which is of a richer lubricating character than Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic, can be used in these engines to advantage during summer. This change in piston design counteracts the conditions which in the previous models made the engine sensitive to carbon formation.

During winter, because of the elevated exposed location of the oil pump, it is necessary to use an oil of the proper fluidity, to provide positive pump priming.

For the 1924 and 1923 models Gargoyle Mobiloil "A" should be used in summer and Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic in winter.

for your MARMON

THE MARMON is an example of high-power, medium speed design applied to the six cylinder engine. The cylinders are of special design to assure uniform cooling and are cast in blocks of three. A very large and rigid crankshaft is used.

An unusual design of piston is employed. The head or part which carries the rings, is of aluminum alloy and this is extended downward to form a bearing for the piston pin. The skirt, or portion sliding on the cylinder wall, is a thin and light shell of cast iron which is securely bolted to the lower face of the aluminum body, the two forming a piston of light weight, high heat conductivity and excellent wearing qualities.

The lubricating system is of the force feed type, having special features controlling the oil supply in proportion to the engine load requirements. A gear type oil pump located at the rear end of the camshaft forces oil to the rear main bearing and thence through the entire length of the hollow crankshaft to the front main bearing.

At each crankpin bearing and at the center main bearing an outlet is provided to supply these bearings with oil, and this outlet is so located that it automatically limits the oil flow.

The large volume of oil flowing through the crankshaft aids in cooling it and from the point of discharge at the front bearing is taken to a special regulating valve which controls the pressure in accordance with the power required.

These features of design have a direct bearing on the character of lubricant which should be selected.

The tendency toward carbon formation in any engine is influenced by the amount of oil passing the pistons which is controlled to a large extent by the design of the lubricating system. When this is such that an oversupply of oil is prevented, particularly when the engine is running idle or under light loads, little carbon deposit may be expected.

The type of piston employed in the Marmon design reduces not only the amount of oil reaching the combustion chambers, but also the tendency of the fuel to knock or "ping" should carbon deposit accumulate.

To best meet all these and other lubrication requirements of the Marmon design, we recommend the use of Gargoyle Mobiloil "A" for all seasons and conditions.

Ask for a 5-gallon can—

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Comfort is the keynote of Van Heusen popularity just now. The Van Heusen *never* wilts. It is made in one piece, without bands or seams. The fold is *woven* in, not starched in—woven on a natural curve that *fits* the neck without a wrinkle.

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More economy—before next Christmas comes you'll note that the Van Heusen *lets your shirts and ties last longer*. Its smooth, multi-ply fabric never becomes rough and saw-edged. It has no points to wear holes in your shirt. It has no cutting edges to frazzle the knot of your tie.

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Ask your dealer for Van Craft, a new negligee shirt with the Van Heusen Collar attached.

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A new, medium-height Van Heusen Collar for Spring

12 Styles
50 Cents

VAN HEUSEN
PATENTED
the World's Smartest COLLAR

PHILLIPS-JONES NEW YORK CITY

THE TIE THAT BINDS

(Continued from Page 11)

One of the others suggested. "Well, there's no hurry. How about a beer?"

"I'll go you. But I tell you right now I'm a-going to see the Parthenon."

"Nobody's trying to stop you that I know of."

"They'd better not," said the gob.

Over a round of beers they fell to discussing the events of the evening. All were agreed that nothing but the timely intervention of the soldiery had saved their opponents. Also, they were unanimously convinced that the Old Man would raise Cain, and no mistake.

"Say," remarked a gob, struck with a sudden thought, "how did you two birds get into it anyhow? Who asked you to the party?"

"You did."

"How come?"

"We heard you yellin' for help," replied Hardtack.

The A.B. transfixed him with a steely stare and retorted in a rasping voice, "Any time you catch me yellin' for help —— Say, for two obols I'd ——"

"Aw, cut it out!" somebody protested. "Do you want to start something? Seems to me like we've had enough fightin' for a while."

Said Red, "Ain't it the truth? I've been in more trouble since the Armistice than I was during the whole war."

There was a chorus of assent.

"The limeys and us tonight."

"And us and the limeys at Constantinople."

"And the limeys and the frogs at Haifa."

"And the frogs and the wops at Smyrna."

"Don't forget the limeys and the wops at Leghorn, neither. They piled the stiffs up on the pier."

For a quarter of an hour they reviewed the clashes between sailors of the Allied nations in various ports since the Armistice.

"The war to end war," said somebody in a pause. Catcalls and hoots of derision.

"I've been bummin' round the wurruld, man and bhoy, for twenty-foive years and I never seen the loike of the hate."

"What? You ain't felt the spiritual uplift? Why, I'm ashamed of you, Paddy! You're just awful coarse."

Then Wally broke into a song the doughboys composed on the Rhine.

"When the next war comes around,
I'm the front ranks I'll be found.
I'll rush in again pell-mell.
Yes, I will —like hell, like hell!"

They roared the chorus, oblivious of prowling patrols.

"Well, let's get back to the ship," Red proposed. "Might as well take our medicine now as later."

"I'm a-going to see the Parthenon," said the gob with Hardtack.

"All right, we'll all go. Maybe if we can show tickets to the Acropolis the Old Man'll take our word for it that we wasn't mixed up in the row."

"What? With a face like that?" exclaimed Red. "Fat chance!"

The other mournfully admitted that the Old Man was not likely to fall for such a story, but they decided to go along with Hardtack and Wally anyway.

It was growing late when they left the coffee shop and they wandered a considerable distance hunting for cabs. Once they thought they glimpsed a patrol and ran up a dark alley. As they emerged from it into the street again a swelling murmur arrested them.

"What's that?"

The murmur grew to a babel of sounds. It was drawing nearer.

"Another fight! Let's beat it!"

"No, wait a minute. Maybe it's some of the gang."

A mob of men swirled around a corner. Now they moved at a rush, now they stood still. The mass seemed to revolve around its center; figures darted in and out; the mass heaved and sank and heaved again. Oaths and savage yells. They came to a momentary halt under an electric light and the gobs obtained a clear view of them.

"The limeys! They're at it again!"

"Those aren't our guys!"

"That other bunch has ganged up on 'em! Look! Look at that, will you?"

Above a struggling group a knife had flashed. They did not wait for more. Letting out a yell, they went tearing into the combat.

"Watch out for the knives!" somebody cautioned.

"And when you —git your man down"— this from Hardtack—"be sure he don't git—up agin. Take that!"

Overwhelmed by numbers, the bluejackets were fighting desperately. Three of their number were laid out in the street. They heard the smash of the new attack and turned wearily to meet it. But instead of a fresh rush of the enemy, a hoarse bellow reached them—"All right, you guys! Give 'em hell!"

"The Yanks!"

They swung around and waded into the fight again, and within five minutes the street was cleared. As a mopping-up job it was a creditable performance. A bluejacket kicked the last knife wielder down a flight of steps and summed up the affair with "That's that!"

"Come on!" yelled Hardtack. "Let's beat it while the going's good!"

They picked up their wounded and scattered in all directions. Hardtack and Wally found themselves running down a street alongside some gobs and half a dozen of the English. They did not slacken pace until well away from the scenes of disturbance.

Then a bluejacket panted, "I sy, wot's the 'urry?"

There was sense to this, since they had arrived in a portion of the city where patrols would not be likely to search for them. They slowed to a walk.

"'Ow about some beer?"

Not a dissenting voice—practical thinking like this has built up the British Empire. They looked around them for a coffee shop.

"We'll have to get a move on or it'll be closing time," remarked a gob.

At last they found one at a curve in the street.

"Well, well, well!" exclaimed Hardtack jovially as they drew several tables together and sat down.

"Wot ho, matey!" It was the hairy gent who had engaged his attention earlier in the evening. They grinned at each other.

"You can beat me runnin'," said Hardtack.

"Yus, and I can beat your blinkin' 'ead orf at anythink," retorted the bluejacket, giving him a lusty slap on the back, and proceedings started in all good fellowship.

There was no beer to be had, but the landlord produced a fair quality of cognac. They stayed there for nearly an hour, long past closing time. In vain the harassed proprietor besought them to leave. They pretended not to understand.

As the minutes passed, the *entente cordiale* became a love feast. They pledged one another; they solemnly vowed eternal friendship. There were songs, all of them sentimental, with bluejackets and gobs roaring the chorus in close harmony.

And then—"Strike me dead, but you blokes just got there in the nick o' time," remarked the hairy-chested man as he wiped his mouth with the back of his hand.

"But we always do," replied Hardtack. "Ain't you noticed that, ol'-timer?"

"Wot d'you mean by that?"

"Well, we saved your hides, didn't we?"

"Wot of it?"

"Nothing."

"I know wot you mean! You tyke that back, do you 'ear? Tyke it back!"

"Take back nothin'! That goes as she lays!" Hardtack retorted.

The bluejacket pushed back his chair and very deliberately moved the table aside in order to make room for the ceremonies.

"We may as well finish it 'ere," he remarked with a sort of sad patience.

Next minute the two were at it, hammer and tongs. Several members of the party tried to separate them and restore peace. Whang! They got what the peacemaker usually gets and promptly joined the fracas. In no time at all they had resumed the debate at the point where they broke off in the cabaret.

The landlord fled at the first blow. He fled as fast as he could leg it to the nearest square, where he encountered an American patrol of six men under a gunnery officer, sent ashore to round up the liberty party. They hardly needed his guidance—the noise of the row was echoing from the hills.

"Cheese it!" shouted one of the combatants as the officer reached the door.

They went from there any way they could—out the back way, through windows, down cellar. Hardtack and Wally managed to gain the back yard, whence they streaked down an alley. But several of the gobs fell into the hands of the patrol.

"This is a fine business, isn't it?" roared the gunnery officer. "You men ought to be ashamed of yourselves."

No response

"Fighting in a foreign port and giving the Navy a bad name!"

Still no reply.

"Well, I hope they gave you a damned good licking. You look like it."

The gobs did not utter a word.

"Did they? Don't stand there like a lot of dumb-bells! Who licked?"

Meanwhile Hardtack and Wally had hailed a cab and given orders that they should be conveyed to the station without pause. There they caught a train for Piræus and an hour later a boatman rowed them out to their steamer.

"Well," said Hardtack as they set foot on deck, "we sure were lucky to git out of that."

"But we never did get to see the Parthenon!"

"Shucks, what does that matter?"

"I promised my sister ——"

"You can send her a picture post card, can't you?"

"I reckon so," Wally replied, but he kept muttering to himself all the way to their cabin.

"What the Sam Hill will I tell her?" he demanded.

"Well, I am surprised at you! Tell her the Metrolopus sure looks majestic by moonlight."

"Or I could copy a piece out of the guidebook, maybe," Wally suggested.

"Lots of 'em do it. Say, Wally, when you buy them post cards, git one for me too."

"What for?"

"Well, I've been figurin' I might send one to mamma. Mamma don't know where the Metrolopus is at, but it'll sort of comfort her to know I ain't wasting my time."

They started to undress.

"Well," remarked Hardtack with a sigh of satisfaction as he washed the blood from his face, "we had a nice time, anyhow, didn't we? And say, I'd liefer fight with them limeys than any guys I know."

"They sure do give you your money's worth," said Wally.

Both of them drew automatics from their hip pockets, slipped them under the pillows and went peacefully to sleep.

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Indian Mother and Babe, Off the Mendocino Coast

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OF EXQUISITE GIFT CANDIES

THE NORRIS VARIETY BOX

A package to charm and delight the feminine heart. The cover depicts Harlequin and Columbine in a scene of most enchanting beauty. A color scheme of gold and purple, blue and white. For the Fourth, a special holiday wrapper encloses the box.

Gift-making adds to the holiday spirit of all holidays

GOLD BOX
(Assorted Chocolates)

A most attractive package containing an assortment of chocolates de luxe. The chocolate coating is without comparison. $1.50 the pound.

CHOCOLATE COVERED NUTS AND FRUITS

A very popular package, being an assortment of all nut and fruit centers. The fruit cordial pieces are protected with foil wrapping. $1.50 the pound.

GIVE the little girls their boxes of torpedoes. To the bigger girls—the sweethearts, wives and mothers, give Norris Variety Boxes of Exquisite Gift Candies.

A box of these delicious, well-assorted confections fits in nicely at the holiday week-end as a gift to one's hostess: it adds to the enjoyment of the motor trip, the picnic in the country, the boat ride, or the hike.

The box itself is preëminently a presentation package. Its beauty charms the recipient at first sight. The truly artistic elegance of its design gives rich promise of rare quality within—and this promise is well fulfilled.

Each of the twenty-two different kinds of candies in the Norris Variety Box is a distinctive creation. Many are novel; all are choice. There are no commonplace pieces, no mere "fillers." Fruit and nut varieties predominate. In 1, 2, 3, and 5 lb. boxes.

If your dealer hasn't Norris Candies yet, send us $1.50 for each full pound Variety Box desired, prepaid to any part of the U. S. and shipped the same day order is received.

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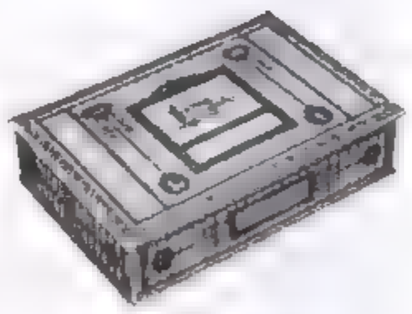
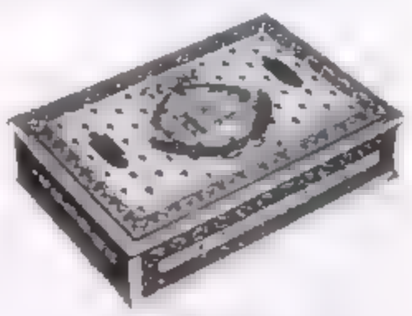


SELECTED CENTERS
(Assorted Chocolates)

An assortment including nut centers, nut caramels, nougats, almonds, sirrons, fruits, creams, etc. $1.25 the pound.



CHOCOLATE CREAM BRAZIL NUTS

Nuts imported direct and cracked freshly as used. Each nut individually enrobed in fondant and coated with chocolate. $1.50 the pound.

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WEBER AND FIELDS

(Continued from Page 21)

on your calling list was a certificate of merit, two a patent of success, and a family nest equivalent to flattering press notices in every paper in Pittsburgh. Old friendships had been wrecked on the accusation of luring away another's own rats. The Academy's mascots favored grease paints above all other delicacies, cheese included, and the shrewder players purposely kept an open box on the floor night and day. The results were uncanny. Gorging on the grease paints, the rodents' noses and whiskers were perpetually smeared with reds and yellows as if they had been made up for some rat-hole masquerade, a spectacle that had sobered some men instantly and driven others into delirium tremens.

Cincinnati and the People's Theater, still in use, followed Pittsburgh. The Ohio city had an anti-Sunday theater law, enforced as were some other municipal ordinances. No attempt was made to interfere with performances; but toward ten o'clock of the opening Sunday night a squad of police would appear, arrest the entire company and take them before the old German police judge who officiated at midnight court. His honor would fine each one five dollars, which would be paid by the manager. That ended the incident. In effect, it was merely a license fee of five dollars a performer for a Sabbath show.

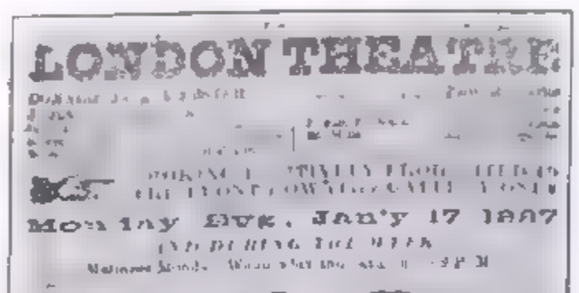
Pinched

Actors looked forward to Cincinnati for this opportunity of hazing the rookie. Weber and Fields were the destined victims this trip. On the train, Gus Hill had called them to one side and warned them that Cincinnati was a peculiar community.

"They won't stand for that knocking and dragging each other around," he predicted. "They'll run you in sure if you use that rough stuff."

As Fields explains: "The knockabout was the best thing in our act. We would fall off a house for a dollar at that age, and we refused to be frightened. The story sounded fishy anyway. We show opened on a Sunday afternoon. We went through our act as usual, and nothing happened. But when we finished the afterpiece Sunday night we found three policemen in the wings. 'What did I tell you?' Hill yelled at us. We ducked for the dressing room, washed up, jumped into our street clothes and tiptoed toward the stage door. Apparently we were getting away. The three cops had their backs turned, but on the outside steps we ran into the arms of a fourth policeman."

The boys thought it odd that the rest of the company were herded along with them to the station to suffer for Joe and Lew's crimes. All the others pretended to be greatly cast down. There was no need for the boys to pretend. Haines and Vidocq, the headliners of the company, wrung their hands and protested that never again could they look their poor mothers in the face. Both boys were rubbing their eyes before they reached police headquarters.


LONDON THEATRE

Monday Eve., Jan'y 17 1887

TheGoldenBoom

GUS HILL'S WORLD OF NOVELTIES!

PROGRAMME

4 Nondescripts 4

Frank B. SHERIDAN & FLYNN Joe P.

Mlle. Alberta

Weber & Fields

Miss Dollie Foster

Gus Hill

Vidocqs

GRAND TRIPLE PERFORMANCE

Mlle. Anna Mlle. Barretta

Smith & Way Charles

Miss Lottie Gilson

FROM THE ALBERT DAVIS COLLECTION

Weber and Fields Appear Twice on This Program of the Gus Hill Show at Donaldson's London Theater on the Bowery: Once Under Their Own Names, Again as Smith and Way

The company was marched directly into night court.

"Name?" demanded the clerk. "Age?"

"Five dollars," pronounced the judge. "Next case!" No charge, no defense, no comment.

When the roll call reached the boys, Joe piped up in a quavering voice, "Honest, we were just fooling, judge, your honor. We don't really hurt each other. It's just part of the show. We really love each other like brothers." As proof, he kissed Lew noisily on the forehead.

When the court had had its fun, in that kangaroo fashion still common with police magistrates, the joke was diagramed for them. As balm for their lacerated feelings, their backs were slapped, they were told that better men than they had suffered the same initiation; and they heard the story of Lottie Gilson, then a favorite of the music halls, with her, "There never was a minute little Willie wasn't in it, for he knew a thing or two" song. Lottie was arrested annually in Cincinnati for violating the Sunday law and never could recall the age she had given in court on her previous visits. When she had made her latest estimate, the judge delighted in reading the record on her. Last year she had been twenty, the year before twenty-seven, this year twenty-two. The quotation fluctuated like Erie Common in a disturbed market.

Encore

The judge enjoyed his newest victims so heartily that he sent for them on Monday night to entertain his midnight court with their knockabout act. His was a royal command, and they went. His honor being German, as an elective official was apt to be in that German city, he found Mike and Myer's dialect comicalities vastly amusing. Wednesday night, and again Thursday, there was another command performance. Royal favor ever is apt to become oppressive, and what first seemed a distinction now was a nuisance. Friday the boys slipped away early to their beds over Peterson's concert hall.

Cincinnati, despite its beer-and-sausage flavor, then liked to call itself the Young Paris, and strove determinedly to live up to the name. Vine Street, or Over the Rhine, as it was known affectionately, was a street to be named in italics; seven and eight concert halls to the block, all noisy past dawn. A city more wide open even than Frisco, as Weber and Fields remember it. Such a community was sure to take its practical jokes strong and straight.

When the royal courier reported back that Masters Weber and Fields had left the theater, his honor paused in the midst of lecturing a plain drunk to remark, "Go and find them." The policeman was back in an hour with the word that he had found them in bed, and that they refused to get up.

"Bring 'em in and lock 'em up," the judge ordered jovially.

At 2 30 A.M. Joe and Lew were shaken awake by two men in blue coats and brass

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a Dunlop Tire

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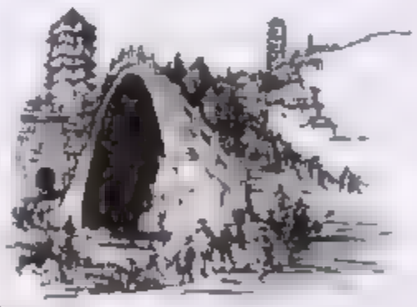
Or Paris

— where Dunlop Tires are to be found on the little taxis that dash wildly about the Place de l'Opera, as well as on the handsomest motors along the Champs Elysees.



Or Japan

— where the better products of Western civilization, including Dunlop Tires, are adopted and used by a nation of careful buyers.

Or Buenos Aires

— cosmopolitan metropolis of South America, where motorists expect much from their motorcars, and Dunlop Tires are famous for the extra miles they give.

DUNLOP TIRE & RUBBER CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

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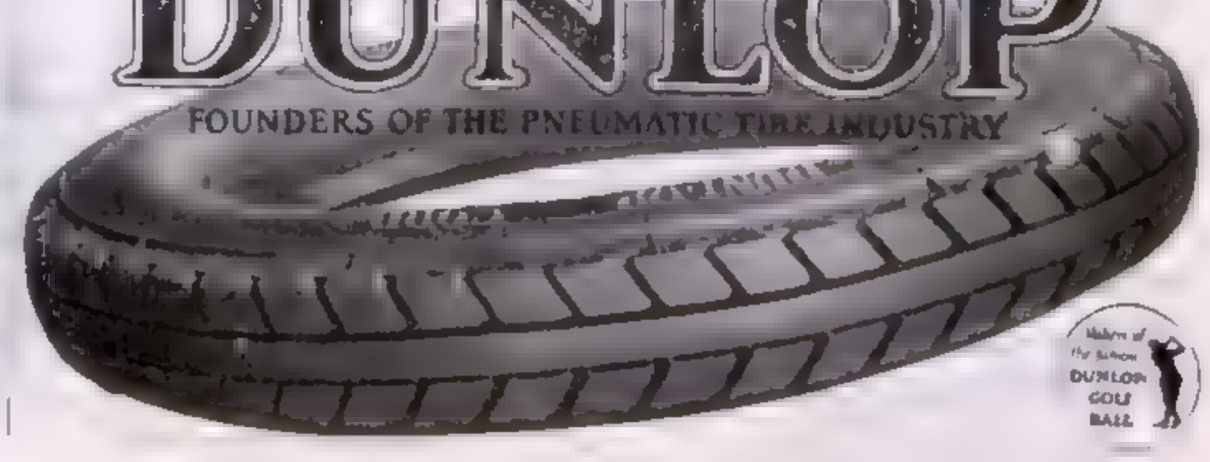
FOUNDERS OF THE PNEUMATIC TIRE INDUSTRY



Makers of the famous DUNLOP GOLF BALL

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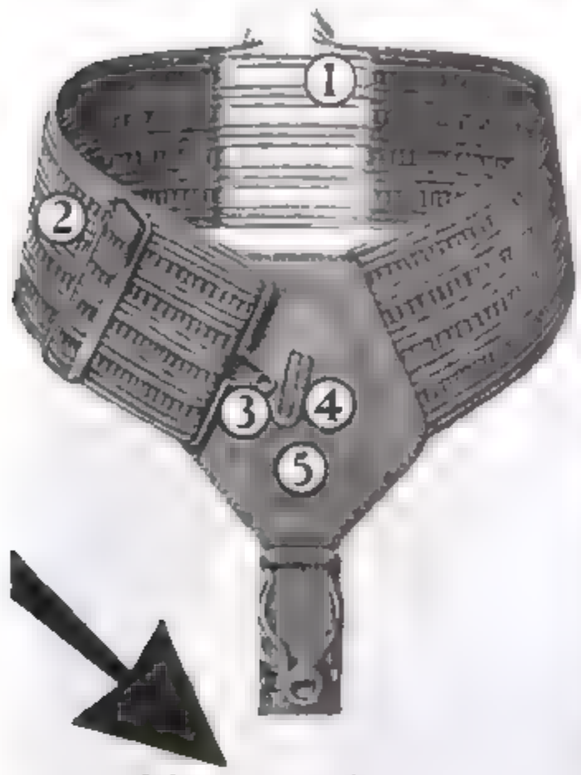

Comfort Construction

Comfort becomes a science in Pioneer Brighton Wide-Webs because every detail in the making builds greater comfort into the garters. Consider these points, for example:

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2. The longer length of the webbing helps to eliminate tension.
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Insist on Pioneer-Brighton Wide-Webs—they are the most comfortable garters made.

Single Grip 35c and up
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buttons, commanded to rise and dress in the name of the law, and marched away.

"Which would you young fellers rather do—dance for me or sleep in the calaboose for contempt of court?" his honor asked with a chuckle. They danced—danced in the spirit of tenderfeet sashaying to the music of six-shooters aimed at their feet. In after years when they returned to Cincinnati, the judge was sure to be in the house the opening night and back-stage later to recall, with much leg-slapping, the time he had hauled them out of bed - always, that is, until their last visit, the year of their jubilee. They missed his honor's wrinkled face and learned that he was dead.

In the summer between the first and second seasons with Gus Hill, Joe and Lew made their debut as producers, an enterprise that tossed no bomb in the producing world, however. It took the form of a commonwealth tent show playing South Brooklyn and Williamsburg. They tried it in Harlem, but that superior environ would have none of it. A commonwealth show was one in which the gate receipts, less expenses, were divided equally among the performers after each show, and in this case the only expense was the rental of a tent with benches. The advertised admission was ten cents, but at matinées, which were patronized exclusively by children, they compromised on pennies, knives, tops or what-have-you. Joe sold tickets and Lew collected them.

They managed and produced, and appeared twice on the bill, first under their own names in the knockabout, and second as Smith and Way in combination with the Rogers Brothers. Max and Gus Rogers were neighborhood kids on the East Side. Gus, now dead, had appeared at occasional benefits in imitations of Pat Rooney, one of the favorite comedians of the '80's. Max had yet to lose his amateur standing. Weber and Fields had taught them what they knew of dancing and lent them a hand.

There being only two dressing rooms, Joe and Lew took one by right of their dignity as managers, and the rest of the company used the other. Being the youngest and least experienced, the Rogers Brothers suffered a continual hazing until they appealed in tears to be permitted to dress with the stars. The boon was granted, and Joe and Lew began to notice, without giving it much thought, that their pads and wigs never were exactly as they last had left them. These props of their knockabout act had been contrived ingeniously, not only to protect their heads, limbs and trunks from injury but to give off a maximum of sound when whacked. Without them, the act was impossible. Two years later when they beheld an imitation of the knockabout that its own parents could hardly distinguish from the original they could not help suspecting that perhaps they had been too hospitable with Max and Gus.

Two New Jobs

The second season with the Gus Hill show was much like the first. A variety show could play only the cities having variety theaters, and the list was not long. New York, Brooklyn, Paterson, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, St. Louis, Chicago, Milwaukee, Cleveland, Buffalo, Rochester, Syracuse, Albany, Worcester, New Haven and Providence exhausted it. Twenty theaters all of a pattern; drinking and smoking during the performances in each, and men-only audiences. But the season is remembered for having brought them two new jobs

In Chicago, in the spring, they played the Lyceum Theater. Tom Grenier, the owner, recently had bought the Burr Robbins circus. He asked the boys if they would care to go out with the circus the coming summer. They wanted to know what they could do in a circus. Grenier thought that their knockabout would go well in the concert, or after show, and that he could use them as clowns in the big ring; something simple, such as hanging onto the tails of galloping horses, falling off a horse now and then and making faces at the ringmaster. He would pay them twenty dollars a week each and expenses, and throw in a song-book-and-concert-ticket-selling privilege netting 10 per cent of sales. What two boys in their early teens ever hesitated over such an offer? Not they anyway.

Later in the season, the Gus Hill show played Hyde & Behman's Theater, Brooklyn. Hyde & Behman was a great name in the variety world and, when Richard Hyde noticed their act and offered to raise Gus Hill's thirty dollars to fifty dollars a week if the boys would join his Hyde's Comedians, managed by his brother Jim, the next season, they accepted. The fifty dollars would not include board, but they at least could eat when, where and what they liked. Hill was irate; but as his displeasure took the form of making them sleep by themselves and depriving them of all their extra work for the remaining ten weeks of the season, they survived.

Trouping With an Old-Time Circus

Grenier's was a two-ring railroad circus, in contradistinction to a wagon show. Until ten years previously, all American circuses had moved overland under their own horse power. In 1872, against the stubborn opposition of P. T. Barnum, his partner, and the indifference of the railroad companies, W. C. Coup had pioneered by putting his show on railway trucks. A wagon show's daily jump was limited to twenty to twenty-five miles. This low mobility made it necessary to play villages of a thousand persons or fewer, or to skip a date. The railroads could shift all equipment a hundred miles or more between days with ease, and Coup's experiment was so immediately successful that most of his competitors imitated his move in the next few seasons. The smallest shows continued to straggle through the mud and dust of Southern and Western roads for forty years more, growing fewer each year, until today another revolution is in full swing. With the spread of hard-surfaced roads, the perfecting of the gasoline motor and the soaring costs of railway transportation, the carnivals and all but the largest circuses are turning back to the highways with motorized shows, already a commonplace of the sawdust world.

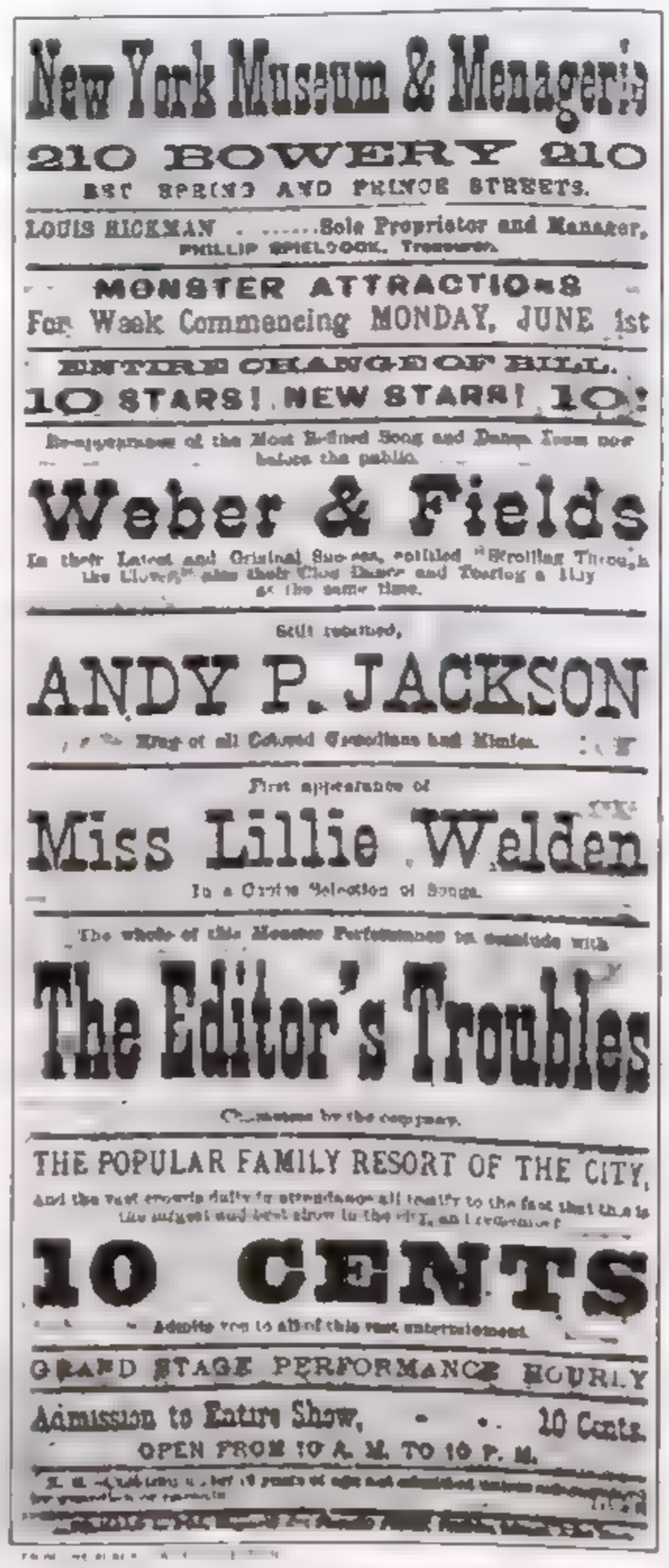
The American circus has altered little in half a century, looked at from within the tent. It is larger, more elaborate and infinitely better organized; but old troupers will tell you that the substance of the entertainment is the same and the personnel of performers and roustabouts unchanging.

Outwardly, there is another story to tell. The circus has turned respectable. The old circus had a dual nature. It was both an entertainment and a guerilla band levying war and tribute on the countryside. Its entertainment offended none, but with it and of it, licensed and protected by it, traveled a ruffianly crew of pickpockets, sneak thieves, burglars, short-card gamblers, confidence men, short-change artists and the like.

Circus day was a day of high carnival in the rural community, followed, as high carnival usually is, by the cold gray dawn of the morning after. "War, pestilence, famine and the circus," was a rural adage, and there is no exaggeration in saying that one day's passing of these locust swarms often was equivalent in its effects to a partial crop failure in the afflicted vicinity.

The mender, or fixer, traveled ahead of the show, calling on the local police authorities. He was a silk-hatted, swallow-tailed personage, with a bulge in his right trousers pocket. A gentleman of infinite resource, of suave and unctuous or bluff and hearty address as the occasion seemed to demand. He left behind him more than a memory of his engaging personality.

Circus-ticket sellers were not paid. They paid the governors, as the owners were known, for the privilege of doing their work. The main ticket-wagon concession was worth one thousand dollars a season with the ordinary show, the lesser ticket concession smaller sums, and they paid splendid returns to men who knew their business. The ticket seller, an adept at palming and double counting, had the aid of cappers who jostled the buyer and shoved him along before he could check his change.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PHILLIP SPIELDOOK, Treasurer.
MONSTER ATTRACTIONS
For Week Commencing MONDAY, JUNE 1st
ENTIRE CHANGE OF BILL.
10 STARS! NEW STARS! 10!
Re-appearance of the Most Refined Song and Dance Team now before the public.
Weber & Fields
In their Latest and Original Success, entitled "Strolling Through the Clover" also their Clog Dance and Tearing a Lily at the same time.
Still retained,
ANDY P. JACKSON
The King of all Colored Comedians and Mimics.
First appearance of
Miss Lillie Welden
In a Choice Selection of Songs.
The whole of this Monster Performance to conclude with
The Editor's Troubles
Characters by the company.
THE POPULAR FAMILY RESORT OF THE CITY,
And the vast crowds daily in attendance all testify to the fact that this is the largest and best show in the city, an Entertainment
10 CENTS
Admits you to all of this vast entertainment.
GRAND STAGE PERFORMANCE HOURLY
Admission to Entire Show, . . 10 Cents.
OPEN FROM 10 A. M. TO 10 P. M.

One Side of a Dime Museum Program With Weber and Fields Leading the Bill

Easy Picking

The clothesline concession was as standard a by-product as the peanut-selling privilege. The first blast of the calliope at parade was the signal for the pillage of back yards and homes to begin, and the quest of the little pea in the shell game, and the black ace in three-card monte to open on the street corners.

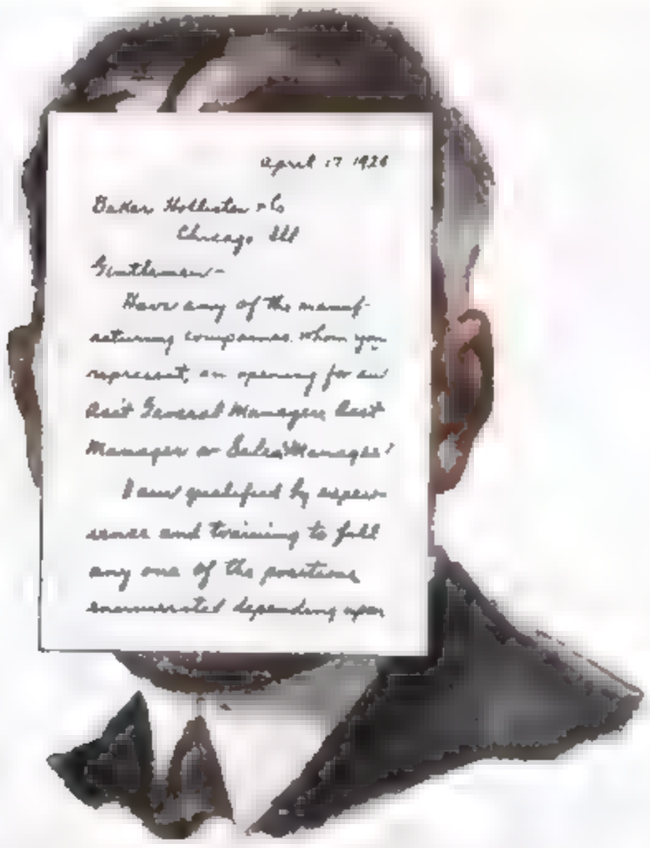
The man who guessed your weight—"No charge if I fail"—spoke in a code intelligible only to his accomplices. As he ran his hands over a candidate he talked, seemingly to no purpose, but his "I think your weight is," translated, meant "His money is in his right trousers pocket." "I guess your weight to be" located the victim's purse in the hip pocket, and "I say your weight is," the inside coat pocket.

The free tight-rope-walking exhibition announced to take place on the lot immediately after the parade was no philanthropy. A crowd pushing and craning its necks to follow the swaying fortunes of a girl in white tights overhead was one made to order for pickpockets.

As the crowd gathered on the show lot, a capper would mount a convenient wagon, sweep off his hat and deliver a solicitous warning against thieves.

"Ladies and gentlemen," his harangue ran, "the management desires to caution you to protect your money and your valuables from pickpockets. The great John Doe shows makes every effort, even to carrying its own police and detective force, to guard its patrons from these gentry; but the most elaborate precautions sometimes fail. There may be pickpockets among you now, and we implore you to cooperate with us by exercising reasonable vigilance."

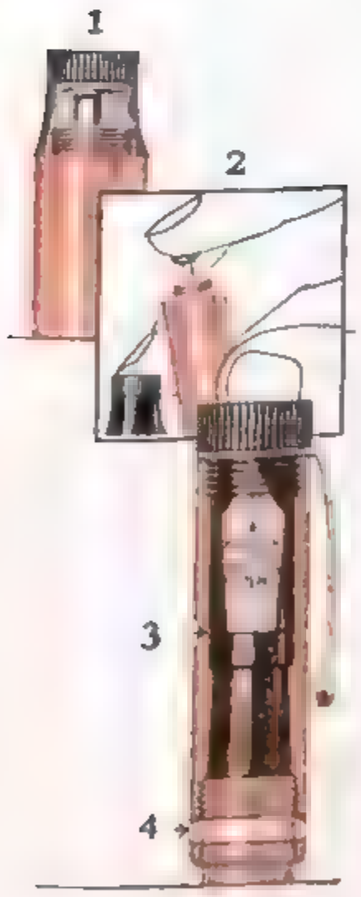
(Continued on Page 94


April 17 1926
Baker Hollister & Co
Chicago Ill
Gentlemen:-
Have any of the manufacturing companies whom you represent, an opening for an Asst General Manager, Asst Manager or Sales Manager?
I am qualified by experience and training to fill any one of the positions enumerated depending upon

What Picture of You does the World get from Your Handwriting?

A poor pen gives a poor impression —A Duofold does you justice

Isn't it worth $7 to put yourself on a basis with anybody?



IN THIS new Age, a world of Parker Duofold users are daily writing into their careers Success! When least you know it, your penmanship is competing with theirs. For often it is by your handwriting that you are judged by people who know you only slightly, or whom you have yet to meet.

And what a world of inference is drawn from handwriting—courage or timidity, neatness or carelessness, intelligence or ignorance, strength or weakness. A characterful hand can be a priceless asset, just as a poor pen can be a heavy liability.

It is not a question of whether you have a pen, but whether you have one that gives the world the kind of impression you are capable of creating. It is not a question of price, for the Duofold point is guaranteed 25 years if not abused. Hence it's the most economical pen you can own—or give, as well as the most valuable to one's career.

Its super-smooth point of extra thick gold has a tip of polished Iridium, hardest metal known. No style of writing can distort it—thus a pen you can lend without a tremor.

Its size and symmetry and balance make it a barrel your hand can hold with fingers gently extended—a pen of inspiring swing.

The world will respect your judgment if you carry this black-tipped lacquer-red beauty. Its color is handsomer than gold—it makes this a hard pen to lose.

$7 for the Over-size Duofold with the big ink capacity, or $5 for the Duofold Jr. or the slender Lady Duofold, will put you on a basis with anybody.

Step up to the nearest pen counter and buy one on 30 days' approval. But make no mistake, only the pen stamped "Geo. S. Parker—Lucky Curve" is a genuine Duofold, with the 25-year Point and Press-Button Filler

THE PARKER PEN COMPANY · JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN

NEW YORK CHICAGO *Parker Duofold Pencils match the Duofold Pen, $3.50* SAN FRANCISCO SPOKANE

THE PARKER FOUNTAIN PEN COMPANY, LTD., TORONTO, CANADA · THE COMMERCIAL PRESS, LTD., SHANGHAI, CHINA, DISTRIBUTORS, CHINA

Parker Creations Abolish Pen Faults

1 Press Button Filler capped inside the barrel—out of harm's way

2 Press the Button—release and you've got 10 times the ink Duofold drinks in big ill-fitting barrels

3 Inner sleeve of Duofold barrel seals ink. Tight seal which makes no pen can leak.

4 Rich Gold Girdle reinforces Cap—was $1 extra—now free

"Lucky Curve" Feed uses capillary attraction to give more steady flow

Duofold Point, tipped with [illegible] guaranteed [illegible] years if not abused.

Fit and balance in a shorter, better barrel

Parker Duofold

LUCKY CURVE

OVER-SIZE

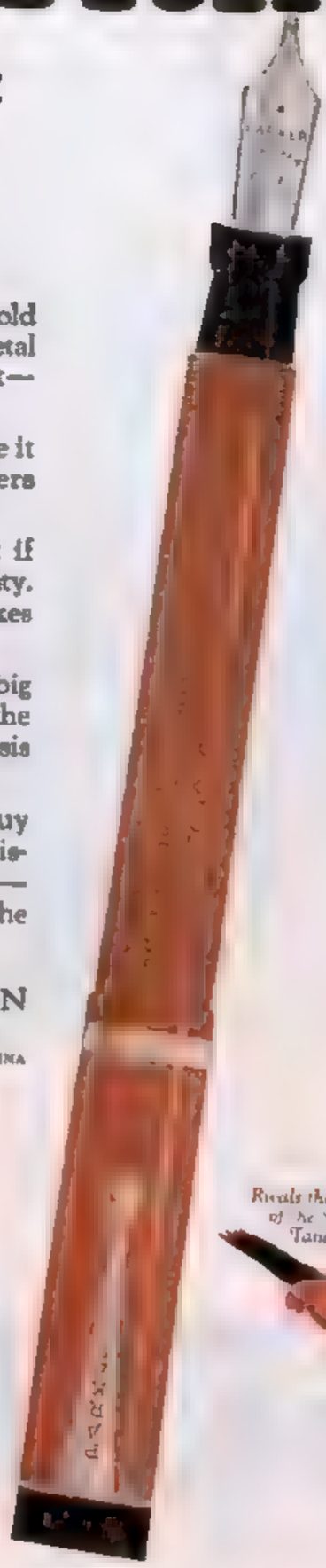
$7

With The 25 Year Point

Black and Red Color Combination Reg. Trade Mark U. S. Pat. Office

Duofold Jr. $5
Same except for size

Lady Duofold $5
With ring for chatelaine



Reveals the beauty of the Scarlet Tanager

Standard Sizes of Goodyear Balloon Tires

Present size	Balloons for present wheels	Balloons for new wheels
30 x 3½*	31 x 4.40	29 x 4.40
31 x 4	32 x 4.95	31 x 5.25
32 x 4	33 x 4.95	31 x 5.25
33 x 4	34 x 4.95	31 x 5.25
32 x 4½	33 x 5.77	32 x 6.20
33 x 4½	34 x 5.77	33 x 6.20
34 x 4½	35 x 5.77	33 x 6.20
33 x 5	35 x 6.00	33 x 6.60

*If present rims are clincher type, new straight-side rim type [illegible] will be required.

GOODYEAR

Copyright 1924, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Inc.

Goodyear does it again!

The story of a sensational improvement in tire-making, of profound economic interest to every car owner

You probably know that the modern low-pressure balloon tire is made with thinner sidewalls and greater flexibility than tires of earlier type.

These characteristics involve new problems in design, and important special requirements in materials.

Doubtless the most essential requirement of the successful balloon tire is a new kind of cord fabric, of extreme elasticity and endurance.

No ordinary cord fabric can properly withstand the balloon tire's continuous and repeated flexing, and at the same time victoriously resist severe road-shocks.

In its laboratories and its own cotton mills Goodyear has solved this urgent problem —by perfecting a remarkable and exclusive cord fabric called SUPERTWIST.

Tests made with tires embodying this new material, under conditions approximating balloon tire usage, showed that a carcass made of SUPERTWIST *delivered in excess of 100% greater service* than a carcass containing an equal number of plies of standard cord fabric.

In other words, it was demonstrated in these tests that, ply for ply, Goodyear SUPERTWIST cord fabric literally *doubled* the carcass life of the tire.

Certainly this justifies the belief that no greater contribution to the art of tire-building than SUPERTWIST has been recorded since the introduction of the cord tire itself.

The superiority of Goodyear SUPERTWIST is due to its greater elasticity and power to flex, with consequent wider distribution of shock and greater freedom from stone-bruise and like injuries.

This incomparable material is now used in regular Goodyear production and is built into Goodyear balloon tires of *both* kinds—to fit new wheels, and the wheels now on your car.

Goodyear Means Good Wear

"BALLOONS"

(Continued from Page 90)

A fair speech, indeed—the only purpose of which, however, was to lead every towner within hearing to reach instinctively for his wallet and watch, thereby telegraphing to the dips in the crowd the exact location of what they sought. If a man here and there discovered that he already had been robbed, his clamor only created the confusion in which pickpockets work best.

The rural American of an earlier day was a belligerent and free-spoken citizen, and he was not in the habit of taking such treatment lying down. A holiday customarily was celebrated in corn liquor. He was apt to signalize his arrival in town by whipping some ancient enemy of a neighborhood feud, and a stranger was a fair mark at any time.

By nightfall, a pooling of injuries, drink-inflamed resentment and local pride time and again came to a head in a furious mob descent upon the circus with knives, sticks, stones and firearms.

No sham battles these! The circus well knew the harvest it sowed daily, and was prepared for the crop. It not only was perpetually on the alert, but it exercised a certain discipline and method in its ranks that gave it the advantage an organized force always has over a mob. And much practice made for perfection on the circus side.

Clems, such shindigs were known in circus argot, and their battle cry, "Hey, Rube!" That shibboleth brought every able-bodied man forth to do battle with tent stake, feet and fists. They were a rough-and-ready crew, and there is no record in show history of such a battle having gone against them. Homeric affairs, some were, celebrated in an Iliad of their own, a song of endless verses, the first and last of which will suffice here:

"They'll eat yer up in this here teown,
The boys'll tear yer carkiss deown."
Thus spoke a man with hoary head
The main guy winked and softly said,
"Hey, Rube!"

Gawks, guys and rubes, another day,
Whene'er a circus comes your way,
And you are sp'litin' for a clem,
Be sure they haven't learned to sing,
"Hey, Rube!"

The Burr Robbins circus opened in Chicago in May and played that city continuously for six weeks, moving to a new location each day—an unknown procedure now. It is Weber and Fields impression that they played every vacant lot in that sprawling young giant of a city and repeated on some without recognizing them. The first day's stand fell in the vicinity of the stockyards. Loyal Chicagoans were proud of Back of the Yards, and backed it against all comers for handiness with fist, boot, brickbat or write your own ticket. Whence the sporting expression, Packing House Rules.

Back of the Yards

Reporting on the lot for the first parade, the boys were ordered to make up as clowns, ride atop a circus wagon and act funny. The circus had traditions, customs, rigid class distinctions and a language all its own, its people were as clannish and as aloof as gypsies. Joe and Lew sensed this, and were homesick and ill at ease. Their constraint was not lightened when a rock hummed past their heads within two minutes after the parade set out. Back of the Yards was amusing itself, and every lad was a sharpshooter. Weber and Fields clung to the swaying deck of the lumbering red-and-gold animal wagon as it lurched over Chicago's cobblestones. They ducked, dodged, took it, and hung on. The Yards whooped its delight. The new clowns were being funny all right, but not according to the blue prints.

They resigned three times to the block, but they had to wait on the parade's return to the lot to tell Grenier. They yearned for that sweet Sabbath calm of the Bowery, and they were going back.

"What?" Grenier hooted. "That's all part of the game. You'll get used to it. Is that the sort of lady fingers you New York kids are?" And he shamed them out of it.

Other sections of Chicago were less demonstrative, and they did get used to it. As part of their parade clowning they early devised a burlesque crap game. The second day of it the game was on in earnest, the third it gathered recruits. After that as many clowns as could hold onto the roof of the wagon shot craps the length and breadth of Chicago. Grenier pointed with pride to his recruits. He no more suspected than did the spectators and the corner policeman that the stakes were real and the cries of the dicers heartfelt. It was the old, old circus story. Beneath the clown's painted grimaces and the carnival vestments lay breaking hearts—and broken pockets.

For the period of the Chicago stay Grenier boarded out his troupers by contract. Joe and Lew were assigned to a boarding house with the freaks. The bearded lady sat at Lew's left and drank her coffee from a mustache cup. The fat man occupied the next three chairs on Joe's right, and never missed the middle one when Joe removed it, as he did at every opportunity. Directly opposite, on a high chair, sat the armless wonder. What that unfortunate lacked in arms he made up in the prehensile cunning of his feet. With these he helped and fed himself, and manipulated knife, fork and spoon as matter of factly as the elephants used their trunks. The bearded lady had a reputation as a wit to uphold and it was her pleasure to shout, "Hands off!" at least once at every meal when the wonder reached for some dish.

Plucking the Dollar Bush

At the first breakfast Lew asked that the biscuits be passed. They lay nearest the wonder. He thrust forth a leg with a biscuit clutched in his foot. Lew did his own reaching from then on. Lemon meringue pie was the dessert the following noon. The wonder's struggle with the elusive pie gave the boys a lifelong diarelish for that dish. Before night they besought Grenier to give them the three dollars their board was costing him and let them find themselves. He did, and in their reaction to the wonder they ate their dinners sometimes at the Palmer House, Chicago's pride, where a jar of stick candy stood beside the catchup bottle and the vinegar cruet in the center of each table, and there were nineteen choices of meats on the seventy-five-cent table-d'hôte menu that read like an inventory.

As youngsters and outlanders, they were targets for every gust of humor, good or bad, that blew. They were ordered to hold up a tent pole and left holding it until their arms throttled, or until another joker happened along to order them to drop the pole and fetch a bucket of stake holes. They were blamed for their own blunders and any other stray stupidity. The best they got was ignoring. Their answer was, "Yes, sir; no, sir; thank you, sir," and a smile. They stirred even the canvas men. Before the show was out of Chicago, that time-tested system had accomplished its ends. They belonged. Special favors even came their way and when the boys left the show before the end of the season the entire troupe paraded to the station.

Their venture at the concert-ticket-and-songbook selling privileges Grenier had promised was brief and instructive. There, they discovered, was a subsidiary concession in the first instance. That is, a highly competent salesman with a satchel of tickets and change strapped over his shoulders stood at the gate of the concert tent. Only when the crush was so heavy that he could not handle it all did a stray customer filter through to Lew and Joe.

The main concessionaire was not selling tickets for any paltry 10 per cent commission. The boys, standing idle behind him, had both time and a vantage point to study his short-changing tricks. His glib rascality and the simplicity of his victims struck them as funny. This snickering so got on the short-changer's nerves that his hands lost their cunning. Turning in exasperation, he asked the boys how much they were making a day at the gate. They thought fifty or sixty cents would cover it.

"I'll give you each a dollar a day to stay away from here, and be glad to be quit of you," he snapped. It was a bargain.

The songbook enterprise did not end so fortuitously. Lew's customers persisted in tendering the exact change, but Joe chanced upon a man whose smallest coin was a dollar. The play was to depart to get change—the practiced songbook agent never had change—and forget to return.

"Well, we made a dollar," Joe announced in the dressing tent a quarter of an hour later.

He flipped the coin admiringly in the air, when a bass voice was heard outside. The voice demanded to know, "Where is that kid that's been knocking down on the folks in the after show?" A special policeman employed by the circus entered and leveled a fat finger at Weber and his dollar. Joe passed it over without a chirp. The accuser left, growling something about jails and thieves; but his voice again was heard outside. This time he was telling someone that he had just picked a shiny silver dollar off a bush. Joe suspected what old Pop Davenport, the principal clown, confirmed. The special would keep the dollar. No more dollars grew on that particular bush.

At 10 per cent commission the songbook job did not pay for wear and tear on the lungs; but Joe and Lew kept at it until a day in Iowa when a band of blanket Indians from a near-by reservation attended the circus and stayed for the concert.

It was the custom to pass the songbooks among the after-show audiences for examination, and to return to collect either the book or its price. The first Indian shook his head and grunted a refusal to have a book. The boys had heard somewhere that a redskin and his money soon were parted by a paleface. Hadn't the teacher in Public School No. 42 told them how the Dutch traded the Iroquois out of Manhattan Island for a string of beads and a bottle of firewater? Here was the biggest opportunity since 1626, and our young salesmen rose to it.

Trading With the Indians

They pressed books upon the unwilling aborigines. They called them all chief, and further flattered them by addressing them in their own, their native tongue, or so Lew conceived "Look 'em pretty pictures, chief," to be. One Indian reached for a book, then another. The ice was broken. Every Indian wanted a book. Lew's supply was exhausted, then Joe's. They returned with fresh loads.

When the market was saturated, they held out open palms.

"Wampum," they said. "Two bits, twenty-five cents! A quarter! Savee—money? Mazumah! Geld! You catchem book, me catchem wampum! Nice book! Pretty pictures! Squaw heap like! You buy?"

Stony faces among the Indian delegation.

"No wampum, no book," ruled Lew.

He reached for the nearest book. The Indian drew away. Joe grabbed and his Indian sat on his book. They grabbed at other books. Other Indians sat on their books and stared stonily ahead. As he missed his next snatch, Lew perceived, out of a corner of an eye, a redskin unsheath his hunting knife and test the blade absently upon his thumb. He became aware that he was in the midst of several hundred blanket Indians, and that more knives were coming out of their sheaths, abstractedly to be sure, but emerging all the same. His next step was backward. All his next steps were backward, and Joe passed him, stepping faster. At a distance, a considerable distance, they checked up. They were out one hundred and seventy songbooks for which they had paid cash to Grenier. It went down to profit and loss, and they retired forthwith from the songbook trade. Not a sound had been uttered or an expression changed by the one hundred and seventy redskins. The American Indian has a dry sense of humor.

When the circus took to the road everyone save those bespangled aristocrats, the cat tamers, the equestrian and the acrobat families, helped in tearing the show down, loading, unloading and setting it up again. It was rise and shine at eight o'clock. From the bunk cars in which they slept two and three to the berth, the troupe rolled out for breakfast: food of the coarsest, thrown at them scrambled in tin plates. Parade assembly was at nine. While the performers teased the populace with hints of greater glories to be unfolded, the canvas men got the tents up. Rarely was there time to wash the make-up off or change to street clothes between parade and afternoon show, afternoon show and night. The tearing down started before the night performance was over, and it was two or three A.M. before the last car was loaded and the train under way. A hard life in good weather, a dog's life in bad. Joe and Lew found eight or nine shows a day in the museums a bed of roses by comparison. Often the prairie sun beat down so hotly on the big top that the grease paint on their wigs melted and ran down their faces in blistering trickles. At What Cheer, Iowa, a tornado stood the circus on its head just before an afternoon performance. The boys ran into a near-by home in their clown make-up. An old woman was alone in the house and hysterical in the knowledge that her daughter and grandchildren were somewhere on the show lot. They forgot their own fright comforting the old lady. In the wake of the wind came a torrential rain that left the lot a swamp, but the tent was up again and the bands blaring by night.

Born Troupers

The respect and deference shown the women of the circus, no matter what the stress and strain, impressed the boys. Lumber jacks and navvies by winter; canvas men, teamsters and razorbacks by summer—this whisky-swigging, hard-bitten crew leashed its tongues and doffed its hats for the humblest of the women. There was a girls' band with the Robbins show. These band women were shown the same respect as the haughty young princesses of bareback and the flying rings.

All this, to those to the circus born, was a matter of course. That was trouping. They met hardships as indifferently as seasoned soldiers. If they grumbled it was only by way of assuring themselves and others what rough-and-ready fellows, what born troupers, they were. And they looked with ineffable disdain upon the yokels and towners who were content to follow their dull little cow paths through life. The sharp pungency of trampled dog fennel in the hot summer air, the odor of the animal cages and the cool smell of sawdust were incense in their nostrils.

Once exposed to it, circus folk liked to believe that there was no cure but to go on trouping until age bent and slowed the legs or one died in the ring.

Joe and Lew did not find it so. Rather was it an antitoxin. Weber never cares to see, and Fields never has seen a circus from the day they left Grenier in Nebraska in August, 1887. Fond grandfather that he is, Fields has avoided even Madison Square Garden in the spring when the biggest show opens its season and the children of New York mark the calendar.

A scarifying adventure he and his partner underwent at David City, Nebraska, had much to do with this aversion, but that is another chapter.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by Mr. Isman and Mr. Stout. The next will appear in an early issue.

THE ALPINE EAST

(Continued from Page 25)

become frequent in Russian and Polish burial places until about 900 A.D. Thereafter the proportion of round skulls increases rapidly until in a few centuries they become the prevailing type, thus showing the steady replacement of the Nordic by the Alpine racial element.

Racial charge, however, has varied widely with different regions. This is clear not only from historical studies but also from the appearance of the existing populations. Not only in their head forms but also in their complexions modern Russians and Poles show the effect of varied Alpine and Nordic crossings. The original Slavs were like all distinctly Alpine peoples—a round-skulled, thickset, rather dark-complexioned folk. Such is the prevailing type today in Southern Russia and Poland, as it also is in the Slav homeland, the highlands of the Carpathians.

But in Northern Poland, and even more in Northwestern Russia, a great deal of Nordic blood survives, showing itself in the blond and reddish-blond types so common among the Polish and Russian peasantry of those regions. At the same time it should

(Continued on Page 99)

The Wonderful New Starch for CHILDREN'S CLOTHES

Every Mother Is Interested In This New Starch Which Keeps Children's Clothes Looking Fresh and Clean Longer

Your Children Can Always Be Charmingly Dressed If You Will Starch Their Dainty Wash Clothes With Linit

HERE is a fact that has excited the curiosity of many women:

Children's wash clothes, when clean and fresh from the store, stay clean longer than garments that have been washed once or twice. And, of course, the same applies to other wash garments and household fabrics.

Why Is It?

IT is no longer a secret. New wash garments stay clean longer because the great fabric makers use a *special kind* of starch. And such a starch, LINIT, is now offered to the housewife for home laundering.

This is the remarkable new starch discovery which makes even ordinary cotton look and feel like linen. You can buy it by merely asking your grocer for LINIT.

Why Linit Is Different

YOU will be interested to know that LINIT is entirely different from old-fashioned starches. When ready for use, the LINIT mixture is thin and free-running like water not thick and pasty.

When you dip your garments into the LINIT mixture, it immediately penetrates every thread of the fabric. At the same time it strengthens and prolongs the life of the material.

BECAUSE LINIT keeps children's clothes clean longer, mothers everywhere have welcomed LINIT for children's wash garments —as well as other household fabrics.

"How does LINIT keep clothes clean longer?" you may ask. The answer is in its *penetrating qualities.*

LINIT soaks through every thread of the fabric, and in this way fastens back into place all loosening bits of thread and the small shreds of lint, giving the fabric a soft, pliable, natural finish like new linen. By eliminating lint, your children's garments do not gather the small particles of dust in the air.

Once you starch with LINIT, you'll never go back to using the old-fashioned starches.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

Every effort is being made to supply grocers, our only distributors, throughout the country. If your grocer cannot supply you with LINIT, send in this coupon and we will send you by return mail prepaid, the amount of LINIT you desire.

CORN PRODUCTS REFINING CO
DEPT 21
ARGO, ILLINOIS

Enclosed is ¢ for which please send me _____ full sized 10¢ packages of Linit.
(Enclose 10¢ for each package Linit desired)

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

TOWN _____

GROCER'S NAME _____

Makes Cotton Look and Feel Like Linen

How many times have you seen a situation like this? Palm Beach Suits can't hold heat. They help you to look well dressed and to feel cool

© 1924, G. W. K.

Be Cool!

To any man who ever mopped his brow

BEFORE you get all "het up" this summer, step in and tell your clothier you want to try on one of the better-tailored Palm Beach Suits. Pick out one of the new patterns. You will see some of the best-looking cloth designs and colors you ever laid eyes on. Then try on the suit you have selected. Look at the way it fits, the good-looking style it has. That's the result of better tailoring.

Take a couple of suits in the new patterns. Start wearing them, and you'll find out something that some men haven't yet learned—that is, how cool you can be dressed in hot weather. The patented, porous Palm Beach Cloth attends to that. It lets heat out, so the body can breathe. You can't get away from the heat in the summer time, but you can get away from that hot, sticky, uncomfortable dog-days feeling when you wear well-made, fine-fitting, cool Palm Beach Suits.

Your regular clothier should have Palm Beach Clothes of the price, colors, tailoring, patterns, and cut that are designed to meet the taste of men of your sort.

Golf knickers, sport clothes, and boys' suits of Palm Beach Cloth are cool, good-looking, and durable.

THE PALM BEACH MILLS
GOODALL WORSTED CO., Sanford, Maine
A. ROHAUT, Selling Agent, 229 Fourth Ave., N. Y.

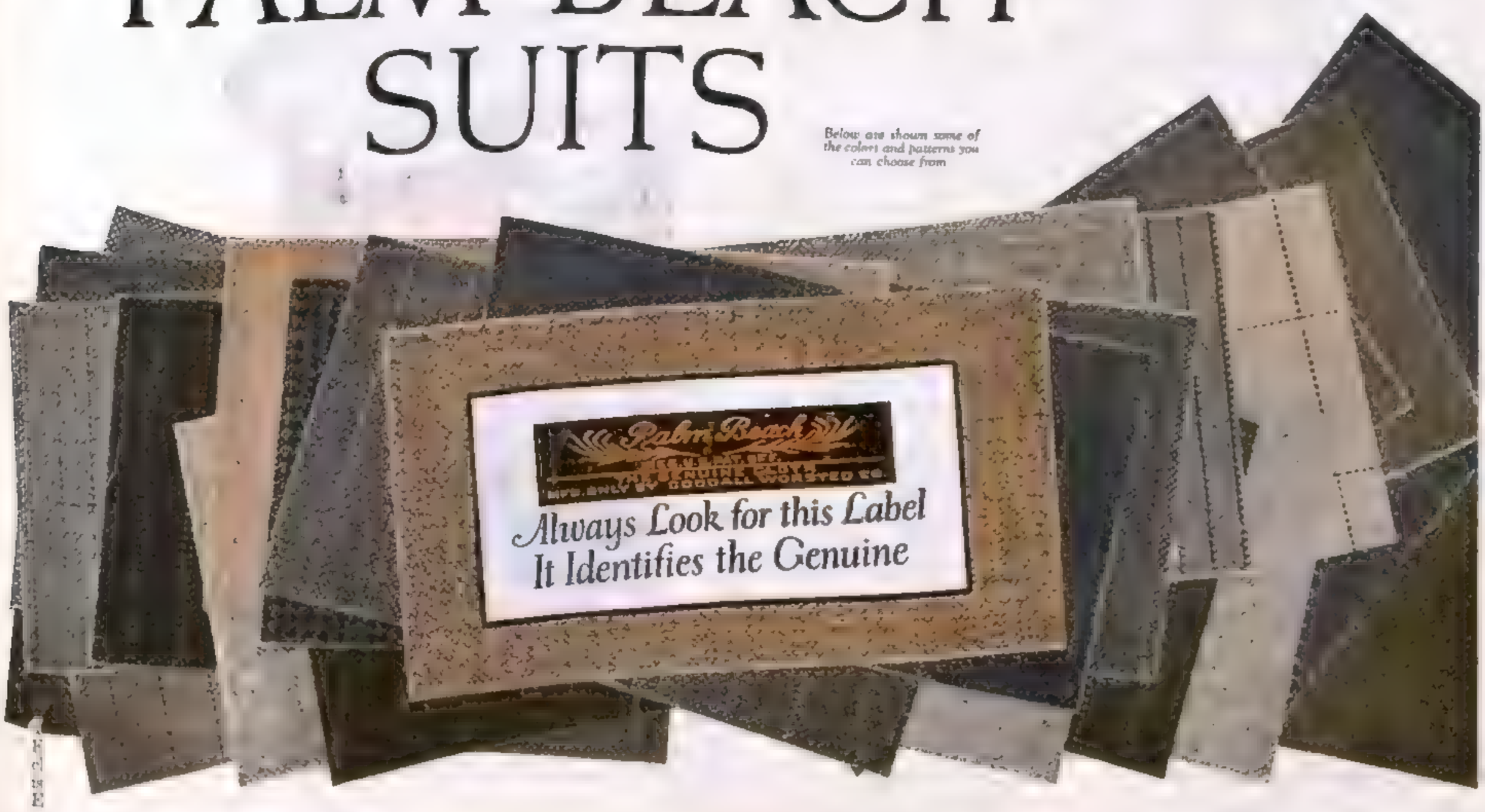
In business you look well dressed and you feel cool even with your coat on

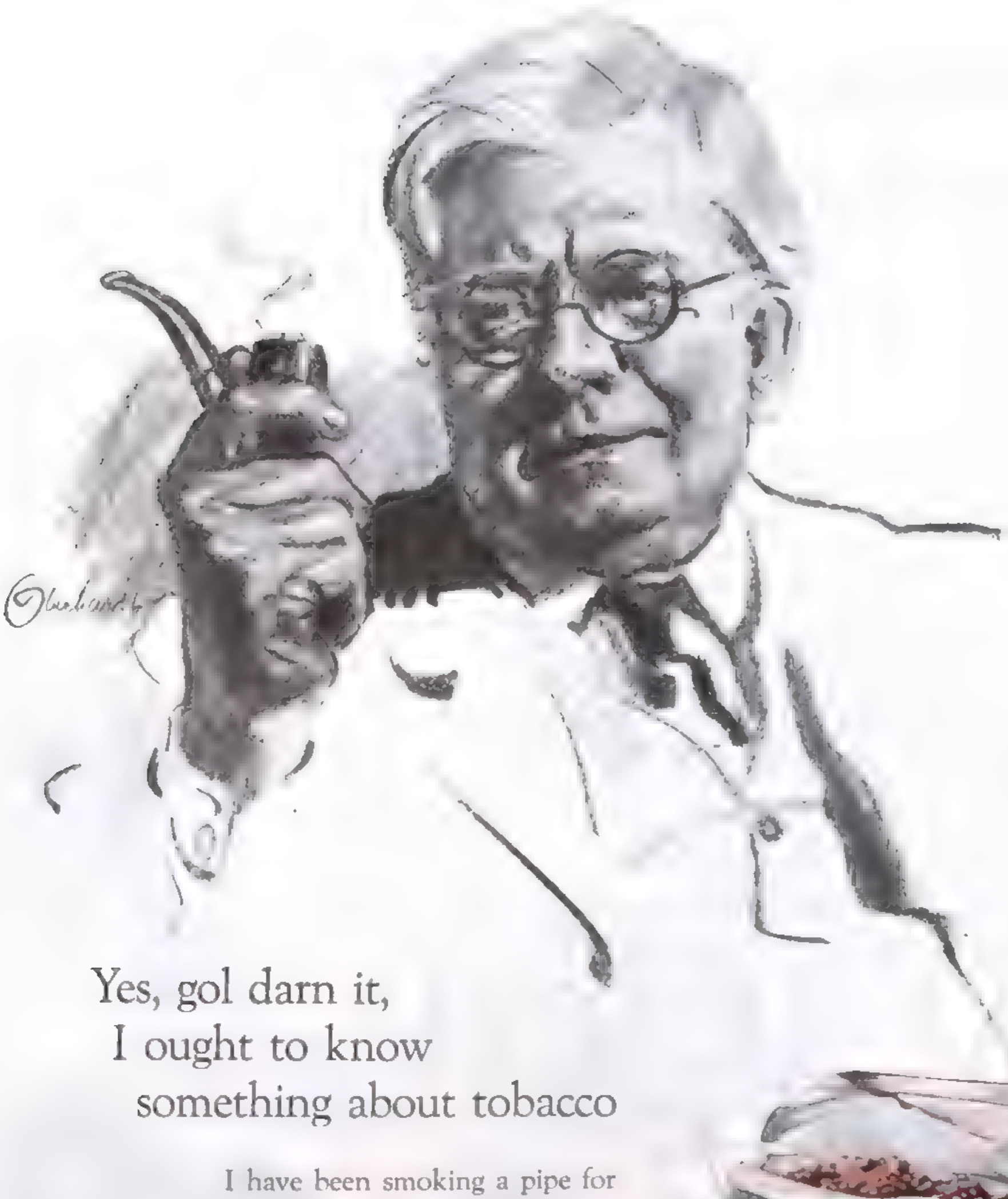
Palm Beach Suits come in dark and medium colors as well as light. It is the cloth, not the color, that keeps you cool

At all good clothing stores—in dark and light colors and many patterns
Priced according to finish and tailoring

PALM BEACH SUITS

Below are shown some of the colors and patterns you can choose from





Yes, gol darn it,
I ought to know
something about tobacco

I have been smoking a pipe for over twenty years and I'll tell you right now that this VELVET Tobacco is mild—it has fine flavor and smokes cool. What more could you want?

The Liggett & Myers Tobacco Company tell you that VELVET is made from the finest Kentucky Burley Tobacco and that every bit of it is *aged in wood*. And I know it is so.

mild—
fine flavor—
Smokes cool

aged in wood

that's why

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO

© 1924

(Continued from Page 94)

be noted that pure Nordic types are rare. So prolonged and general has been the intermingling of racial stocks that in most living individuals Nordic characteristics are found associated with Alpine traits, like round skulls and thickset bodies, thus forming what scientists call disharmonic combinations. Again, in Northern Russia the population shows distinct signs of an admixture of Asiatic Finnish blood.

And this by no means describes the whole of Eastern Europe's complex racial make-up. Parallel with the expansion of the Alpine Slavs has gone a series of invasions by Asiatic nomads, mostly Turks and Mongols, who have several times turned back the Slav advance and who have also sown much Asiatic blood among the Eastern European peoples. Asiatic types are not infrequent today in Poland, and are much more common in Russia, particularly in Southern Russia, where there is much Asiatic blood. The Russian temperament is clearly part Asiatic in character. That old saying, "Scratch a Russian and you find a Tartar," contains a deal of truth.

Besides the Asiatic strains which have become absorbed into the general population, there exist other Asiatic elements which still remain distinct. Such are the Mohammedan Tartars of Eastern and Southern Russia, kept apart from the surrounding population by barriers of religion and culture. The same is true of the large Jewish population of Poland and Western Russia. The Russian and Polish Jews are a very mixed stock, widely different in type and temperament from the Jews of Western Europe and the Mediterranean basin. These East European Jews of Russia, Poland and Rumania together form the so-called Ashkenazim branch of Jewry, the West European and Mediterranean branch being known as Sephardim.

The racial make-up of the Ashkenazim is decidedly complicated. The largest element in their make-up consists of various Alpine strains, acquired not only from the Alpine populations of Europe but also from distant relatives of the European Alpines, such as the Armenians and kindred round-skulled stocks of Western Asia. The Ashkenazim possess very little of the old Semitic Hebrew blood. On the other hand, they have a strong Mongolian infusion due to intermarriage with the Khazars, a Mongoloid Asiatic tribe, once settled in Southern Russia, which was converted to Judaism about a thousand years ago and was thereafter absorbed by intermarriage into the Ashkenazic stock. It is from the Khazars that the short stature, flat faces, high cheek bones and other Mongoloid traits so common among East European Jews seem to be mainly due. The mixed racial make-up of the East European Jews shows plainly in the wide varieties of physical appearance and temperament which appear in the stock, this extreme variability frequently producing very unusual disharmonic combinations.

Groupings in Eastern Europe

One other feature in Eastern Europe's racial make-up should be noted—the ruling aristocracies which have appeared at various times. The inability of Alpines to erect strong states of large size is well illustrated by the Slavs. In practically every case where large, powerful and enduring states have arisen among the Slav peoples it has been primarily due to a masterful ruling minority differing considerably in race from the Alpine masses. The best example of this is Russia, which from the very beginning of its history has been ruled by minorities chiefly of non-Alpine blood.

Such is the racial and geographical background of Eastern Europe. To describe in detail all the human groupings which have arisen as a result of these varied racial combinations, crosscut as they have been by political, cultural and religious factors, would be impossible within the limits of an article. Let us therefore confine ourselves to a brief survey of the three most important East European peoples—the Russians, the Poles and the Czecho-Slovaks. From this survey a good general idea of East European conditions can be obtained.

We will begin our survey with the Czecho-Slovaks, because this people—divided, as its name implies, into two branches—forms a natural link between Central and Eastern Europe. A glance at the map makes this clear. The country of the Czecho-Slovaks is a long ribbon of territory running across East Central Europe almost due east and west. The Czechs inhabit the western portion, the regions known as Bohemia and Moravia, which thrust their mountainous bulk far to the westward, dividing the German plains to the north from the Danube Valley to the south. Bohemia, the more westerly of the two regions, is likewise the larger and more important. It is a great plateau in Europe's very heart, ringed about with mountains. Bohemia's dominating position, overlooking as it does both the flatlands of Germany and the Danube Valley, has given it the significant title of the Citadel of Europe.

Moravia, a transition land of hill and plateau, is the link connecting Bohemia with the Slovak country to the eastward—the rugged highlands of the Carpathians, which sweep like a vast bow southeastwardly for hundreds of miles, dividing the Danube basin from the limitless East European plains. We now see how geography itself has made the Czecho-Slovaks the link between Central and Eastern Europe. Bohemia seems at first sight to be geographically part of Central Europe. What binds it racially to Eastern Europe is the fact that the only easy entrance to Bohemia is from the east. On its other sides Bohemia's mountain walls rise almost unbroken, and when—as in ancient times -these mountains were clothed with primeval forest they formed an impenetrable barrier to large-scale human migration.

The Western Outpost of Slavdom

Bohemia's history begins with its settlement by the Czechs. This settlement was part of the great expansion of the Alpine Slavs which took place shortly after the fall of the Roman Empire. The Czechs of Bohemia and Moravia are the Slavs who migrated due west from the Carpathian homeland. The Slovaks are their kinsmen who stayed behind. These Slovaks have kept much of the primitive Slav physical type and temperament. However, even the Czechs are nearer racially today to the original Slavs than are most of the modern Slav peoples of the East European plains, such as the Poles and Russians, because the Czechs have not come in contact with so many racial elements. The only considerable mixture that the Czechs have undergone has been with Germans.

When the Czechs first entered Bohemia they found the country thinly populated by Teutonic Nordics. These the more numerous Czech invaders soon overwhelmed and absorbed. To this early cross the blond traits which appear in the Czech peasantry are mainly due. The Slav strain, however, remained predominant, so that a glance at the present population is enough to show that the modern Czechs are mainly Alpine in race. The extremely round heads, thickset bodies and dark hair and eyes so common among the Czech peasantry unquestionably represent the primitive Slav type.

The Czech middle classes have more Nordic blood, this being due largely to the later period of German domination. For Bohemia, the western outpost of Slavdom has been under German control during much of its history. The trend of events in Central Europe made this inevitable. When the Czechs invaded Bohemia they formed merely the middle of the great Slav wave which was also rolling over Germany to the northward and up the Danube Valley to the south But presently the Germans counterattacked in their great eastward march, which rapidly reconquered the German plains and also pushed down the valley of the Danube. The Czechs thus became isolated in their mountain bastion, surrounded by Germans on three sides and connected with the Slav world to the eastward only through Moravia.

And presently the Germans began to filter into Bohemia At first this movement was a peaceful one. The Czech monarchs, anxious to increase their country's prosperity, welcomed German merchants and artisans, who brought to Bohemia their industry and higher civilization. This process of Germanization went on much faster when the old Czech kings died out and were succeeded by a dynasty of German origin. Presently Bohemia and Moravia were connected politically with the medieval German Empire and seemed in a fair way to be completely Germanized.

In the later Middle Ages, however, there came a violent reaction. The Czechs awoke to national self-consciousness and began a fierce fight to preserve their national life. The terrible Hussite Wars, though religious in form, were in fact mainly a Czech nationalistic revolt against encroaching Germanism, which was checked for a century. Nevertheless, the Czechs had not gained complete independence and presently fell under the rule of the most powerful of the Germanic states—Hapsburg Austria. Against Hapsburg rule the Czechs soon revolted, their revolt marking the start of the terrible Thirty Years' War—1618–1648—which devastated the whole of Central Europe. This time the Czechs lost. The Hapsburgs—who here represented Germanism—took a bloody vengeance upon the rebellious Czechs. Bohemia and Moravia were half depopulated, while the old Czech nobility was entirely rooted out, their estates being given to foreigners, mostly Austrian Germans. Thus deprived of their natural leaders, the oppressed Czech peasantry sank into a political and cultural stupor which looked like death. Outwardly the land became entirely German, the Czech language being spoken only by peasants.

However, the nineteenth century, that awakener of dormant nationalities, roused the Czechs from their long slumber. A vigorous nationalist revival began, and the increasing economic prosperity which Bohemia then enjoyed favored the rapid growth of a Czech middle and educated class, which furnished able leaders to the national revival. Step by step, despite stubborn opposition, the Czechs drove the German minority from their privileged positions and won a large measure of political control. The long struggle, however, aroused increasing bitterness on both sides. The German minority, infuriated by Czech successes and alarmed for its future, openly preached secession from Austria to the German Empire, while the Czech nationalists demanded what amounted to independence—the formation of Bohemia and Moravia as a fully self-governing state wherein they, as the majority, might Slavize the Germans. When Austria refused these demands the Czech nationalists began planning the break-up of Austria and full independence, fixing their hopes on Russia as their possible liberator.

A Mixed Population

Bohemia and Moravia were thus full of race hatred, secessionism and general unrest when the Great War broke out in 1914. The Czech nationalists hailed the war as their opportunity. Most of the present leaders of Czecho-Slovakia, such as President Masaryk and Premier Benes, were in exile; and these exiled leaders hastened to proclaim their devotion to the Allied cause against the Germanic Empires. The Czechs rendered the Allies good service. When forced by the Austrians to do military service, the Czechs surrendered wholesale, disrupting the Austrian armies. In return the Allies recognized the Czech claims to independence, and the peace treaties set up the present Republic of Czecho-Slovakia as a sovereign state.

Czecho-Slovakia has an area of about 54,000 square miles—not quite the area of the combined New England States—with a population of 13,600,000. As its name implies, it contains not only the Czechs but also their kinsmen, the Slovaks. The territories of the new country form a long narrow band stretching across East Central Europe. This elongated form is one of Czecho-Slovakia's chief weaknesses. Its frontiers are largely artificial and would be hard to defend against attack.

Internally Czecho-Slovakia's main problem is the lack of harmony between the various elements of its population. This is a very serious matter. Of the total population only about three-fifths—8,700,000—are Czecho-Slovaks There are more than 3,000,000 Germans, 800,000 Magyars—Hungarians—500,000 Ruthenians, or Little Russians, and fully 600,000 of other nationalities. None of these minorities are really reconciled to the new situation, and they are thus possible sources of trouble, singly or in combination. The powerful German minority in particular, concentrated as it is mainly in Bohemia and thereby in physical touch with the German Reich, is bitterly discontented and makes no secret of its hope to join Germany some day.

The situation is made still more serious by the disputes which have arisen between the two sections of the dominant group—the Czechs and the Slovaks. Despite their common origin, there are many differences between them. Losing touch with each

(Continued on Page 101)

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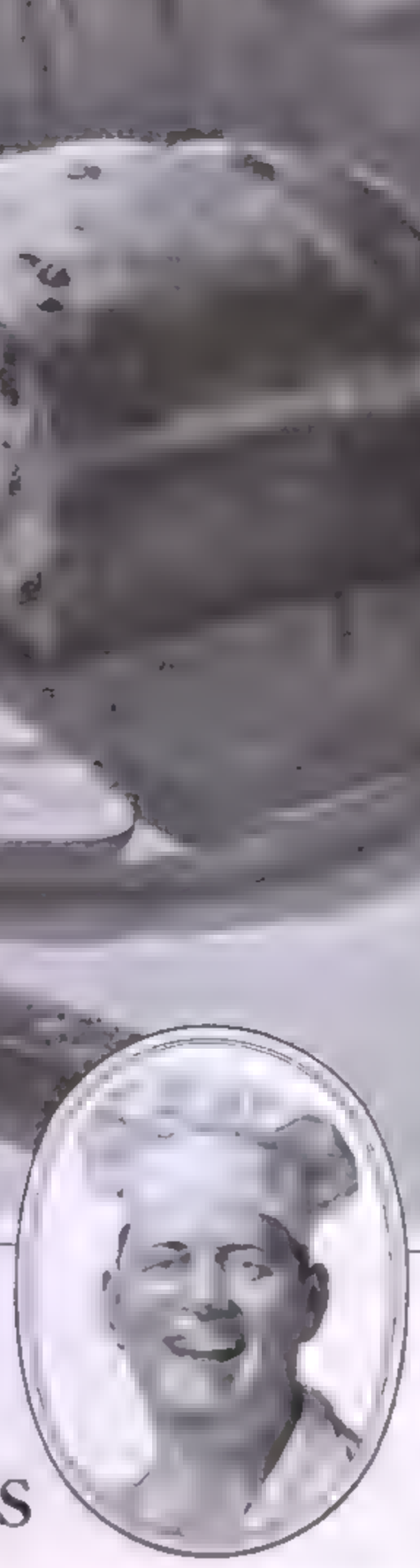

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(Continued from Page 99)

other almost at the start, their paths diverged widely and they grew asunder. Unlike the Czechs, the Slovaks have had no political or cultural development worth mentioning. Isolated in their mountains, the Slovaks have remained primitive and backward. For centuries they have been under Hungarian rule, and they have never come in contact with Western civilization as the Czechs have done. Also, their territory is poor and barren compared with the Czech lands, which are not only fertile but possess much mineral wealth, which has formed the basis of a prosperous industrial development.

The Slovaks are thus very much the junior partner in the new concern. Among other things, they are far less numerous than the Czechs, numbering only a trifle more than 2,000,000 as against the Czechs' 6,500,000. Nevertheless, the Slovaks possess a distinct local consciousness and assert their claims to consideration. During the late war, when both elements were struggling for a common cause, the Czech leaders promised the Slovaks a large measure of local self-government. Independence once gained, however, the Czechs proceeded to erect a strongly unified state, declaring this to be vital to the country's safety in view of its exposed frontiers and discontented minorities. But this angered the Slovaks.

The breach was further widened by the economic damage inflicted upon the Slovaks by the new frontiers. Slovakia's natural market is Hungary. Its rivers and valleys run into the Hungarian plain, and along these natural avenues the Slovaks used to send their agricultural and forest products, which are Slovakia's sole wealth. The new frontier—which was also a tariff wall—however, cut off Slovakia from Hungary, and at the same time did not open the Czech lands to Slovak products, because the Czech territories are divided from Slovakia by rugged mountains, which make transportation difficult and costly.

A Pressing Problem

So the quarrel between Czechs and Slovaks goes merrily on. Indeed, there are all the makings of an unusually fine family row, for both sides show their kinship by a common obstinacy and tactlessness. The chief differences between them are that the Czechs are well educated, prosperous and open to modern ideas, whereas the Slovaks are mostly illiterate, poor and intensely conservative. Neither side makes it easy for the other. The Slovaks regard the Czechs as rich relatives who put on airs and bully their poor relations in intolerable fashion. The Czechs look down on the Slovaks as narrow-minded country cousins.

This Czech-Slovak quarrel is a most pressing problem. If it continues, the Slovaks may develop a real nationalism of their own and, instead of demanding merely self-government, may plot secession and independence. This is by no means an impossible contingency. For one thing, it would be in line with a political tendency observable among all Slav peoples—the tendency to local particularism. Throughout their history the Slavs have tended to form small political units and have rarely combined in large states except under the pressure of foreign foes or the compulsion of able rulers.

But unless the Czechs and Slovaks do grow together Czecho-Slovakia can hardly survive. A rebellious Slovakia would become one more minority, playing in with the other minorities against the dominant Czechs. Indeed, statistically speaking, the Czechs themselves would become a minority, because without the Slovaks they would form less than one-half the total population. Czecho-Slovakia would thus become a second edition of prewar Austria, and would in the long run almost certainly suffer the same fate.

The most hopeful aspect of the situation is the presence of some very able leaders, notably President Masaryk and Mr. Benes, who have displayed great skill in guiding the ship of state. No one can meet and talk with these men without being impressed by their intelligence and statesmanlike common sense. Their wisdom is shown in both domestic and foreign policy. Despite the dangerous temper of the minorities, these are more liberally dealt with in Czecho-Slovakia than in almost any other European country, the Czech leaders realizing that their minorities are too numerous to be crushed and that the only hope of reconciling them lies in moderation. In their foreign policy the Czech rulers have been cautious and pacific, knowing that if a new explosion should occur in Europe Czecho-Slovakia, with its exposed frontiers and domestic instability, would be one of the first to suffer.

These wise policies have given Czecho-Slovakia a calmer and more prosperous postwar life than any other country of Central or Eastern Europe. At first sight, indeed, Czecho-Slovakia's future seems already fairly secure. But when one looks below the surface the future appears less certain. Czecho-Slovakia's success has thus far been due primarily to a triumph of able leadership over great inherent difficulties. The more one sees of Czecho-Slovakia, the more one feels that its present rulers are very far above the level of their followers. The average Czech politician or official seems just about as narrow-minded, short-sighted and intolerant as the politicians and officials of other Eastern European and Balkan lands. When Benes and Masaryk go, will they be replaced by statesmen of equal caliber? On the answer to that question the fate of Czecho-Slovakia will very largely depend.

Turning from Czecho-Slovakia to Poland, we encounter typical East European conditions—a country without natural frontiers, with a very mixed population, and with languages, religions and cultures overlapping in extremely complicated fashion. In other words, we find in Poland those conditions of complexity and instability characteristic of Eastern Europe. Poland's past has been a troubled and a tragic one, while Poland's future is menaced by ills similar to those which have caused its previous misfortunes.

The tragedy of Poland is rooted in its geography. Save in the south, it has never known the protecting and preserving advantage of natural frontiers. Consequently its political boundaries have shifted and reshifted as its fortunes rose or declined, and every shift has meant new complications.

The Polish people centers in the inland plains which are drained by the River Vistula. This center of Polish settlement is shaped like a huge oblong, its southern base resting upon the Carpathian Mountains, Poland's only natural frontier. Along that border the line between Poles and non-Poles is fairly clear. Elsewhere, however, the Polish nucleus shades off into regions inhabited partly by Poles and partly by peoples of other nationalities. In these debatable regions, which stretch west, north, and especially east, and which together form a vast area nearly four times as large as the nucleus of Polish settlement, Polish and non-Polish elements are intermingled in various proportions. The reasons for this complicated situation can be explained only by a glance at Polish history.

The Old Polish Chieftains

The original Poles formed part of the great Slav wave which descended from the Carpathian highlands and inundated Central and Eastern Europe. Originally almost pure Alpines in race, the Poles absorbed a certain amount of Nordic blood from the rather sparse Nordic population which then occupied the Vistula plains, though this Nordic infusion was nowhere strong enough greatly to modify the ancestral Alpine type. The primitive Poles could not be called a people; they were a loose mass of small tribes with very slight political cohesion. What welded the Poles into a people with a national consciousness was the pressure of foreign foes—especially the Germans.

We have already noted the great eastward movement of conquest and colonization which the Germans undertook at the beginning of the Middle Ages. It was the Poles who checked the German march to the east. Among the Poles there arose a dynasty of able chieftains who welded the petty tribes of the Vistula plains into a state strong enough to block the German advance. For about two centuries this early Kingdom of Poland was strong and fairly prosperous. During that period the Poles not only became a nationality but also developed a distinct culture based upon Western ideals. This latter fact is a matter of great importance, because the Poles were thereby clearly marked off from the Russian Slavs to the eastward. Poland took its Christianity from Rome and thus entered the pale of Western civilization. Russia, on the other hand, was converted from Constantinople and became part of Greek Orthodox Christianity and Byzantine Greek civilization. With different faiths and cultures, the Poles and Russians followed divergent paths and presently became bitter rivals for the leadership of Eastern Europe.

However, this rivalry was still in the future. The Russians were as yet too disunited and backward to count for much, while Poland's first national experiment ended in failure. Its ruling dynasty having lost its vigor, Poland broke up into several principalities. In this condition of mutual weakness Poland and Russia both fell victims to a terrible invasion by the Mongol Tartars. These fierce Asiatic nomads swept like a hurricane over Eastern Europe. Russia was stamped flat under the Mongol hoofs and remained for centuries under Asiatic control, with lasting effects upon its blood and culture. In Poland the Mongol tide soon ebbed, but it left the land desolated and with Asiatic strains in its population which are visible even today.

So weakened had Poland now become that it not only lost ground to the Germans on the west but was also threatened by a new foe from the north—the Lithuanians. The Lithuanians were a group of tribes of primitive Nordic stock who from time immemorial had dwelt among the forests and marshes north of Poland along the Baltic Sea. Unlike the other peoples of Eastern Europe, these warlike barbarians clung doggedly to their ancestral paganism and had remained entirely outside the pale of civilization. Emerging from their forests, the Lithuanians now ravaged both Poland and Russia. At last the Poles agreed to make the Lithuanian leader their king if he would become a Christian and unite the two countries under his scepter. This he did in the year 1386—a notable date, because under his able rule the combined state of Poland-Lithuania rapidly rose to power. The next two centuries, indeed, are Poland's golden age.

The Lithuanian Dynasty

Poland-Lithuania became the strongest state in Eastern Europe. The Germans were defeated and huge tracts of Russia were conquered and partially colonized, the Russian inhabitants being reduced to serfdom under Polish-Lithuanian landlords. It was during this same period that the great Jewish immigration took place. At first welcomed and encouraged by the Polish kings, the Jews flocked in from every side, settling in the towns in such numbers that the Poles at length checked this immigration. However, the Polish Jews throve and multiplied, and Poland became thenceforth the numerical center of the Jewish race.

The Lithuanian dynasty produced a series of able rulers; but after about two centuries the dynasty died out, and with its extinction Poland-Lithuania rapidly declined. The turbulent and factious nobility—which had always given trouble—seized control and set up a government which was little better than legalized anarchy. The crown became a mere shadow, while the nobles, split into warring factions, plunged the land into endless confusion. The decadent state, with its vast outlying territories inhabited by oppressed and rebellious alien elements like Russians and Germans, and with its cities full of unassimilated Jews, became a mere helpless bulk, inviting aggression by more powerful neighbors. And unfortunately for Poland, as it got weaker its neighbors grew stronger.

To the westward stood Germanic Prussia, to the southward was Hapsburg Austria, while to the eastward Russia at last found herself with Peter the Great and made ready to regain those Russian lands which Poland and Lithuania had conquered during Russia's time of trouble. Having beaten Poland in several wars and thus discovered her full weakness, Russia, Prussia and Austria decided to wipe her out altogether. There followed the famous Partitions of Poland (1772-1795) by which Poland disappeared from the map. Russia got the lion's share of the booty, Prussia and Austria receiving smaller yet valuable portions.

However, the political extinction of Poland did not solve the Polish problem. The anarchic Polish state died, as it deserved to die; but the Polish people lived. The very depth of their misfortunes roused the Poles to a fresh national consciousness. Accordingly the nineteenth century witnessed an intense national revival in all the sundered branches of the Polish stock. Despite their best efforts, Russia and Prussia failed to denationalize their Polish subjects. Austria never seriously attempted to denationalize her Poles, permitting them a large measure of local self-government. Thus the Polish question continued to vex the politics of Eastern Europe and remained a source of chronic trouble and unrest.

Then came the Great War, which ended by recreating a Polish state almost as large and populous as medieval Poland. This result, however, was quite unexpected and was mainly due to an unlooked-for event—the Russian revolution. When the war began, Polish independence was scarcely mentioned in Europe, while the Poles themselves were divided as to what attitude they should assume. To some Poles Russia was the supreme foe; to other Poles Germany was the most hated enemy.

Polish Independence

As for Russia, it had very definite ideas on the Polish question, its intention being to seize both Prussia's and Austria's Polish territories and thus bring all Poles under Russian dominion. Had Russia stood by its Allies until the end of the war, this would undoubtedly have happened, France and England having agreed that Russia should receive Prussian and Austrian Poland as the spoils of victory. But Russia broke down in 1917, went Bolshevist and made peace with the Germanic Empires at the most critical moment of the war. Thenceforth the Western Allies considered Soviet Russia their enemy, both on account of its desertion of the common cause and on account of its Bolshevist propaganda, which sought to disrupt the Allied nations as part of the Bolshevik program of world revolution.

Under these circumstances the restoration of Polish independence naturally suggested itself to the Western powers. The Peace Conference, therefore, erected a Polish state to serve as a check on both Germany and Russia and to keep these two countries from possibly combining to upset the peace treaties which had been framed largely at their expense. France in particular pressed this policy to its logical conclusion. The French argued that since Poland was to be restored primarily to watch Germany and Russia, and to keep them apart, she should be made as strong as possible in order to do her work well. That naturally appealed to the Poles.

The Poles had never forgotten their old dream of supremacy in Eastern Europe. Accordingly they demanded frontiers which went even beyond the historic Poland of 1772. Acting on the old saying, "It's a poor rule that doesn't work both ways," the Poles advanced two utterly contradictory sets of arguments for the same end. Said the Poles:

All territories which today contain any considerable number of Poles must be Polish, in accordance with the principle of nationalities. But likewise, all territories which formed part of the old Polish state, whatever their present population, must also be Polish, to square with other principles, like historic justice; and, failing those, strategic necessity. Lastly, Lithuania was regarded as Polish as a matter of course. Such were the claims which the Poles pressed at the Peace Conference which remade the map of Europe.

The Poles got by no means all they wanted, but they got enough to make the new Poland a very large and populous state. Poland today has an area of about 147,000 square miles—considerably larger than the British Isles—and a population of more than 27,000,000. These territories are mainly fertile and contain much mineral wealth, so that Poland has the possibility of both a prosperous agricultural and industrial life.

Superficially Poland might seem to have bright prospects. Actually her prospects are far from bright. Poland owes her new independence primarily to a lucky turn in European politics, and she has attained her present frontiers not only through the peace treaties but also by a series of successful aggressions against her neighbors. Poland has got away with these aggressions through French backing, France regarding Poland as the keystone of her system of alliances and thus favoring Poland in every way.

But Poland's successes have left a legacy of foreign and domestic problems very ominous for the future. Having not only quarreled but fought with her neighbors, Poland is today surrounded by a ring of potential enemies. Even her former partner, Lithuania, has been infuriated by Poland's seizure of Lithuania's chief city,

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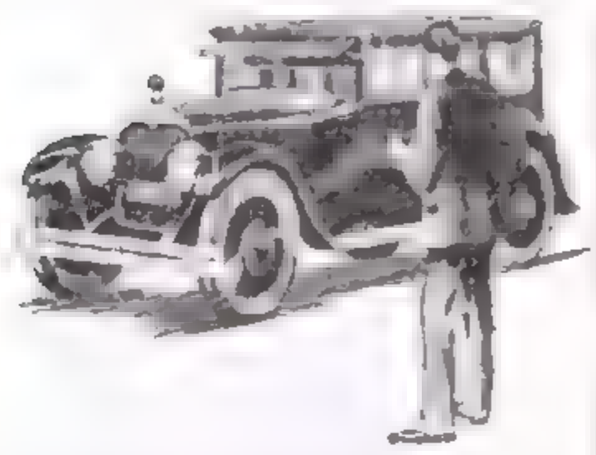

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Vilna. As for Russia and Germany, Poland's most powerful neighbors, they are precisely her most embittered opponents. Poland's present frontiers are a standing challenge to both nations, which they will tolerate just as long as they have to—and not one moment longer.

Furthermore, in addition to these external dangers, new Poland is afflicted with grave internal troubles ominously like those which brought old Poland to decline and ruin.

Poland's frontiers are far-flung, but they contain many large and rebellious minorities, while the Poles have already begun to quarrel among themselves as of yore. Of Poland's 27,000,000 inhabitants, only a trifle more than half are of Polish blood. The balance of the population consists of more than 2,500,000 Germans, nearly 4,000,000 Jews, 4,000,000 Ruthenians, or Little Russians, and more than 1,500,000 of other nationalities—principally White Russians, Great Russians and Lithuanians, with a few Czechs and Slovaks thrown in for good measure. None of these minorities like Polish rule, and the Poles are doing their best to make them like it still less.

Poland's Financial Status

Meanwhile the Poles are quarreling fiercely among themselves, Polish politics being enlivened by riots, assassinations and kindred disturbances. Furthermore, Poland's big army and other governmental expenditures have plunged her into debt and debased her currency, which is now practically worthless. In fine, although the new Poland has been running less than ten years, conditions begin more and more strongly to resemble those of the historic Poland of 1772, when old Poland was partitioned among her neighbors. Unless the new Poland mends her ways, her neighbors may partition her again.

Beyond Poland lies Russia—vast and incalculable. This immense region of huge forests, boundless prairies and illimitable plains is the borderland of Europe and Asia. Here diverse races have wandered, fought and mingled, producing strange blends and equally strange contrasts of blood, temperaments and ideals. Despite all the thought and investigation devoted to it, Russia remains essentially unknown, not merely to foreigners but even to Russians themselves. Many Russians frankly admit that the soul of Russia is still an enigma—a mystery. Bolshevism is merely the last of a long series of strange Russian developments which have surprised the world—and Russia probably has other startling surprises yet in store.

The constant factors in Russian history are the Alpine blood and Slav speech, which have been spreading eastward and northward for more than a thousand years. Yet these factors are merely the binding strands in a tangled skein. We commonly speak of Russia as a unit; yet true unity Russia has never known. Leaving aside the various non-Russian tribes and peoples which dwell within Russia's borders, the Russian stock is divided into three main branches, differing distinctly from one another in blood, temperament, culture and speech. These three branches are usually called the Great, Little and White Russians, respectively. Although probably much reduced in numbers by the frightful disasters of the last ten years, the total Russian stock today must number well over 100,000,000. Of these fully 60,000,000 are Great Russians, while more than 30,000,000 are Little Russians—this figure including the Ruthenian populations under Polish and Czecho-Slovak rule. The White Russians, numbering somewhere between 5,000,000 and 10,000,000, are politically divided today between Russia and Poland. It was this diversity of the Russian stock as well as the idea of their eventual unity which prompted the title assumed by the former Russian monarchs, Czar of all the Russias. The Great Russians are not merely the most numerous but also the dominant branch of the Russian stock. It is they who form the core of modern Russia and who have colonized its outlying dependencies, like Siberia. They inhabit the forest zone of modern Russia and extend well into the rich prairie belt to the southward, until they merge with the Little Russians. Racially the Great Russians are a cross between Alpine Slavs and the earlier Nordic population, mixed in varying proportions with Asiatic elements.

The Nordic strain is strongest to the northwest near the Baltic Sea, fading out gradually inland. However, Nordic traits are widespread, as is shown by the blond and reddish-blond types that are so frequent among the Great Russian population. These Nordic characteristics are usually found in disharmonic combination with Alpine and Asiatic traits, thus proving the racially mixed character of the stock.

Pure Nordic types are rare save among the upper classes, which are composed largely of Scandinavian and German elements that have entered Russia in comparatively recent times.

The Little Russians center in the southwest and, as already stated, are not all included within Russia's political frontiers, a large section of the Little Russians living under Polish rule, while a small fraction is found in Czecho-Slovakia. The Little Russians have much less Nordic blood than their Great Russian kinsmen, but contain more Asiatic strains in their racial make-up, this being due to prolonged contact with Mongol Tartar and Turkish nomads who often overran their territories. The Little Russians' political disunion and other misfortunes have kept them relatively backward and have given their Great Russian cousins the leadership in Russian affairs. Even more backward are the White Russians, who inhabit the swamp and forest regions of Western Russia. Racially, the White Russians have kept closest to the primitive Alpine Slav type. They have never developed a true national consciousness or even a distinctive culture. During the Middle Ages they fell under Polish rule and many of them are included today within Poland's new political frontiers.

Old Viking Rulers

These three branches of the Russian stock represent distinct crystallizations of invading Alpine Slavs with diverse racial elements in different regions. Russia's early history is an obscure welter of petty tribes over an immense area. Significantly enough, the beginnings of political cohesion were due not to the Russians themselves but to a foreign ruling element—the Scandinavians. Back somewhere in the dim past adventurous Scandinavian Nordics discovered a trade route across Western Russia and established commercial contact between their Baltic homeland and Constantinople, then the capital of the Byzantine Greek Empire and the chief center of civilization.

Despite their small numbers, these masterful Norse vikings easily kept in order the petty tribes along the rivers which formed their trade highway, and as time passed the natives came to regard the strangers as arbiters in their endless intertribal quarrels. Becoming more and more influential, the Norsemen established themselves firmly at several points and at length founded a real state at Kieff, a natural center in Southwestern Russia situated on the great River Dnieper—the water route to the Black Sea and Constantinople.

The legend of the founding of Kieff is quaintly significant. The story goes that the local tribes were so afflicted by domestic feuds and raids by their neighbors that they invited a famous viking chief to be their ruler. Their invitation is said to have run as follows:

"Our land is great and has everything in abundance, but it lacks order and justice. Come and take possession and rule over us."

Whether or not the legend states the exact facts of the case, certain it is that about a thousand years ago a Norse chief named Rurik did become ruler of Kieff and built up a state which soon became powerful and which laid the foundations of Russian nationality and civilization. It is also noteworthy that the early political centers in Northern Russia, like Novgorod and Pskof, lay likewise on the Scandinavian trade route and seem to have been mainly due to Scandinavian influence.

Kieff long remained the heart of Russia, and owing to its contact with Constantinople, Kieff took its Christianity and civilization from the Byzantine Empire. This is a fact of great importance. We have already seen how Poland's conversion from Rome brought the Poles within the pale of West European civilization. Russia, on the other hand, became Greek Orthodox in faith and Byzantine in culture. The breach between the two halves of Christendom went deep, friendly intercourse between them being impossible. Therefore when Russia became Orthodox she cut herself off from the West and looked eastward for her ideals.

And presently this first link which bound Russia to the East was followed by other links of a very unfortunate character. From their earliest days the Russians had been harassed by Asiastic nomads raiding up from the arid plains that stretched southeastward into Asia. These raids grew steadily more violent until they culminated in the terrible Mongol invasion which marks a sinister epoch in Russian history.

The Mongols were hideously cruel, destructive barbarians whose sole ideas were bloodshed and plunder. Sweeping across Russia like a cyclone, they reduced it to ruin and impotence. The budding civilization of Russia was stamped flat under the terrible Mongol hoofs. Kieff was destroyed and all Southern Russia depopulated. Only in the forests of the north, beyond the sweep of the Mongol horse, did Russia survive. But it was a barbarized Russia, entirely cut off from the civilized world and subject to Mongol domination. Instead of advancing, Russia retrograded, turning away from Europe toward Asia. Both Mongol blood and Mongol ideas penetrated Russia. And this penetration was degrading, because the Mongol Tartars were bloodthirsty barbarians with nothing to offer except savage ideals of violence and despotism. The Mongol influence upon Russia has been profound and lasting; to it many, if not most of the unlovely traits of the modern Russian character seem to be due. "Scratch a Russian and you find a Tartar" is no idle phrase.

Slowly Russia regained strength, and at last a new political center arose in North Central Russia at Moscow, where a dynasty of able rulers conquered the other Russian principalities, shook off the Mongol yoke and became the powerful Czardom of Muscovy. This increase of political strength, however, was not accompanied by any corresponding increase in culture. Down to about two centuries ago Russia remained barbarous and backward, cut off from Western civilization and more Asiatic than European in its manners and ideals. Russia's political life, in particular, was thoroughly Asiatic in character. The Czars of Moscow had the outlook of Tartar khans; they were arbitrary despots who were often ferocious tyrants. Thus Russia lived on, a hermit nation, ignorant and steeped in a barbarous mixture of half-forgotten Byzantine culture and Asiatic ideas borrowed from the Tartars.

Peter the Great

Suddenly, dramatically, the situation changed. Peter the Great became Czar and determined to "open a window to the West" and let in the light of civilization. Peter was a man of tremendous energy and iron will. He hated half measures and insisted on being instantly obeyed. Accordingly, he tried to jump several centuries and ordered Russia to become Westernized overnight. But his subjects hung back. Ignorant and fanatical, they clung doggedly to their old ways and refused to embrace a civilization which they did not in the least comprehend. This resistance, however, merely infuriated Peter and hardened his resolution. As much a tyrant as any of his predecessors, opposition seemed to him criminal and intolerable. Accordingly he not only opened a window but dragged Russia by the hair of the head clear out of its dark house into the Western sunshine; and since he could get little aid from his subjects, he imported multitudes of Westerners to act as drillmasters and carry out his orders

This policy, begun by Peter and continued by his successors, Westernized Russia—on the surface. Within a short time Russia looked pretty much like a Western nation. The newcomers from Western Europe—mostly Germans and Scandinavians—together with many Russians converted to the government's policy, gave Russia a veneer of Western civilization and formed a ruling class which was almost a caste apart. Beneath this veneer, however, old Russia lived on, the bulk of the Russian people, especially the peasants, remaining almost untouched by Western influences. Henceforth Russia became more than ever a land of strange contrasts and conflicting ideas, where new and old, East and West, Europe and Asia, jostled, fought and illogically combined.

These contrasts and conflicts were nowhere better revealed than in Russian political life. Despite its Westernizing policy, the Russian Government remained at heart

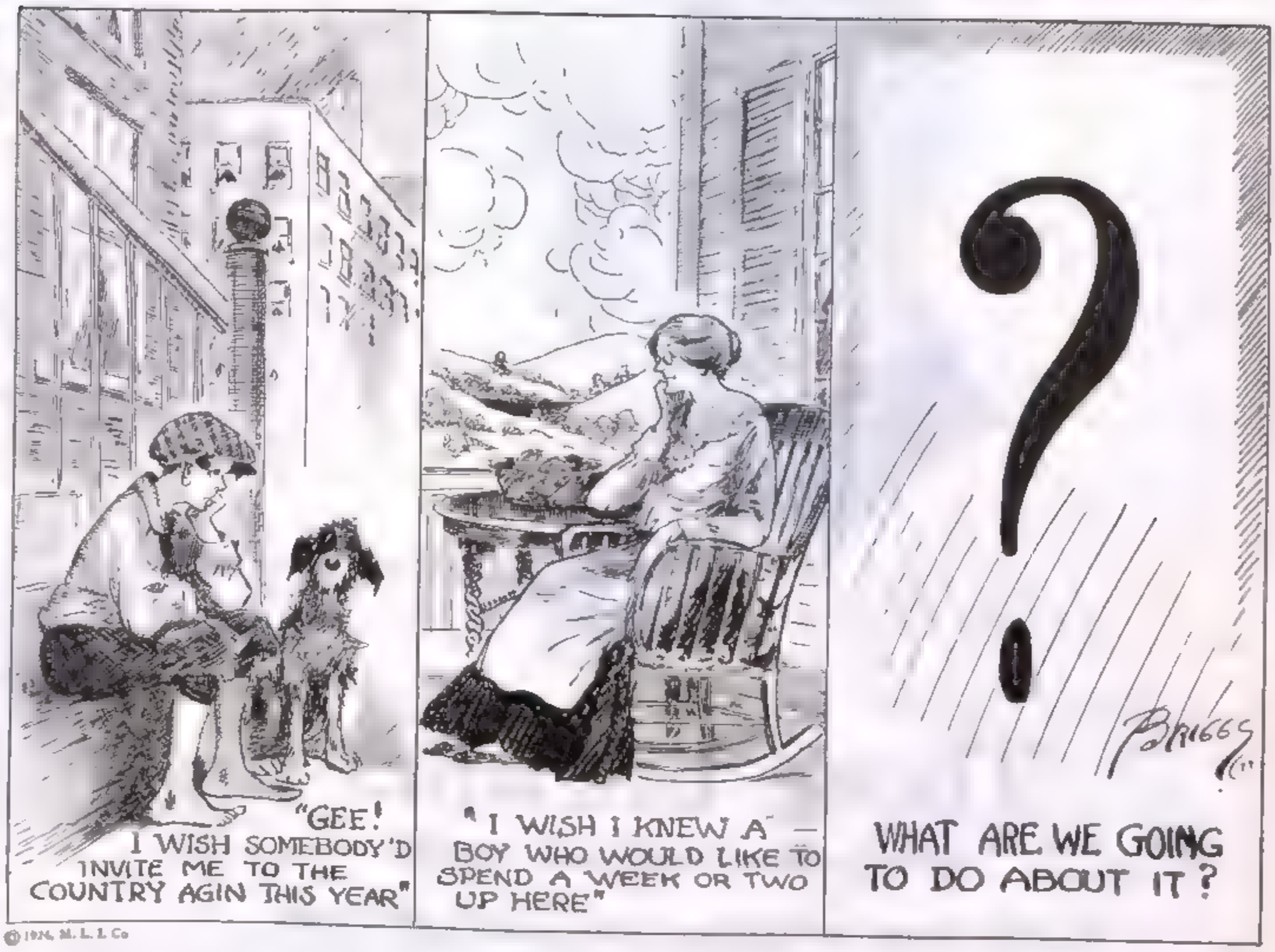
(Continued on Page 105)

"• • • • needs a friend"

THE famous cartoons "When a Feller Needs a Friend" are familiar to millions of newspaper readers. You will find *this* "feller" wherever there are children of the poor cooped up in squalid quarters.

The Fresh Air Funds organized by newspapers and other kindly folk are doing a splendid work in getting children out of the city and into the country. They need your help.

Find out what is being done in your community to give these poor, pinched, nature-starved children the happiest time of their lives. If a Fresh Air Fund has been started give it your heartiest support. But if nothing of the kind is under way won't you ask your favorite newspaper to help start a Fresh Air Campaign? They know all about the work that other big newspapers are doing. Don't wait. There is not a precious minute to lose—the Summer will slip away so fast.


"GEE! I WISH SOMEBODY'D INVITE ME TO THE COUNTRY AGIN THIS YEAR"
"I WISH I KNEW A — BOY WHO WOULD LIKE TO SPEND A WEEK OR TWO UP HERE"
WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?
BRIGGS
© 1926, M. L. I. Co

If you live in the country will you share your home with some poor child this Summer—even for two weeks? Your own newspaper undoubtedly knows of boys and girls who need just the help that you can give. Poor youngsters—it will be the first time that many of them have seen a green field or brook or real woods. Fire escapes, burning hot side-walks, brick walls—these are the wretched substitutes for trees and flowers that they have known. The gratitude of the boys and girls who are taken into private homes is pathetic. It is usually their first glimpse of a real home.

If you have children of your own think what it would mean to see them drooping and withering in the stifling heat of dark airless rooms all Summer, playing tag with death in truck-jammed streets.

In memory of your own happy childhood—or perhaps in regret for the fun that you've missed—will you help? If you are in the city, send some needy children to the country. If you are in the country, take them away from the city. It is a splendid thing to do.

One great metropolitan newspaper claims that it can send a child to the country for two weeks for only $7. The same newspaper figures that last year it gave the children of its city more than 500 years of happiness! 14,000 children were given fresh air vacations—two weeks each: 6,000 were placed in the camps maintained by this newspaper and 8,000 were sent to private homes. But there were 35,000 applications for these 14,000 places—less than half were taken care of.

The children were selected by the welfare workers of hospitals, schools, settlement houses, clinics, dispensaries, day nurseries, probation societies, orphan asylums and other welfare and health organizations.

The boys and girls were given a critical physical examination before they were sent off. Careful record was kept of a certain group of these children and it was found that the average gain in weight at the end of a two weeks' stay in the country was nearly five pounds for each child.

No social service is more important than this of building healthy boys and girls. A vacation in the right environment may mean a permanent change in the life of a child.

This is the time of the year when every boy and girl "needs a friend". How many youngsters will you make happy?

HALEY FISKE, *President.*

Published by

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY ~ NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

PROTECT THE ENAMEL

Pepsodent disintegrates the film, then removes it with an agent far softer than enamel. Never use a film combatant which contains harsh grit.

It multiplies the starch digestant in saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits which may otherwise ferment and form acids.

Thus Pepsodent gives multiplied power to these great natural tooth-protecting agents.

Pepsodent is designed to combine all the effects which modern authorities advise. To accomplish all a dentifrice can do. The world-wide place it holds today shows how men who know regard it.

Those Enemies

which cloud and ruin teeth

Learn how millions now combat them

Modern research has revealed why teeth discolor and decay. It has found new ways to fight those causes—very effective ways.

Millions now use these methods, largely by dental advice. You can see the results now wherever you look. They have brought to people the world over a new dental era.

A ten-day test shows one how much they mean. This is to offer you that test and urge you to accept it.

The chief enemy—film

That viscous film you feel on teeth is the major cause of trouble. It tends to cling and stay. Unless removed it soon becomes discolored, then it forms dingy coats. That is how teeth lose beauty.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They cause many serious troubles, local and internal.

Film-caused troubles were constantly increasing. Some became alarming in extent. So dental investigators sought ways to combat them.

Two methods found

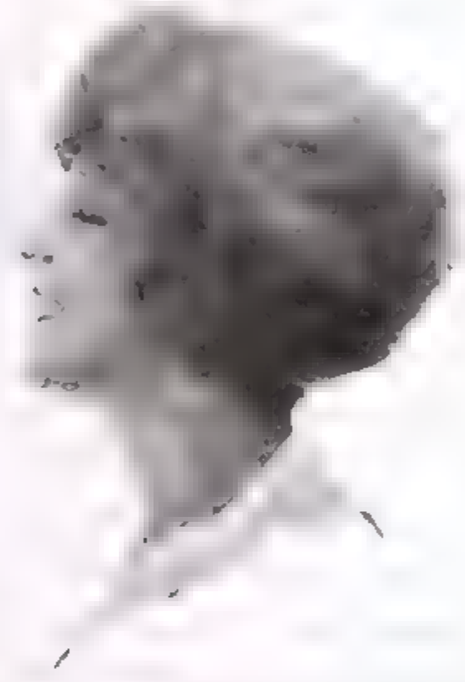
Eventually two ways were found. One disintegrates the film at all stages of formation. One removes it without harmful scouring.

Many careful tests have proved these methods effective. A new-type tooth paste has been created to apply them daily. The name is Pepsodent.

Leading dentists everywhere began to advise it. Now careful people of some 50 nations enjoy the benefits it brings.

Some unique results

This research also proved two other things essential. So Pepsodent multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is there to neutralize mouth acids—the cause of tooth decay.



Have you noticed how many teeth now shine?

Look about you anywhere. Note how many teeth now glisten. That shows one change which Pepsodent has brought.

Those whiter teeth, no doubt, have won millions to this method. Men and women like to look their best.

But those whiter teeth mean cleaner, safer teeth. They mean that film and starch and acids are effectively combated.

However much this means to you, it means far more to children. Their teeth are most subject to attacks. They have more years to suffer the results.

Dentists now advise that children use Pepsodent from the time the first tooth appears.

So to all in your home it is very important that you know how much Pepsodent means.

Pepsodent
REG. U.S. PAT OFF

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific tooth paste, based on modern research.
Now advised by leading dentists
the world over.

A test that you owe to yourself

Send this coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth become whiter as the film-coats disappear.

See and feel the results of this method, then do what you think best. Cut out coupon now.

Canadian Office and Laboratories:
191 George St., Toronto, Canada

1595

10-DAY TUBE FREE

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY
Dept. 987, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Only one tube to a family.

(Continued from Page 102)

un-Westernized. Its spirit was still that of the Tartar khans, even though it wore European clothes and built railroads. The Russian government in fact tried to borrow the material equipment of Western civilization and fit it to half-Oriental ideals. This experiment, however, created difficulties which led ultimately to disaster.

Though outwardly Russia became a great world power, inwardly she was torn by mental and spiritual conflicts which grew sharper as time went on. Imperial Russia was thus a giant with feet of clay. Not only did the Russian masses remain instinctively hostile to Westernization but the upper classes quarreled among themselves. Those Russians who became truly Westernized in spirit began demanding that Russia adopt the liberal ideals as well as the material improvements of Western civilization. This, however, the despotic government refused, and the liberal protesters were sent to Siberia. That embittered the liberals and made them revolutionists, while revolutionary agitation in turn further infuriated the government and increased its persecuting activity.

More and more Russia became a house divided against itself, and consequently broke down whenever faced by a real test. The preliminary breakdown took place under the strain of the Russo-Japanese War in 1904, when Russia fell into revolutionary turmoil. The old régime just managed to save itself and restore order, but below the surface Russia went on seething and the social foundations were badly shaken. Then came the far heavier strain of the Great War—and Imperial Russia collapsed. The old order being hopelessly shattered, the extreme revolutionary elements took advantage of the chaotic confusion, established their Bolshevist dictatorship and plunged Russia into a hell of class war, terrorism, poverty, cold, disease and famine.

Into the horrors and failures of Bolshevism I do not propose to enter. They are well known and need no detailed discussion here. What is not so well known is the important fact that the present Bolshevik government, though differing widely in its economic aims, is in its spirit and political methods strikingly like the old imperial government which it replaced. The outstanding characteristics of the Bolshevik régime are violence and despotism. But those were precisely the outstanding characteristics of the old imperial régime. Russia has thus merely changed tyrants, one despotism having been followed by another.

The main outcome of the revolution has been a cracking of the Western veneer which had been imposed upon Russia by Peter the Great. Much of the material equipment borrowed by Russia from the West has been destroyed, while the former upper classes—largely of Western origin—have been killed or driven into exile. The real losers by the revolution are the truly Westernized elements who had worked for a Russia Westernized in spirit, but who now see their illusions shattered. In fact, the revolution was largely a revolt against Westernism. In many ways Russia is farther from Europe and nearer to Asia today than she has been since Peter opened his "window to the West."

What will emerge from the obscure and troubled transition period through which Russia is passing, no one can say. Yet a word of caution is distinctly needed. Many persons imagine that because Russia is a land of huge size, vast natural resources and immense population, something great and constructive must necessarily arise. Such persons are thinking in terms of quantity rather than quality. The more we look at Russia's past and Russia's racial make-up, the more we are led to suspect that Russia may not be really great, but merely big—which is something very different from true greatness. Today, as in former days, Russia appears as a complex, unstable mass of diverse bloods, tendencies and ideals. This, of course, makes possible startling and interesting developments; but it also works against creative, constructive progress.

Russia has given birth to many brilliant individuals; but as a people, what has Russia done? This distinction should be clearly kept in mind. Because a stock produces talented writers and artists is no necessary proof that it possesses high political and social capacities. Russian history has been the story of mixed populations dominated by a succession of masterful ruling minorities mainly of foreign origin. Now no people of high initiative and creative capacity would be likely to leave the direction of their political and economic life so continuously and so generally in the hands of despotic masters. It is therefore only fair to judge the Russians, not so much by what they have said as by what they have done—or rather by what they have failed to do.

Brilliancy of thought combined with failure in action is characteristic of the Russians—as it is of many mixed stocks. This is instinctively recognized by Russians themselves. Russian novels are full of attractive young heroes full of fine ideas who start out to do great things but soon slack off and end in futile melancholy. Russian life seems to be typified in those stimulating yet inconclusive conversations so beloved by Russians, which go on all night long over innumerable cigarettes and cups of tea and end at dawn, with everybody tired, everything discussed—and nothing settled!

Editor's Note—This is the eighth of a series of articles by Mr. Stoddard. The next will appear in an early issue.

THE POETS' CORNER

Water Front

A LINE of docks, a line of ships, a line of graying sky,
A flock of gulls that dip and sway and quarrel as they fly—
Rough men who lounge by every wharf, who seldom smile or speak;
And all the dreams of all the world that folk shall ever seek!

The smell of salt, the scent of musk, the perfume of the past,
The shine of day upon each deck, upon each silvered mast;
The tug of ropes that twitch and pull, impatient to be free,
And half a hundred murmurings that speak of mystery. . . .

Far names that thrill the seeking heart, that spell the world's romance,
That tell a tale of gallant deeds, that breathe of fate and chance!
Bombay, Calcutta and Madrid—Ceylon, Triest, Bordeaux—
The magic land of storybooks, where dreamers pray to go.

And in among the waiting craft, dim galleons cut the spray,
And misty little clipper ships, like dancing ladies, sway,
And stalwart English merchantmen, that sailed the Spanish main,
Tell mutely, with embattled bows, of anguish and of pain.

A place of wonder, all unleashed—a line of docks, far flung,
The call of youth that greets the heart, when all the world is young—
A group of sunburned, silent men and, far against the sky,
A flock of gulls that dip and swirl and quarrel as they fly!

—*Margaret E. Sangster.*

The Wayward

OH, son of mine! The needless woe—
Could you but know! Could you but know!
Could I one moment get inside
The jealous fortress where you hide!
But shoreless seas uncharted rage
Between proud Youth and yearning Age!

Vain falls the earnest voice of truth
Upon the careless ear of Youth.
What use to plead? What use to warn?
Youth plucks the rose to find the thorn,
And deems all exhortation vain
Till he himself has felt the pain.

Should I then wince to see your need,
Or travail to behold you bleed?
Before Creation had its birth,
Fate laid one law across the earth:
Who fares from Youth must carry thence
The red scars of experience.

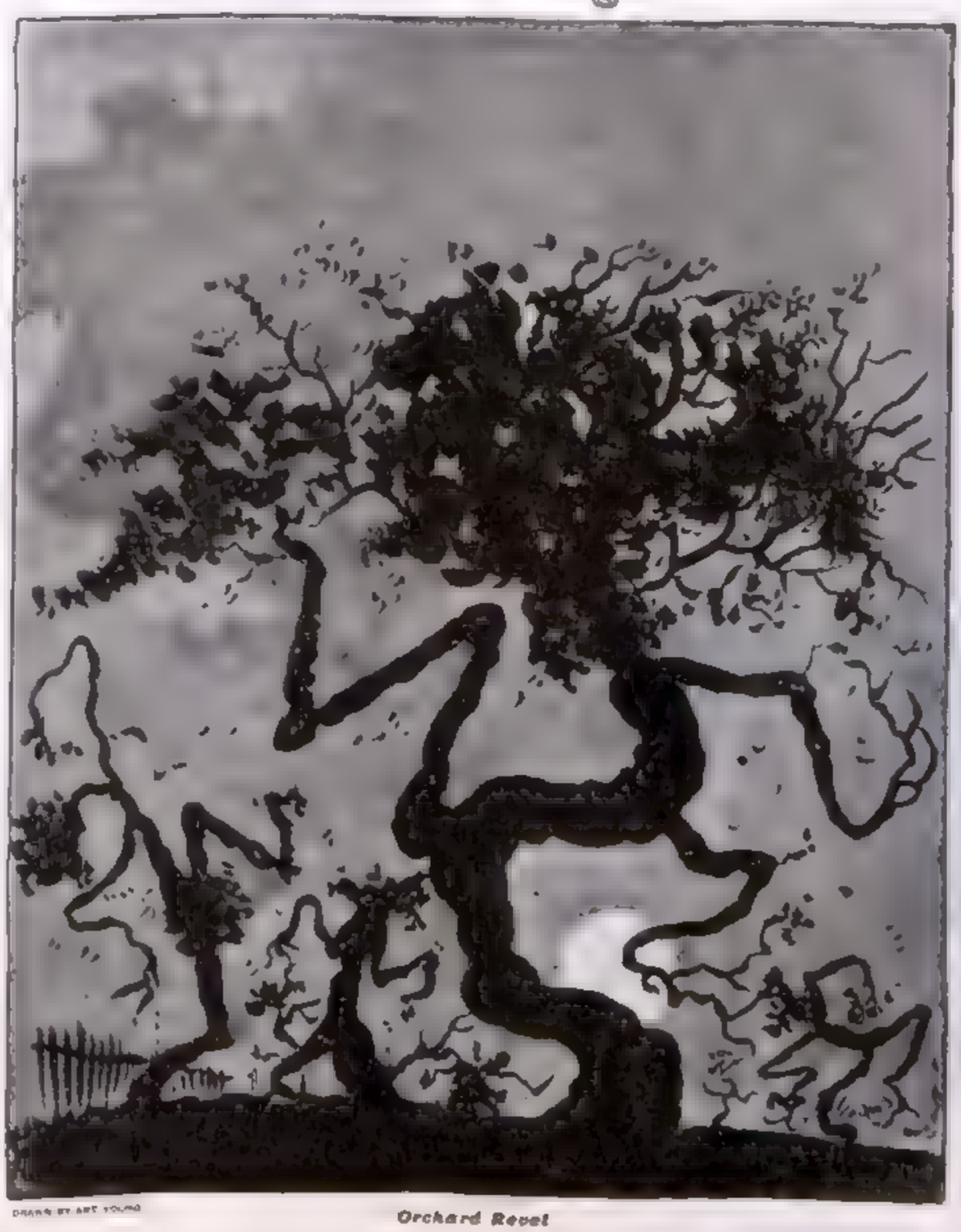
My whole long life have I bestowed
Along the crooked, cruel road,
Yet may not point the better way,
Nor turn your feet aside, nor stay
One flaying stroke of Nature's wrath,
Nor tear one nettle from your path!

And I, your father, who would give
A thousand lives if you might live,
Must see you breathe the noxious breath
Of gilded Vice and die the death;
To strangers see your soul swung wide,
While I, your father—stay outside!

The thin mirage my eyes have seen,
The drear waste lying dry between,
The stony ways my feet have found,
The foul path through unhallowed ground—
Oh, son of mine, I love you so!
Could you but know! Could you but know!

—*Lowell Otus Reese.*

Trees at Night



Orchard Revel

Who's Who at 21?

CLARICE, I might have asked Clothilde
The question I today asked you,
Because a week ago she filled
My heart almost as now you do.

How could I have been so deceived?
She's really only commonplace;
And oh, I'm certainly relieved
To miss in time her sort of face!

There's just one trouble on my mind:
Is Cupid playing hide and seek?
How horrible if I should find
That I must change again next week!

—*Reginald Wright Kauffman.*

Soliloquy

HERE on the hillside, Youth and I,
Learning the way of a summer sky. . . .

And ever the grasses curve, and stir,
And the wind leaps in delight;
And ever the head of a trembling fir
Is bent like a maid's, at night;
And the sigh of the yearning earth runs through
The melody of my heart,
And life is a song, and the sky is blue,
And the white clouds sift apart.

Here on the hillside, Youth and I,
Standing alone and still—
Here on the brink of shining things,
Here on a windy hill.

And ever dim branches stretch and sway,
And their arms are bare and long,
And they sweep us around, and without a sound
Bind us fast and strong.

Taut on the hillside, Youth and I,
Bound to the heart of a tree,
Lashed with the sadness born of a sigh,
Fettered with mystery. . . .
And after a while I must rise, and go
Down through the mist to the deep,
And Youth will lean on the breast of the hill,
And call to me—and weep.

—*Mary Dixon Thayer.*

From a mere idea to World

THE · STORY

It is a commonplace Americanism to say that the days of big successes are past—that the big ideas have all been worked out—that there will never be another automobile industry or another motion picture industry—that if Carnegie or Rockefeller started today they could not duplicate their own success.

Yet every few years someone finds a new way of serving the people—and America never fails to reward her real servants.

Less than four years ago, the first Real Silk Service Man, representing an unknown company and an untried idea, called at an American home.

For the first time in history, an American woman was given the opportunity to buy fine silk hosiery in her own home at a saving.

Today, after a lapse of less than four years, that man stands as the representative of the world's largest mills devoted to the manufacture of men's and women's hosiery exclusively.

Today, more than 5,000 representatives proudly carry the Real Silk message regularly to the homes and offices of America.

Today, millions of men and women in every walk of life, in nearly every community in America, are regular wearers of Real Silk Hosiery.

From New York City to San Francisco, from Montreal to Vancouver, in Mexico City, in Honolulu, in Havana, Cuba, the individual wearers of fine silk hosiery have shown the same eager response to the Real Silk idea and the Real Silk product.

NOTE: Of all the hosiery mills in America that manufacture men's and women's hosiery exclusively, the Real Silk Hosiery Mills of Indianapolis, are today the leaders in their field.

Leadership *in less than four years*

OF · THE · REAL · SILK · HOSIERY · MILLS

If America has been generous to Real Silk, it is because Real Silk has rendered a particular service to the American people.

So spectacular a rise can be explained in no other way.

❖ ❖ ❖

Four years ago, there was no apparent demand for a new brand of silk hosiery, or a new silk hosiery service. The world already seemed to be full of silk hosiery mills.

There were plenty of precedents for our failure and none for our success.

There was no glamour to our idea. It was so simple as to seem almost absurd.

It was simply this—to take our product directly to the men and women of America, and to put the savings thereby accrued back into the hosiery itself—in other words, to give the American people a better product for less money.

❖ ❖ ❖

The idea seemed to take hold. From the very beginning, the hum of knitting machines has been broken by the staccato of pneumatic riveters as mills and still more mills have risen to answer the growing, nation-wide call for Real Silk Hosiery.

If the spirit of America is one of industry and growth, perhaps nowhere else in America is this spirit so dramatically portrayed.

We started with no reckless eagerness for supremacy; we started rather with the conviction that a company can prosper only in proportion to the service it renders.

We have never considered competition, but have gone constantly ahead on the principle that "whoever does a thing best ought to be the one to do it."

❖ ❖ ❖

We have done nothing that others could not have done. We have been favored by no good fortune except that which favors anyone who regards real service as the only true basis of success.

As our business has been carried along on the flood tide of national appreciation, we have scrupulously adhered to the principles on which we started.

Our instructions to the 5,000 Real Silk Representatives today are the same as they were to the first 50 Real Silk Representatives in the first year of our undertaking.

As the sales frontiers of our business have been pushed farther and farther ahead, we have found newer and better ways of rendering the wearers of silk hosiery an even greater service.

When the first Real Silk Representative made his first sale of Real Silk Hosiery, he gave the purchaser a positive guarantee. From that day on, we have accepted full responsibility for our product, literally and without reserve.

❖ ❖ ❖

We have not been without imitators who have sought to duplicate our success, as we have not been without critics who have sought to depreciate and belittle us.

Meanwhile, our case has rested squarely with the American people.

America has always done the most for those institutions that have done the most for America.

There is nothing new in this, but it is upon such "startling commonplaces" that all great successes have been built.

If America didn't know from experience that Real Silk Hosiery is all that we claim it to be, America would of course pick out some other mills and make IT the largest of its kind in the world.

❖ ❖ ❖

In a spirit of service we have come a very great distance in a very short time—from a mere idea to world leadership in less than four years.

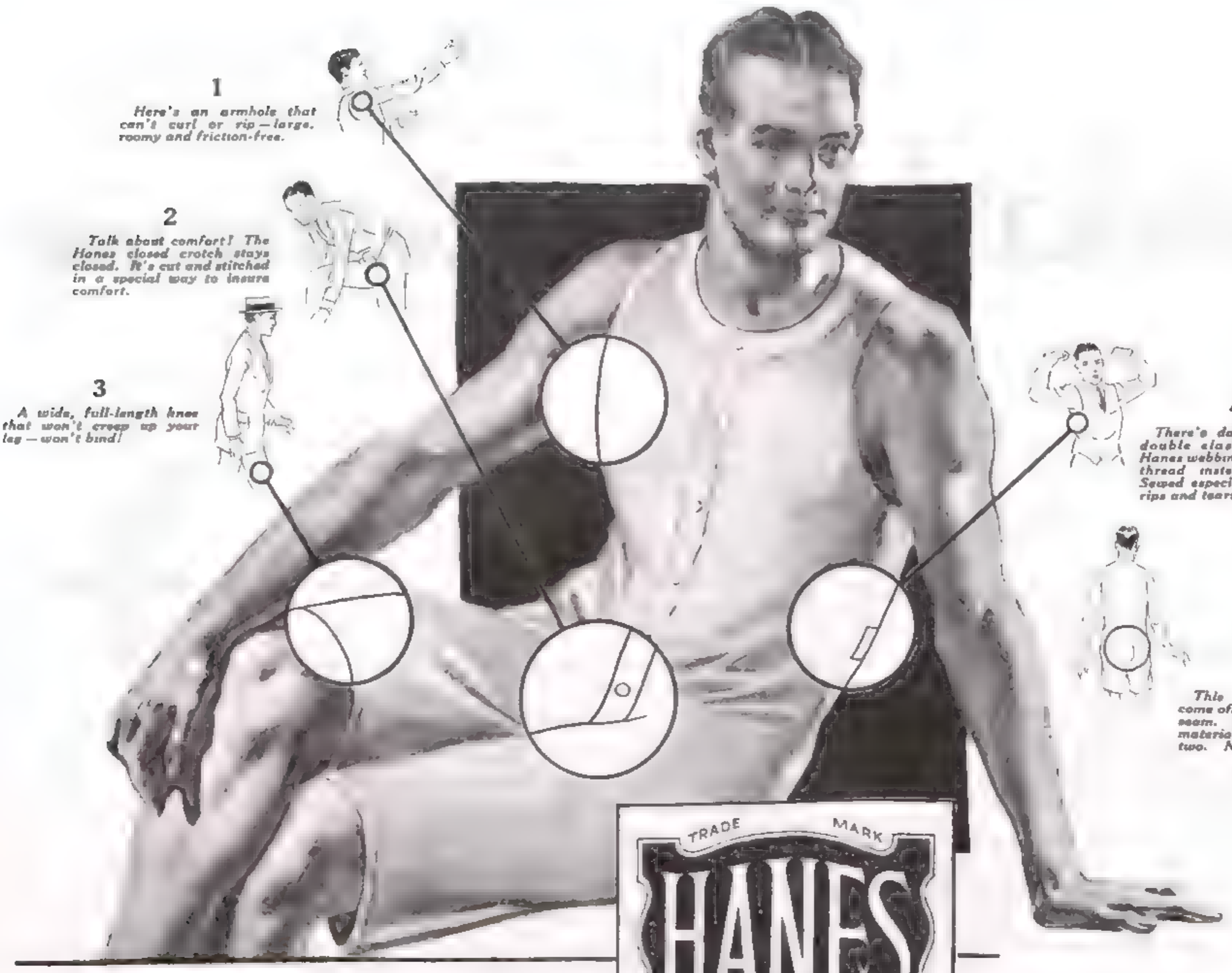
And in a spirit of service we again dedicate ourselves to the simple principle upon which we started—that of putting service ahead of profit—of giving a little more than anyone expects.

This gold button identifies the authorized Real Silk Representative when he calls at your home.

REAL SILK HOSIERY MILLS
INDIANAPOLIS
REAL SILK
FROM MILL TO MILLIONS

REAL SILK
HOSIERY MILLS

Indianapolis, Indiana


1
Here's an armhole that can't curl or rip—large, roomy and friction-free.
2
Talk about comfort! The Hanes closed crotch stays closed. It's cut and stitched in a special way to insure comfort.
3
A wide, full-length knee that won't creep up your leg—won't bind!
4
There's double strength, double elasticity in the Hanes webbing belt. It's 2-thread instead of single. Sewed especially to prevent rips and tears.
5
This button refuses to come off. It's sewed to the seam. Four thicknesses of material instead of the usual two. No patch!

TRADE MARK

HANES

Full Cut
ATHLETIC UNION SUITS

$1 A Suit

Say "HANES" and you've said it all

"HANES" is the word! You could talk for an hour telling your dealer what you want in summer underwear and not say half as much as you will by simply saying "Hanes."

When you come out with "Hanes Athletics, please," here's what you really ask for: Underwear that will fit and feel as if it was made for *you*, with all the freedom, roomy comfort and coolness that you must have for summer weather. You ask for underwear that is guaranteed right down to the last stitch and button. Say Hanes and you'll get the best underwear value that ever came out of a factory—unbeatable quality at an unbeatable price—One Dollar.

Read the five famous Hanes points above. They are the result of a world of underwear thought and experience. Every one of them means greater comfort, longer wear, bigger value.

Go into your dealer's to-day and say "Hanes." Make any comparison you like for workmanship and material. Compare the service and wear! If your regular dealer can't fit you, write us at once.

Hanes is made for boys, too, in the same quality. They are from 2 to 16 years—sizes 20 to 34.

READ THIS GUARANTEE: We guarantee Hanes Underwear absolutely—every thread, stitch and button. We guarantee to return your money or give you a new garment if any seam breaks.

P. H. HANES KNITTING CO., Winston-Salem, N. C. *New York Office,* **366 Broadway**

Next Winter You'll Want to Wear Hanes Winter Underwear

SUBMARINE SLEUTHS AND WAR SALVAGE

(Continued from Page 15)

proved a terrible season. The weather seemed to mock the hunters. For weeks at a time work was impossible. As soon as one storm abated another sprang up.

Waiting with all the patience they could muster, the divers at length got a chance of going down to the wreck. What a change the gales had wrought! No longer did the wreck bear any resemblance to a ship. She was just a great mound of twisted metal, partially buried in the silt. Plates and wreckage lay scattered over the sea bed in all directions, covering an acre or two of space.

Once more the dangerous task of blowing away obstructions was resumed. Carried out as expeditiously as possible, it yet proved all too slow for those engaged on the work. At long last they managed, after prodigious efforts, to open up a path, only to find the gold as far off as ever. It was buried many feet deep in sand and mud, and to dig it out with shovels was an impossibility, for the sea would wash the sand in just as quickly as the divers shoveled it out.

Forty yards above them lay the Racer, a floating workshop full of the most remarkable inventions that scientists and engineers could devise to assist submarine work. Aboard was a mighty eighteen-inch pump capable of sucking up a mountain of sand an hour. The mouth of this monster appeared from above. It was placed in position by the divers and they watched the silt melting before it as if by magic, flowing up to the surface to be dumped a little distance away.

It is no uncommon thing to find such a pump sucking up chunks of rock weighing half a hundredweight, and even trying to remove bits of girder and plate. But such objects, like deck planks, are rather apt to stick in the bend, and then the monster chokes and has to receive the attentions of the salvors.

Remarkable as was the work done by the gallant divers, the results of the season's work were fearfully disappointing, for only seven bars of gold, worth about $50,000 in all, were recovered. In no wise discouraged, the treasure hunters stole back to the old spot the following spring to try their luck again. The gales of the winter had torn great plates from the wreckage as though they were merely sheets of brown paper and dropped them yards away; the decks that had once resounded to the laughter of beautiful women were laid down flat with the sea bed. Twisted and rusted iron lay for a hundred yards around. Looking for a needle in a haystack were an easy task compared with finding the treasure amid all this tangled débris.

An Enviable Record

A long keen search revealed what had once been the strong room. Great metal plates were piled over it, necessitating blasting operations once more. The divers toiled until the plates were cut and dragged away. Then incredible quantities of silt had to be eaten away by the sand pump, the divers watching closely and coming on a bar from time to time. By the end of August, 1922, gold worth $750,000 had been salvaged, and early one morning H. M. S. Wrestler might have been seen slipping into Liverpool. Directly she moored beside the quay, case after case was landed from her and placed in a motor lorry. Those cases—a dozen in all—were full of gold which had been recovered from the Laurentic, and each case represented a small fortune.

All through the season of 1923 the divers carried on, searching amid that chaos of rusted iron for the gold and silver bars, wresting them one by one from their lurking places on the sea bed. For seven seasons men have fought the sea for that mighty fortune of $5,000,000 and their heroic efforts have led to the recovery of $23,750,000. Considering the depth in which the Laurentic sank, and the perils and difficulties besetting the workers, the results are beyond compare. Never before has there been a treasure hunt of such magnitude, and how long this will last no one can say. A fortune of $1,250,000 still lies hidden just off the coast of the Irish Free State, and if the British Navy fails to recover it for the British Treasury, it will be for the simple reason that its recovery is humanly impossible.

For every $500 won back from the depths, the divers have received an award of 62.5 cents, so altogether they have shared among themselves the sum of $29,685, a sum that has been well and truly earned. It says much for the efficiency of the British Navy when it is known that the whole of this perilous treasure hunt has been carried out without a single accident to any of the divers engaged.

Many rumors have arisen of wonderful machines being used to locate the treasure, of instruments with the power to divine the presence of gold, of scientists standing on the deck of the salvage vessel, watching with bated breath a needle oscillate round a dial until it has indicated that the diver far below is in the vicinity of the precious metal. These rumors, however, have no foundation in fact, for the treasure has been recovered solely by straightforward diving. The estimates of the treasure sunk have also varied from $15,000,000 to $40,000,000, but the figures given here have been furnished me specially by the British Admiralty and they are therefore strictly accurate.

Undersea Detective Work

During the days of the fateful German submarine campaign the divers of the British Admiralty Salvage Section played their part in many a drama, ferreting out clews of vital importance, acting as detectives of the deep. While the undersea boats of the Germans menaced the existence of Great Britain and ruthlessly committed many crimes against humanity, the deep-sea detectives of the salvage section were always on their track, studying their habits, learning their methods, recovering from watery fastnesses those sealed orders which Von Tirpitz and his staff would have given anything to keep out of the hands of the alert British Admiralty.

More than one U-boat, struggling frantically to free herself from the mighty nets in which she had become entangled, found herself caught in a trap from which there was no escaping. The guardians of the nets, going their rounds, marked the agitation of the buoys which told of a giant fish struggling below, and if the prize could not be brought up and captured, a depth charge soon put an end to its struggles.

Sometimes a submarine was found on the bottom without any visible damage to the hull. An accident to her machinery had rendered her helpless. The Germans fought desperately to put things right. As they grappled with the damaged machinery they saw death coming nearer and nearer. When it was obvious that they could do nothing, that there was no escape for them, many shot themselves to put an end to their sufferings.

Of all the submarine crimes which dishonored the name of Germany, one of the worst was the atrocity of the Belgian Prince. It started with the sound of guns and the whine of shells from which it was impossible to flee, and as the wireless mast of the Belgian Prince went overboard her captain rang down to the engine room and the ship heaved to. The U-44 approached warily, waiting to strike again at the least sign of resistance; but seeing that the Belgian Prince had frankly surrendered, a collapsible boat put out from the submarine, which was now lying idly on the surface, and pulled off to the steamer. Captain and crew of the steamer were ordered to take to their boats and pull to the submarine and, as they rowed to the U-44 under armed escort, the Germans went down below to open the sea cocks of the vessel and place bombs to blow the bottom out of her.

Their work completed, the boarding party of Germans rowed back to the U-44. Paul Wagenfuhr, the German captain, ordered the crew of the Belgian Prince to line up on the deck of the submarine. They were searched for arms, ordered to take their outer clothes off, their life belts were taken from them and their boats destroyed with axes. Leaving the seamen partially undressed, still standing on the deck, the Germans entered the conning tower of their boat and shut it after them.

The crew of the Belgian Prince still stood as they were ordered, wondering what was going to happen to them, expecting that now their ship and boats had been destroyed the Germans would take them into the submarine.

Gradually the U-44 began to move on the surface of the sea, and continued to forge ahead for about ten minutes. Then suddenly, without warning, just as darkness descended, the submarine dived, and the forty-three helpless and defenseless men were thrown into the water. For a time the air was rent with their cries as they fought the eternal sea for their lives. Then the darkness blotted out the sights and sounds, and one by one they sank.

But the Germans, in their hurried search of the men, overlooked the fact that three of them wore life belts concealed beneath their clothing; and these three men, by the aid of their life belts, managed to survive until they were picked up. So the world learned of the German crime. But for these three witnesses, nothing would have been known except that the Belgian Prince had vanished with every soul aboard.

Throughout August 1, 1917, the naval craft were scouring the neighborhood for a sign of the U-boat, trying to get on its track. The sea was empty. Casting farther and farther afield, one of our torpedo boats sighted a periscope on the afternoon of the next day nearly 100 miles from the scene of the outrage. Keen eyes at the other end of the periscope must have detected the torpedo boat almost as soon as the torpedo boat saw the periscope, for our naval gunners had time to get in only a couple of rounds before the periscope disappeared. Racing to the spot, the torpedo boat dropped a depth charge. But she was too late; the enemy was gone.

Hardly a ripple stirred the sea when darkness stole down over Waterford on the evening of August fourth. The fisherfolk along the coast, gathering in the village inn, spent an hour or two smoking and chatting over the doings of the day. Some were still standing before the doors of their cottages about midnight when they were startled by the sound of a terrific explosion at sea, a sound that reverberated over the water in the absolute silence of the night. Then, faintly, cries were heard.

Harnessing the Tide

The cries sent the fishermen speeding to the quay. In a short time three fishing boats were spreading over the sea, heading in the direction whence the cries came. None knew what lay ahead of them, none troubled even to ask. Death might be lurking for them, but that aspect of the case did not concern them. They were about four miles from shore when a dark object loomed in the water; a faint cry answered their calls. A minute later a man was dragged over the side of one of the boats.

The stranger was in a bad state. It was obvious he could not long survive. Heading about, the fishermen landed the man as quickly as possible, but stimulants liberally administered had little effect. Just for a time he rallied and managed to gasp out the information that he was a member of the crew of the U-44, and that they were laying mines when a tremendous explosion occurred and shot them up to the surface. His end came suddenly soon afterward. The U-44, laying mines in the stilly night to deal death and destruction to others, had strayed unwittingly into one of our mine fields.

On Monday, August sixth, Commander G. Davis, of the Admiralty Salvage Section, was recalled from another salvage case with instructions to recover the sunken U-boat. The British Admiralty was particularly anxious to recover not only the papers of the submarine but also the submarine itself. Given the German submarine, the British naval experts could go over it at their leisure, see exactly how German design was developing, browse among the latest German improvements and pick to pieces all the most recent German ideas.

To issue an order for the sunken submarine to be brought into harbor was easy. But the carrying out of the order was beset with difficulties. Commander Davis decided to adopt one of the best known methods of raising the wreck by utilizing the lift of the tide to accomplish his purpose.

One of the outstanding things about salvage experts is their uncanny ability for seizing on any power that happens to be handy and compelling it to serve their own ends. There is unlimited power in the rise and fall of the tides, and the salvage men

!

fear

Are you self-conscious about the impression you make on people?

FEAR is probably the greatest handicap anyone can have in life. It keeps you from being your own real self—from doing your downright best and from getting on in life as you should.

Personal appearance has a lot to do with the way you feel. Clothes count, of course. But still there is one thing so many people overlook—something that at once brands them as either fastidious or careless—*the teeth*.

Notice today how you, yourself, watch another person's teeth when he or she is talking. If the teeth are not well kept they at once become a liability.

Listerine Tooth Paste cleans teeth a new way. Our chemists have discovered a polishing ingredient that really cleans without scratching the enamel—a difficult problem solved.

You will notice the improvement even in the first few days. And you *know it is cleaning safely*.

So the makers of Listerine, the safe antiseptic, have found for you also the really safe dentifrice.

What are your teeth saying about you today?—*LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., Saint Louis, U. S. A.*

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

Large Tube—25 cents

are clever enough to harness this power to raise wrecks off the sea bed. They literally use the sea to rob the sea of its prey, and the ways they follow are more or less those put into practice by Commander Davis, who decided to lift the submarine in a cradle of cables and carry her ashore.

Commander Davis placed his lifting vessel in position exactly over the wrecked submarine, and the cables running under the wreck were brought up on each side of the surface craft and securely fastened. The tanks of the lifting craft were blown out with compressed air, and as the tide began to rise, the lifting craft rose with it and dragged the U-boat from her bed ninety feet below the surface. Just before the tide was at the full the salvors began to tow the lifting craft with her burden inshore, and succeeded in covering a distance of three-quarters of a mile before the submarine grounded again. Next day, at the top of the tide, the performance was repeated and the wreck was carried inshore for another three-quarters of a mile. In two days the salvors thus gained a mile and a half, and the wreck now rested on the bottom about three miles from the beach.

The calm courage and confidence of the salvors were things to marvel at. They knew beyond doubt that live mines were aboard, and that these mines were liable to go off at the slightest jar and blow them all to pieces, yet they went about their jobs hour after hour, day after day, as though such things as mines did not exist Time after time the sea bumped the submarine against the bottom, and every time it happened death in its most horrible form hovered near them. Once the submarine dropped sheer from the cables, and no one knows even now why they were not all wiped off the face of the sea. There was just one tense moment; then, as nothing happened and their luck held good, they started to get the submarine back into the slings again.

The Standard Patch

In the end, after making twenty-one lifts in twenty days, the salvors beached the infamous U-44. She proved a golden haul, for the mass of confidential information recovered from her turned out to be of the utmost importance. She had on board nine mines, which were cautiously taken out by Commander Davis and rendered innocuous, besides several torpedoes and a big collection of shells.

Called into being by the war, the standard patch certainly proved one of the greatest aids of the salvage section, for many a ship that would have ended her days at the bottom of the sea was brought safely into port under the protection afforded by the standard patch. The standard patch was formed of grooved timbers fitting one into another, something like match boards, and in appearance it resembled the top of a gigantic roll-top desk. Owing to its construction, it was admirably adapted for fitting the curves of the hull of a ship.

In fitting a standard patch, the size of the hole in the hull was first ascertained, then the patch was made, bolted into position, and the edges were made water-tight with cement. Many ships had to be beached at the nearest spot in order to save them from foundering, and the standard patch was then fitted to enable them to reach port and undergo permanent repairs. Other ships still remained afloat after being torpedoed, and it was no uncommon sight to see the ships' carpenters constructing standard patches upon the decks. When the patch was finished, it was lowered over the side, the bottom edge being weighted to make it sink in an upright position, while the divers guided it into place and secured it with bolts and nuts

Despite its temporary character, the repair was strong enough to enable the ship to journey to the dock set aside for her reception. Yet many a ship met various adventures on the way and her journey to port was rather a protracted affair. One such case was that of a large vessel torpedoed by the Germans. Luckily she did not sink immediately. Her bulkheads held and her captain was able to head for the shore until she touched bottom and settled down. Along came the salvage unit and, ascertaining the damage, worked desperately to fit a standard patch. The patch was duly put on, the many bolts screwed up and the vessel pumped out and towed off to port.

The salvage officers were congratulating themselves on work well done when the unexpected happened. There was a dull explosion and a giant cascade against the side of the steamer. She had been caught a second time by a German submarine. Her nose was headed inshore and once more she touched bottom.

Quickly as they could, the salvors tackled her, for she was not the only ship on the sea receiving the unwelcome attentions of the Germans, and the salvors were in constant demand all along the coast. They sized up the new damage, made another patch, drilled the holes in the hull, fitted a felt bed for the patch to rest against and screwed it tightly home. Then the pumps were set going, the damaged hold was emptied and her keel came up from the sandy bed in which it had been resting.

The ship, which had survived two German torpedoes, continued her interrupted journey; but she had been only an hour or two on the way when another enemy submarine got her. Whatever the salvage men said and thought, they started to patch her up again, and in time they had the thrice-torpedoed vessel continuing her slow journey to the dock where she was to be repaired.

The remarks of the Germans must have been rather interesting when they discovered that they were torpedoing the same ship time after time. Probably they thought it was some trick the British were playing on them, some gigantic bluff to make them waste torpedoes. Anyway, although they tried and tried and tried again, the Admiralty salvage men, not to be outdone, managed to save the ship from the clutches of the Germans after all.

So long as the submarine campaign continued, it was indeed a gigantic tussle between pumps and patches and torpedoes. At first the torpedoes had it all their own way, but pumps and patches in the skillful hands of the Admiralty Salvage Section began to rob the Germans of more and more of their prizes, and they ultimately proved a most important factor in bringing home to the foe the fact that the game was not worth the candle.

In spite of the fact that sailors are generally credited with being more superstitious than most people, no thought of danger crossed the minds of the seventy-three men who during the war stepped aboard the British submarine K.13 in order to carry out her trials. She was a wonderful craft, 334 feet long, just under 27 feet wide amidships, and as she lay at her moorings she displaced 1880 tons

Built on the Clyde, she was taken along the coast to the Gairloch in Scotland, on the shores of Ross and Cromarty. The Gairloch was quiet, away from spying eyes, free of the attentions of the unwelcome enemy submarine; and here the K 13 carried out her surface trials satisfactorily The conning tower was closed, the funnels were dropped back flush with the deck and orders were given to trim the boat for diving. The water-tight doors were shut and the sea began to flow into the tanks. Then, as the craft submerged, came disaster A mighty rush of water swept into the after part of the ship, drowning instantly the thirty-one men on duty there and carrying the K.13 stern downwards to the bottom. It was afterward discovered that in diving some of the ventilating scuttles had been left open and these had flooded the stern of the ship. It was a tragic oversight that in a moment swept thirty-one men into eternity.

Trapped in a Submarine

In the forward part of the K.13 forty-two men were imprisoned, held fast on the sea bed by the weight of water in the ship. There was no trace of panic. As quietly as though they still floated serenely on the surface, they stood by and carried out their commander's orders.

For hours they strove to get the ship to move, to lighten the tanks sufficiently to bring her to the surface again. The ship remained fast. No trace of movement was to be detected. The water-tight bulkhead across the center of the vessel held death at bay for the moment, but no one knew how long it could withstand the terrific pressure. At the other side of the bulkhead lay their dead companions, and the hungry sea was waiting to engulf the living. Death threatened them from all quarters, death from drowning, death from asphyxiation owing to the exhaustion of their air supply, death from starvation, even if the air held out. Hour by hour death came nearer. They realized it only too well, but still they remained cheerful.

When it was seen that all their efforts were useless, Commander Godfrey Herbert, D. S. O., who was in command, and Commander F. H. M. Goodhart, D. S. O., who was aboard to watch the behavior of the vessel before taking over the command of K.14, conferred and agreed to try to get to the surface, ninety feet above their heads, in order to obtain help. They knew perfectly well that they were probably going to their deaths, that the odds were so tremendously against them that they were not worth considering. They did not think of themselves; they thought only of the forty other men caught in that death trap.

The one way of getting to the surface was through the conning tower. But the terrific weight of the water above closed the lid so tightly that the strongest giant in the world could never lift it. To raise it was beyond the strength of mere human beings. The only way of accomplishing the feat was to let into the conning tower compressed air until the pressure of the air equaled the pressure of the sea, and as the air burst a way upward the gallant officers hoped to be carried with it to the surface.

Quietly they entered the conning tower and partially flooded it. The compressed air was turned on. Minute by minute the pressure increased; minute by minute the officers waited, wondering if death or life was to be theirs, whether their attempt was to succeed or fail.

So great grew the pressure that the air could no longer be kept within bounds. With incredible strength it burst upward and Commander Goodhart was dashed violently against the steel sides of the conning tower and killed instantly

By the greatest good fortune, Commander Herbert missed the full force of that deadly upthrust of air. Still he, too, was hurled upward, and as the water rushed in and the air gushed out, was carried clean through the conning tower to the surface.

Already the disappearance of K.13 was arousing anxiety up above, and a salvage craft had been called to the spot. A couple of men in a boat, noticing the figure of Commander Herbert as he came up in the Gairloch, pulled quickly toward him and dragged him over the side.

He was almost dead with exhaustion, and the wonder is that he ever survived that terrible ordeal.

As soon as he was sufficiently recovered, he gave an account of what had happened and told how the men were trapped in the submarine. The urgency of the case was obvious. It needed no stressing.

Then began one of the most thrilling salvage fights in the history of the human race. It was a fight, not for treasure, but for human life. It was a race against time, a long tussle with death.

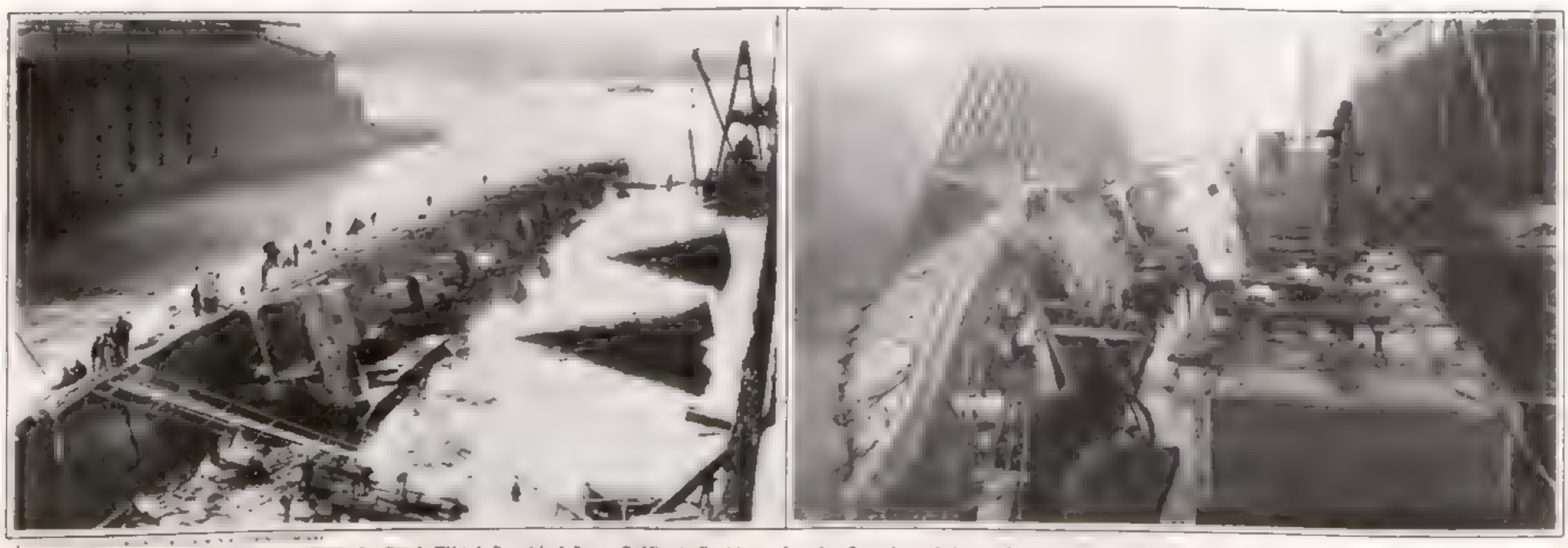
Divers dropped down the shot ropes to the bed of the Gairloch and began to search for the sunken submarine. The light was none too good, owing to the water being fogged with mud; but they were searching only a short time when the dark hull of the submarine loomed in front of them. They hurried up to it. One drew an ax from his belt and hammered hard at the side.

Answering knocks came from within, and those waiting anxiously on the surface heaved a sigh of relief as the divers telephoned up:

"We've found her! They're still alive!"

Surveying the wreck, the divers discovered that the bow of the submarine was about twenty feet higher than the stern, which was already covered by a dozen feet of mud. Wading in slime sometimes up to the armpits, the divers worked their way

(Continued on Page 115)



A View of the Overturned Liner St Paul, Which Provided Some Difficult Problems for the American Salvage Experts. They Erected Steel Levers or Legs, Shaped Like the Letter "A," 80 Feet High, and by Hauling on These Legs With Steel Cables the Salvors Managed to Drag Her Upright

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Here is why the AC 1075 is a good plug for Fords

Spring Terminal Clip

makes it easy to test plug or coil while motor is running and locks nut so that it will not unscrew. There is no danger of damaging connection through use of pliers as the clip keeps it tight.

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to withstand hard service—plug comes apart by unscrewing bushing.

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Plugs become shorted by deposits of carbon. The thin edges of the fins on the patented carbon proof porcelain get hot quickly and burn away the deposits, thus preventing accumulation of carbon.

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designed to form natural drain so no oil will lodge in spark gap.

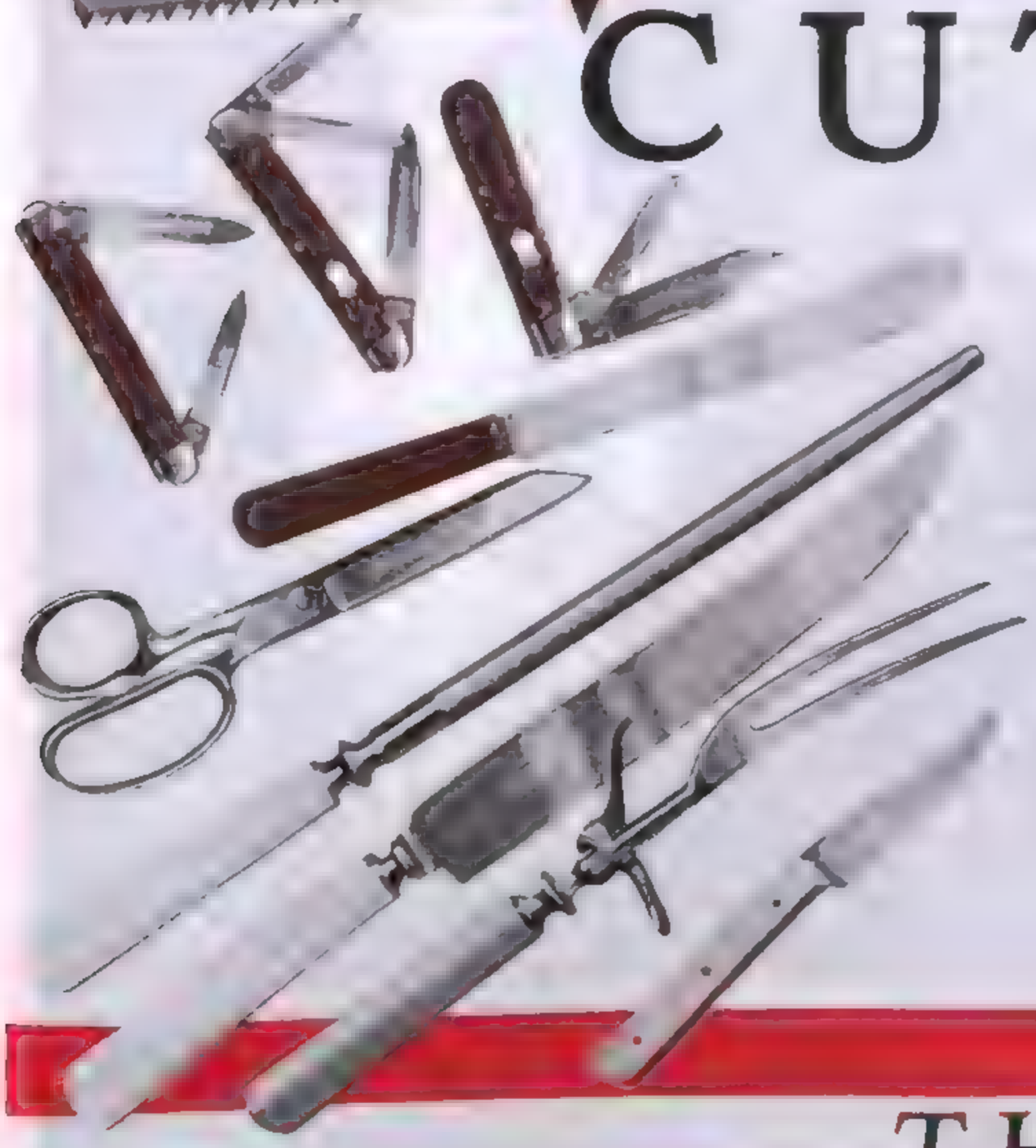
INSTALL A SET OF AC 1075's TODAY—YOUR MOTOR WILL PERFORM BETTER

AC Spark Plug Company, FLINT, Michigan

Makers of AC Spark Plugs—AC Speedometers

U. S. Pat. No. 1,135,122, April 13, 1915; U. S. Pat. No. 1,206,130, Feb. 13, 1917. Other Patents Pending

CUTLERY



YOU can be sure of this fact: When a line of products has borne a trademark as long and successfully as Keen Kutter, each item has been developed until it is right.

From its first appearance, the Keen Kutter mark has stood for something more than a line of cutlery and tools. It has stood for an old-fashioned principle of craftsmanship, that every product be wrought of the best material and fashioned with the finest skill.

Through the years, the Keen Kutter line has grown to include every item of hardware commonly used in home or shop. Step by step, with the Keen Kutter line, have also grown Keen Kutter refinements, ever keeping pace with new ways and new needs.

Today, Keen Kutter is old in the mastery that comes with years of painstaking learning and doing, young in its adaptation of every fresh development that is good.

THE SIMMONS

and TOOLS

PICK up a Keen Kutter saw. Let the perfect feel of it gladden your hand. A Keen Kutter hammer, a hatchet, an axe, always falls true to the stroke. A Keen Kutter knife holds its edge and cuts clean.

Keen Kutter appeals to the expert who knows fine tools. It sharpens the bent of the average man who just likes to tinker about the house; helps him to do a better job than he ever thought he could do.

The founders of the famous Keen Kutter line, The Simmons Hardware Company, are the largest concern of their kind in the world. They have been selling Keen Kutter products for 30 years. But they are less proud of their size and age than they are of their standard of honest worth, expressed by the founder, E. C. Simmons, when he said:

"The recollection of *quality* remains long after the *price* is forgotten."

DEALERS EVERYWHERE CARRY THE KEEN KUTTER LINE

HARDWARE CO.

From Leaves to Latite

Just a leaf-covered hut—swept by winds and drenched by rains—was man's first conception of roofing comfort and security. Think of it!

Today—through the development of storm-tight, fire-safe Genasco Latite Shingles he has found *complete* roofing protection. Rain and wind, cold and heat are shut outside a Genasco roof.

Genasco Latite Shingles are locked tight to each other. The sun can't curl them. Hurricane winds can't tear them off. And they insulate, as well as waterproof, your home.

Made in three natural, unfading colors—red, green and blue-black. Suitable for any type of building—over old shingles or new boards. Write for illustrated folders.

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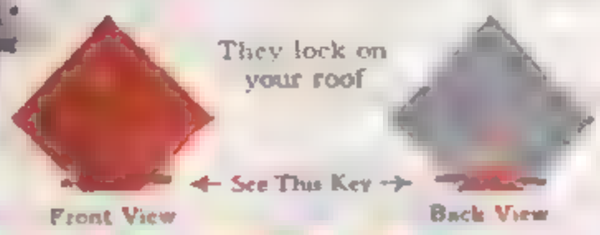

Genasco Latite shingles

(Continued from Page 110)

round her, then quickly sped to the surface and reported her position.

At once the experts summed up the situation. The K.13, with her stern full of water, covered up aft by a dozen feet of mud, was too heavy to raise bodily. She was well over 3000 tons, and up to that time nothing like this weight had ever been lifted from the sea bed. The only thing to be done, the sole hope of saving the imprisoned men, was to strive to lift the nose of the craft to the surface while leaving the stern resting on the bottom. Nothing else was possible.

"The first thing to do is to get through supplies of food and air to them," the salvage officer remarked.

The divers slid down to the bottom and, disregarding all thought of their own safety, labored hard and long to connect up with the entombed men. They must have broken the endurance record of the world, for one worked for more than twelve hours continuously on the sea bed without taking food, without resting. Time was too precious for them to waste a second. They realized the risk, but they accepted it as gladly as Commander Goodhart ran the risk which led to his death. They worked until they were ill and dizzy, floundering in the mud, wrestling with giant steel cables.

Forty men were depending on them for their lives. The thought nerved the divers to prodigious things. It was essential to communicate with the imprisoned men, to let them know that everything possible was being done for them, to strive to sustain their spirits. Commander Kay of the salvage section found the way. Sending down a submarine flash lamp, he instructed the divers to rig it up in front of the periscope. By peering into this instrument the prisoners were thus able to read the messages that were flashed to them in Morse code, and were made to understand that they were not entirely cut off from the world after all. With many a struggle, the divers managed to open a valve in the hull and to attach a pipe through which food, such as bottles of hot soup and chocolate, as well as life-giving air, was passed from the surface. All this entailed long hours of endeavor.

The coolness of the men in the submarine was almost unbelievable.

A Thrilling Rescue

"Send us down a pack of cards to while away the time!" one shouted up the pipe.

The cards were procured and sent down, and these British seamen played cards while death peeped over their shoulders.

Up to now the men had been carefully conserving their supplies of compressed air, not knowing how long they would need it to keep alive. Now that air was being pumped from the surface, they were able to use what was left of their own supplies to blow all the oil out of the forward tanks. This lightened their craft considerably.

After a terrific struggle, the divers managed to fix mighty steel cables under the nose of the submarine. Salvage craft and lifting vessels strained away. For a time they made no impression. Then slowly the grip of the mud began to relax and the bow of the submarine, lightened by the blowing out of the oil tanks, began to rise nearer and nearer the surface, until, about midnight, it broke clear into view.

It was a weird sight. Great arc lamps lit the scene, and under their glare the salvage men attacked the steel hull of the K.13 with oxyacetylene blowpipes. Everyone was desperately anxious, afraid that the submarine might slip. Under the intense heat of the blowpipes, the steel grew soft and melted. Gradually, laboriously, the salvors burned their way through the stout outer plates.

They now made an onslaught on the inner hull, directing the flame on the steel shell. The metal glowed and flowed. A rush of air leaped upward from the interior of the vessel and blew out the roaring flame of the blowpipe.

"Get us some matches!" the divers called to those above.

Under their very noses, a hand from inside the ship suddenly slid through the hole in the metal, the fingers holding up a box of matches.

"Here you are!" said a cheery voice, and the divers knew that all was well.

Another period of strenuous endeavor and the hole in the metal was big enough for a man to squeeze through. Then, as the forty prisoners were helped and carried to freedom, the cheers of the salvage men echoed to the shore.

Never will men be nearer death than those saved from the K.13. For fifty-seven hours they were imprisoned in the sunken submarine at the bottom of the sea; for two and a half days they lived with death at their elbows, not knowing when the end would come. Their ordeal has never been equaled, and their rescue is one of the most thrilling deeds in the annals of sea salvage.

Barely were they rescued when a storm arose. The cables holding up the K.13 snapped asunder and the submarine plunged again to the bottom. The men had been cut out not a moment too soon.

In due course followed the salvage of the unlucky K.13. It was effected solely by the use of compressed air, which was pumped down one pipe into a compartment until it had driven all the water away through another pipe to the surface. In this way she was pumped out, compartment by compartment, but even when all the water was expelled she still stuck in the mud. For two or three days the salvors strove to drag her from the clinging mud, but not until she was freed of the overlying silt by sand pumps did she bob to the surface just like a cork. Proving little the worse for her adventure, she was put into commission again under another number, so the unlucky K.13 vanished forever from the British naval lists.

Attempting the Impossible

As recently as the last days of October, 1923, two gallant American seamen, Henry Breault and Lawrence Brown, were immured for thirty hours in a submarine at the bottom of a bay near the Panama Canal. Breault most heroically dashed into the ship as she was sinking to see if he could assist anybody who happened to be within. He found Brown asleep in the torpedo room, and they just succeeded in closing the door when the O-5 went down in forty feet of water.

There was not a morsel of food aboard, not a drop of drinking water. First the lights failed, then the batteries exploded and caused a fire which blazed furiously for some time.

Meantime a third man, Charles Butler, caught in the engine room, took refuge in an air pocket, stripped off his clothes and made for the hatchway. Emulating the plucky fellow who escaped from the British submarine, he thrust open the hatch. So enormous was the pressure that he was blown right out of the water, breaking the surface like a leaping salmon. He was soon picked up, after being at the bottom for eight minutes.

In three hours the two other prisoners heard the knocks of a diver and knew that attempts were being made to rescue them. Nine hours later they felt the submarine begin to move upward. For a little time she continued to rise, then their hopes were dashed by a sharp snapping sound and they felt their craft fall with a bump to the bottom again.

The ticking of the clock for hour after hour, the dreadful dragging of the hands round the face of it nearly drove them distracted. They could not bear to watch it longer. There they sat, wondering, hoping.

Another sixteen hours passed before they felt the submarine again begin to rise, moving so slowly that both men were consumed with anxiety. The maddening clock ticked on as the craft was wound up. Water splashed on the deck, the pent-up air gushed out, footsteps sounded and they knew deliverance was at hand. Breault pushed open the hatch and both men stood blinking blindly in the dazzling sunshine.

Their heads reeled. So sick and ill were they owing to the sudden change of pressure that grave danger was averted only by quickly placing them under the same pressure in another submarine and then slowly reducing the pressure in accordance with the recognized diving practice. Thus they came unscathed through their dreadful trial.

The K.5, during battle practice with the British fleet in 1921, sank in such deep water that no attempt was made to recover her. But naval experts, when a similar disaster overtook the U. S. submarine F-4 at Honolulu in March, 1915, were so anxious to find out what had happened that they determined to do their utmost to retrieve the sunken craft.

Going out for a practice spin, the F-4 quietly submerged and was never seen again. Boats were soon in search of her, and the result of dragging operations led to her discovery on the bottom outside Honolulu Harbor in just over fifty fathoms, or 304 feet, of water.

Unhesitatingly the greatest salvage experts in the world would have pronounced her lost beyond recovery. She was nearly 100 feet deeper than the British record dive of 210 feet, a depth which no other divers in the world had ever reached, and she was far deeper than any craft hitherto lifted from the sea bed.

Naval experts, aware of these and other facts, knew that they desired to achieve the impossible; but instead of admitting that it could not be done they straightway set about doing it. A big rise and fall in the tide would have been of tremendous assistance to them, but at Honolulu the tide rises and falls only eighteen inches. It was of no help to them at all. So they made their plans to haul her up bodily by winches, and tow her into shallower water until she grounded, while for the last stage of the journey into the harbor they placed their faith in six pontoons, each sheathed in a jacket of timber four inches thick to prevent the cables from cutting them. This stout timber casing successfully protected the pontoons from all damage when they were brought into play. Nor was it unnecessary, for, incredible as it may seem, the chafing of the submarine during a sudden gale quickly wore through the mighty steel cables as she rubbed them against the bottom.

It was in connection with the cables that the greatest diving feat in all history was accomplished. The cables were swept underneath the submarine by surface craft in the usual way. But the salvors could not be sure that the cables were exactly where they ought to be. With cables too near the bow and the stern, the submarine would just fold up as she was lifted and break her back, the two halves, falling apart, probably defying recovery. Even if they could be raised, the damage would be so great that all traces of the original accident would be destroyed and the experts could never learn why the submarine had foundered.

The one way of finding out whether the cables were properly in place was to send down divers to see. A diver in Lake Huron in the 90's, trying to recover sunken treasure, was crushed to pulp at a depth of 198 feet. Even a diving bell, operating later on the same wreck, was unable to withstand the pressure; consequently it seemed like sentencing a man to death to order him to dive to a depth of 304 feet. However, the cleverest diving expert in America pondered over the matter, and in the light of recent experiments considered it could be done, provided all the rules were most rigidly observed. The finest divers in the United States Navy, men who had been specially trained, were thereupon sent to Honolulu to carry out this gigantic task.

Three Hundred Feet Down

The leading diver struggled into his suit. For aught he knew, he would never come up alive; the enormous pressure of the water might squeeze his unprotected legs and body and arms until it had squeezed all the blood in his body through his eyes and ears and nose and mouth. He knew that the metal helmet protected his head from the sea pressure, which is the reason why the nip of the sea drives all the blood in the body up to the head. But he smiled cheerfully as his helmet was screwed into place.

A few moments later he was sliding down the shot rope. Down and down he went, the sea pressing heavier and heavier on his body. Up on the surface the air pumps heaved quickly to pass down to him the air that would prevent him from being squeezed to death.

Reaching the wreck at last, he found the pressure so enormous that it was almost impossible for him to lift his hand in the water. To move at all was almost like pushing his way through some solid substance. Nevertheless, he managed to survey the wreck, and was slowly drawn up again to safety, after spending ten minutes at the bottom.

Several times he and his fellow divers penetrated to these startling depths to see that adjustments were properly made. Then, just when everything seemed all right, the sense of impending tragedy gripped the watchers on the surface. They had drawn up one gallant diver to 200 feet, when he found that his lines were entangled

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and that he was stuck fast. It was a fearful situation. For a diver to be caught at this great depth is almost certain death.

Relays of divers were sent down to his aid, and for two hours they struggled and fought to release their comrade, who was dangling there at death's door 200 feet below the surface of the sea. In the end they disentangled him, and he was drawn up in a most critical state. Double pneumonia struck him down and for months his life was despaired of. Eventually a fine constitution and tireless nursing enabled him to pull round and regain his lost health. But it was a desperately close shave. That any man could reach this depth and still live is little short of a miracle.

Eventually the ill-fated F-4 was towed into harbor. In raising her according to plan the Navy broke three records: By attaining the incredible depth of 304 feet the divers wrested the diving record from the British Navy; that unfortunate diver who was forced to remain at 200 feet for two hours, without fatal results or permanent injury, created another record; and the third record was achieved by lifting the submarine from the greatest depth from which any wreck was ever raised. It is impossible to praise the divers and salvage officers too highly for these magnificent feats.

During a blinding snowstorm on April 25, 1908, the American liner St. Paul crashed into H. M. S. Gladiator and sank her in The Solent. The British Admiralty called in the assistance of the Liverpool Salvage Association. Capt. F. W. Young, who during the World War was put in charge of the Admiralty Salvage Section, was sent to deal with the case.

Mere Coincidence?

Up to that time it was as gigantic a task as anyone had ever undertaken. There the cruiser lay on her side, 6000 tons of dead weight, on the sandy bed of The Solent, a fifty-foot hole ripped in her hull, several of her boiler rooms exposed to the sea, her gray plates just showing above the water.

The salvage expert was not a bit dismayed. He began to lighten the ship in every possible way. Her guns were taken out and salved. Then uncouth divers got busy with pneumatic chisels and cut off the funnels and ventilators and other deck fittings. Every hole in the deck was covered with wood and made water-tight. Only the gash in her side, where the thick armor plates had folded down like tin foil, was left open; and this in turn was dealt with by the divers, who carefully blasted away the ragged plates to prevent them from impeding the righting of the ship.

Seven enormous pontoons, each fifty feet long, were made and lashed to the wreck. Two strong tripods were built up from the side of the hull, so that cables attached to the ends of the masts could be carried over them and hauled on by a couple of tugs when the time came to right the ship. The cables from the masts ran straight up in the air to the tops of the tripods, and when tugs began pulling the tendency was to drag the ship over into an upright position. Inch by inch the Gladiator was turned after a terrific struggle, helped by 280 tons of iron which the salvors piled on the keel to press it down while the tugs were hauling up. The fight was severe, and even when she was righted her upper deck was still several feet under water, so the salvors determined to cover it with a huge cofferdam built of strong planks. This cofferdam looked like a great deck house built up from the sides of the ship, and as it was made water-tight and pumped out, it helped to pull the vessel to the surface.

Five months of strenuous work saw the pumps conquering the sea. The cruiser rose sluggishly, the tugs caught hold of her and nightfall saw the little procession creeping into Portsmouth Harbor. The cost of raising the wrecked cruiser was $252,500, and ultimately the British Admiralty sold her to the ship breakers for $75,625.

The end of the Gladiator was the beginning of a dramatic sequel, a sequel so remarkable that it borders almost on the uncanny, raising once more the question whether there is anything in those legends of ghostly ships like the Flying Dutchman, flitting about the seas until they are avenged or their long quest is over. For year after year the St. Paul sped along the sea lanes between America and England, thrusting through fog and shine and storm. Then the Great War demanded her conversion into a troopship, and early in the spring of 1918 the work was completed.

On April 25, 1918, ten years to the very day that she sank the Gladiator, the tugs were maneuvering her beside her pier in New York City when she slowly began to heel over. Men gazed on her with amazement as she heeled more and more. Her masts touched the pier and crumpled like twigs, and as they smashed she went down on her side, even as the Gladiator had gone down in The Solent. In a short time 2000 tons of liquid mud gushed through her open portholes, which had now taken the place of her keel, and the salvage experts of the Merritt & Chapman Derrick and Wrecking Company found her settled comfortably in a dozen feet of mud between the two piers. Why she sank is still a mystery.

Mr. R. E. Chapman, the salvage engineer, had a most difficult problem to tackle. He had to grapple with a dead weight of 13,000 tons in a space so circumscribed that there was hardly room for the salvage craft to move. He did not worry. He set his squads of divers to work cutting away funnels and all the tackle from the top deck, as was done to the Gladiator, and when they had finished he sent them into the bowels of the ship in pairs in order to close all the open portholes that were buried many feet in the mud and more than fifty feet below the surface of the harbor. It was inky black down below; they had no lights, because lights would not have penetrated the gloom, so they relied on their fingers instead of their eyes, and by using powerful hoses to wash away the mud they managed to close more than 500 openings in the ship.

One particularly clever piece of work was the making of a steel plate to fit over an opening around which were seventeen bolt holes. To get the bolt holes in the plate directly opposite the bolt holes in the ship seems almost an impossibility, but the diver solved the problem by taking down a sheet of lead which he hammered all round the opening until he had made a pattern with every bolt hole exactly in its place. From this pattern the steel plate was made, and it fitted perfectly.

Bulkheads to a ship afloat are an undisguised blessing, but the salvors found them a decided drawback on the sunken St. Paul. The bulkheads effectually stopped the flow of water from one end of the ship to the other, and before pumping could start it was imperative that the water should flow freely to the pumps throughout the whole length of the ship. It meant breaking through the bulkheads. The divers blasted through one or two with explosives, but the damage was such that the salvors decided to cut holes through the remainder with the electric torch.

Using a Flame Under Water

Among the modern miracles that are little understood may be ranked that of creating a flame hot enough to melt metal immersed deep in the sea. Plunge a lighted match into water and the flame goes out; sink a blazing ship in the sea and the fire is conquered; yet the divers working on the St. Paul not only made a flame burn under the sea but they also melted and cut holes through strong steel plates.

This marvel was worked by combining electricity and gas. The end of the torch was shaped like a cup, and the gas, driven at a high pressure through the pipe from the surface, reduced all the water within this cup to steam. Set in the center of the cup was the electric terminal, and by holding it close to the metal plate to be cut an electric arc was formed with the terrific temperature of 6700 degrees C. Under it the metal flowed like wax and the divers were able to cut a dozen round drainage holes through the bulkheads. So blinding was the glare from the torch that even the muddy water was insufficient to stop it, and the divers were compelled to fit masks over their helmets to protect their eyes.

Meantime the men had been busy outside the ship, and there arose a long line of twenty-one legs built of steel girders, all along the overturned hull. Shaped like the letter A, thirty feet high, they presented a remarkable spectacle, and to gaze under their whole length was like staring at the underframing of some mighty bridge.

Dredging a deep trench at the bottom of the next quay, the salvors sank twenty-one giant blocks of concrete, burying them with fifteen feet of clay to make them immovable, and from these blocks they carried strong steel cables over the tops of the legs and back to twenty-one steam winches set on

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the quay. When the time was ripe all the winches started to haul on the great legs, which began to lever the liner over. Powerful pontoons and wonderful floating derricks lent their aid, and after a dingdong struggle lasting a week the liner came over sufficiently for the salvors to put in hand the final phase of the operations. Just as the Gladiator was floated at last by building a large pontoon over the deck, so the St. Paul was incased in a pontoon from end to end. Came a day when the pumps were set going, and the liner floated once more.

While the experts will dwell upon the brilliant feat performed by the salvors in righting and raising the St. Paul, the average person will think of the strangeness of the case. That the liner should sink without cause on the tenth anniversary of the day that she sank the warship, that she should overturn like the warship, that pontoons, cofferdams and legs erected on the hull should play so important a part in both cases—are all links in a chain of remarkable coincidences, the final link of which is provided by the fact that the salvage operations on liner and warship each took five months to complete. These are the incidents which make the case of the St. Paul so noteworthy.

Several successful dramatists have staged thrilling fights between divers; many a novelist has penned vivid descriptions of similar encounters to make the hearts of his readers beat a little faster. Yet such struggles between real divers in the depths of the sea are so rare that it is doubtful if more than one authentic case exists.

This historic fight between divers took place at the bottom of the Solent during the recovery of some of the relics from the Royal George. The two divers, Jones and Girvan, were keen men, proud of their skill as submarine workers, each a little jealous of the other. One day Jones came across a cannon buried in the sand and, being unable to deal with it, marked it for a future occasion. Divers as a rule are extremely chivalrous. They would scorn to take a mean advantage, and they would never think of breaking the rule that what one finds one salves. Whether Girvan, coming on the cannon, thought it a new find that he was entitled to salve, or whether he deliberately made up his mind to try to salve the other diver's find, is not known. All we know is that Jones, who had been working some little distance away, came on Girvan trying to get out the cannon. Naturally, Jones was indignant, and indicated to Girvan by energetic dumb show that the latter had no right to deal with the piece.

A Weird Fight

Girvan was by no means inclined to relinquish the cannon, and further remonstrances were followed up by blows. The divers began a rough-and-tumble fight at the bottom of the sea, striking at each other savagely with their fists. They were by no means equally matched, for Jones was much the smaller man of the two. Realizing that the encounter might cost him his life, he took the first opportunity of trying to get to the surface. Reaching the shot rope, he went up it about five or six feet, closely pursued by Girvan, who, grabbing his legs, did his utmost to pull him down again. The divers fought desperately in their rage—Jones to get away from those clutching hands that gripped his legs; Girvan to drag him to the sea bed again—and that dramatic fight reached its climax in the greatest disaster that can overtake a diver. The glass of Girvan's helmet was smashed by a blow, and as the water swept in, it seemed that his end was nigh.

Luckily, however, the men on the surface, unable to explain the violent agitation of the lines, and feeling that something serious must be wrong, dragged both men to the top. Girvan's smashed helmet told its own tale and set them working frantically to pull him round. He was at his last gasp. Another minute and they would have been too late. He was removed to a hospital, where his splendid physique, coupled with excellent nursing, enabled him to pull round.

Those two divers who fought that strange fight at the bottom of the Solent came to the conclusion that it did not pay for divers to disagree, so they ended their differences by becoming the staunchest of friends.

Other attendants in tropic waters, feeling a strange dragging at the lines, have also drawn the divers to the surface without loss of time to find them in the clutches of the deadly octopus, whose horrible tentacles have been coiling round the divers, striving to draw them within reach of the deadly beak that would go through the rubber diving dress as though it were paper. There, on the deck of the diving vessel, they have had to fight desperately to free the divers from the grip of the loathsome creature, only succeeding in the end by chopping and hacking away the encircling tentacles.

A Deep-Sea Audience

The octopus, or squid, is indeed the greatest danger that the diver has to face beneath the surface of the sea as far as the denizens of the deep are concerned. The squids occasionally found round the British coasts are too small to threaten the diver; but in warmer waters, where the squid attains a huge size, it will rapidly attack any unlucky diver who unconsciously ventures too near its deep-sea lair.

The habits of fish are rather quaint. Should they be near the surface when a shadow falls on the water, a flick of the tail sends them disappearing into the depths. But undersea they are as inquisitive as cows. When fish see a diver standing still on the bottom, they find something about him too fascinating to withstand. Perhaps it is his form, perhaps the long line of bubbles flowing continually from the exhaust valve of his helmet. Whatever it is, they are drawn to the strange creature, and their fishy mouths suck at arms and legs and body in an effort to find out whether the diver is good to eat. The least movement sends them speeding away. The bigger fish are just as inquisitive and just as easily scared. The diver needs only to open his air valve to let a little air escape in order to frighten them out of their fishy wits. Even the shark, the so-called tiger of the seas, is not generally feared by divers, for it is as scared by a sudden escape of air from the valve as are the smaller fish.

Yet the shark is fearfully inquisitive and will come back again and again to see what the strange figure is doing. Sometimes, indeed, the same shark becomes such a confounded nuisance, and the diver wastes so much time in scaring it away, that he is forced to put an end to the intrusion by slaying the monster. One diver, who had been worried day after day by the same shark, was compelled to signal to the surface for a knife. He then calmly held out his hand as bait, just as you hold out a bone to a dog, and as the monster turned to snap the delicacy he stabbed it to death.

It is often difficult for divers to see, owing to the sand and mud suspended in the water, especially the mouths of big rivers. A few feet down, and the light is quite shut out by the clouds of mud and sand floating about. Sometimes the divers work up to their armpits in foul slime—I recollect some years ago when a racing yacht was recovered from underneath twenty feet of mud; at other times the mud is so deep and thick that they spreadeagle themselves on its surface and manage to work in this recumbent attitude. But when the diver gets to a hard bottom he is not handicapped in this way, and in sunnier climes and seas he can easily see when he is 100 feet deep.

Comedy so seldom plays a part in diving adventures that a case which occurred some years ago is worth recording. Divers had been at work for some time hauling the cargo out of a submerged wreck, when one of them, upon being drawn up, displayed quite exceptional signs of exhaustion. A sleep soon put him right, and he resumed work next day.

Again he showed signs of acute fatigue, which passed away after a night's rest. The following morning he went down as usual, and this time when he came up he was quite unable to stand. He collapsed on the deck, while those aboard crowded round, very concerned about his safety.

Hastily unscrewing his helmet, one of the salvors sniffed in a puzzled sort of way. A familiar smell came to his nostrils. He sniffed once more, the others looking at him queerly.

"What's wrong?"

"Whisky!" muttered the kneeling man, thinking his sense of smell must have betrayed him.

They all sniffed in unison, and the smell was unmistakable.

"He's drunk!" said the first man.

The idea was preposterous!

"But how?" queried another.

Mechanical Aids

That was the question which baffled them. How was it possible for a diver to get drunk underwater? The mystery would have delighted Sherlock Holmes. There were cases of whisky in the wreck at the bottom of the sea, but the diver would be drowned if he attempted to drink it. He was imprisoned in his suit. So how——

Not a word did they say to the drowsy diver, but when he went down the following day another diver discreetly followed. He saw the first diver take a bottle of whisky and proceed to a cabin. Instantly the mystery was cleared up. The exhaust air from his helmet, collecting here, had formed an air pocket, and the diver, poking his helmet out of the water, calmly unscrewed the glass front and took a good pull at the bottle. In this ingenious manner did he manage to get drunk underwater.

For recovering metal objects, such as anchors accidentally lost in dock, there is the electric magnet. Among other inventions for seeing on the sea bed and recovering lost treasure is the hydroscope of the Italian, Cavaliere Pino. The hydroscope is a floating chamber, from which depends a series of steel pipes that may be extended or shortened at will, just like a telescope. The pipes terminate in a chamber with observation windows made of stout glass, and a man sitting here can observe the whole sea bed round about, provided the water is clear, while the hydroscope is being slowly towed along on the surface.

The hydroscope has done some good work, and by its aid one wreck was raised in five hours after salvors who had been working on it for months had declared that the craft was lost forever. It was this Italian invention that the Japanese used in clearing the sunken Russian fleet from the bottom of Port Arthur after the termination of the Russo-Japanese War in 1905. A similar invention worked out by Mr. Williamson has resulted in some extraordinary underwater cinema films being procured.

The war led to a big development in the use of compressed air for raising wrecks, divers sealing up all the apertures in the tops of the wrecks with concrete to imprison the compressed air, which was then pumped into the ship until enough water was expelled to enable her to float. The war also hatched a crop of cranky salvage ideas that gave some of the salvage experts one or two happy moments.

A Scheme to Raise the Lusitania

One such moment was just after the war, when an American walked into one of the British shipping departments and requested to be allowed to salve a ship in order to demonstrate the efficiency of his new method. The officer to whom the stranger went was courteous, listening attentively to the American's request and inquiring at last which ship of the few hundred sunk round our coasts he would like to demonstrate on.

"Any one!" said the American. "I don't mind. The bigger the better. What about the Lusitania?"

"She's rather deep," it was suggested.

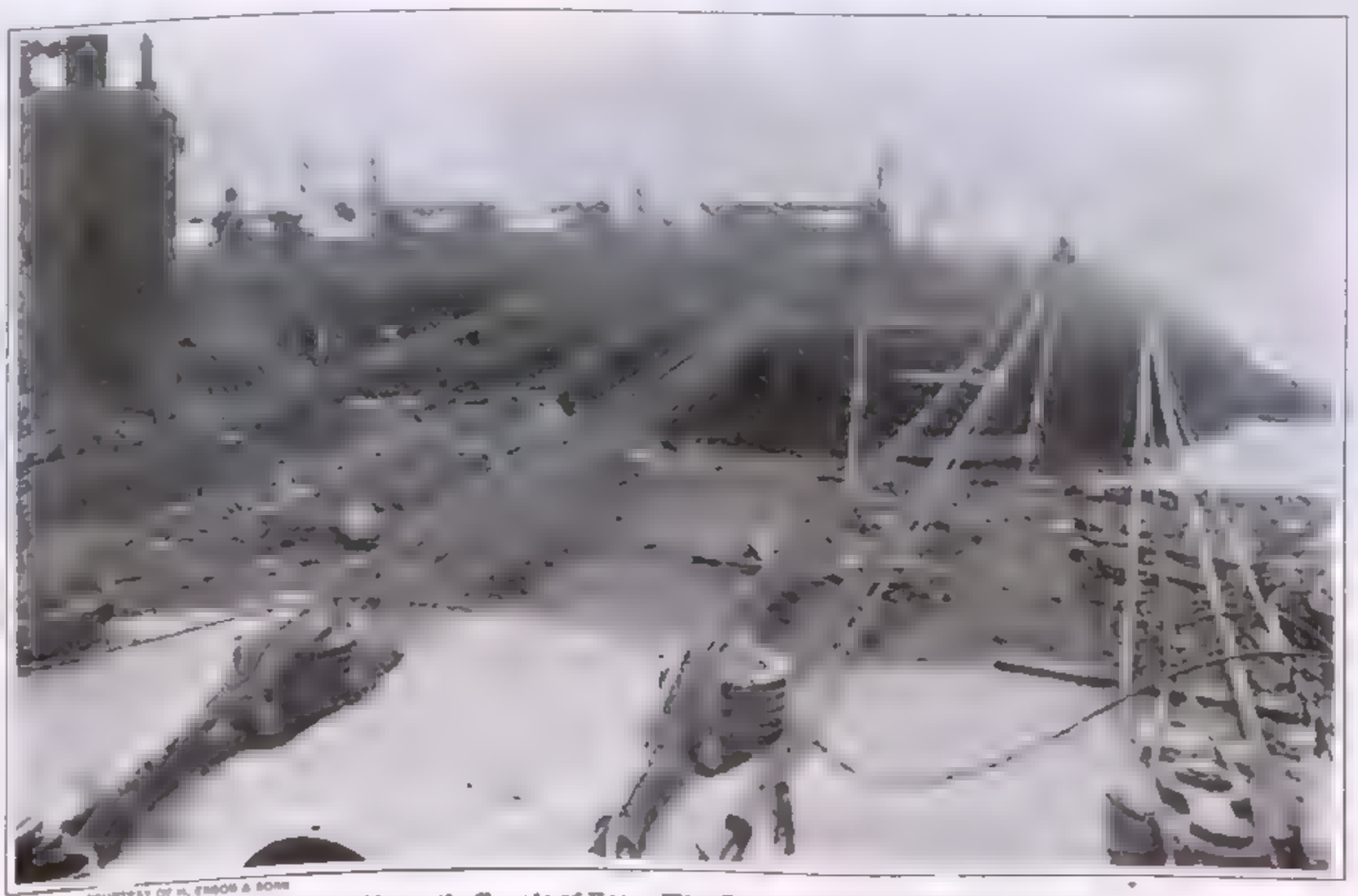
"That doesn't matter. It makes no difference to me what the depth is," came the easy reply.

The officer put a few questions, and then learned that the stranger designed to use a submarine, which was to fire torpedoes right through the Lusitania, each torpedo carrying with it a steel cable. These were to be picked up at the other side and taken to the surface, and then the wreck was to be dragged bodily out of the depths!

That scheme to salve a ship by first of all smashing a series of holes through her hull with torpedoes did not commend itself to the British expert. It was, indeed, quite impracticable.

None the less, there are people who still wonder if it will ever be possible to salve the Lusitania, which was torpedoed off the Irish coast on May 7, 1915. The question keeps cropping up.

Those who are curious on the subject may be interested to know that the chances of raising the Lusitania are so small as to be almost negligible. The sheer weight of the sea quickly obliterates man's handiwork, and the Lusitania probably ceased to be a ship years ago. It is extremely likely that the tremendous pressure to which she was subjected at the depth of 288 feet long ago crushed her flat. Proposals have been made to try to salve the valuable thirty-ton safe from the strong room of the liner, but personally I should not care to back such an enterprise.



PHOTO, BY COURTESY OF H. FROM & SONS

This Photograph Shows the Tangle of Heavy Wire Ropes and Great Blocks That Were Used to Pull the Lusitania on to an Even Keel

Editor's Note—This is the second of two articles by Mr Masters on deep-sea treasure hunting and salvaging wrecks.

FROM A PAINTING BY SIGURD SKOU
for The Electric Storage Battery Company
Manufacturers of Exide Batteries

The truth about BATTERIES

A battery is a black wooden box with a handle on each end.

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THE BRITISH REVOLUTION MARKS TIME

(Continued from Page 5)

of revolt. The soap box was their portion; and in the shade of the Red Flag they developed the faculties which draw them laudations from the public press. Hardly a man of them has not in his day addressed three shop-shutters, two comrades, a drunk and a dog as Fellow Workers and Citizens. Hardly one of them who has not lamented in his day the dead and damnable ignorance and apathy of the working class. Now that the ignorance has been so far dissipated that they are where they are, and the apathy has given place to angry activity all along the line, where are these one-time rebels and agitators? . . .

"True, they will be on deck on the First Sunday in May—every man and every woman of them. They will have hopeful words to say of the springtime—natural and political. They will produce themselves as the buds and blossoms evidencing the political springtime, and the burden of their song will be, 'Wait! Wait! Wait! until the crop is ripe for the harvest.'

"Take a look—in imagination—over the world. Picture the millions of toilers in all lands whom the preaching and teaching of Socialism for half a century has led to hope for deliverance. See them each in their degree calculating their chances of escape. And see them all without exception looking to the British working class, and its spokesman—now the Government of Britain—yearning for the signal that the hour has struck. See in particular the Socialist and Labour International—galled and fretted under persecution from the Right and Communist criticism from the Left—looking to their fortunate brethren in the High Places of Britain and longing for even a gesture of allegiance to the old international faith.

"They will look in vain. The cares and responsibilities of office weigh heavily on the shoulders of the Independent Labour Party and the British Empire must not be allowed to come to harm. As for the international proletariat, they must as reasonable people wait their turn, and the only thing certain about that is that it is—not yet!

"Had the Labour Party lived up to its obligations as a member of the Second International, it would have made this May Day a public holiday. It didn't. Respectable British Socialism, led by its 'Labour' Premier, with scriptural quotations on his lips, and psalms chanted in his drawing-room, has started upon the path which will lead the Second International into the place and function of the Christian Church under Constantine. Yet a little while and the 'New Church' will evolve its Holy Inquisition, and the First Sunday in May be brightened by bonfires lit to burn Communists all round the British Imperial Globe."

The Premier's Basic Policy

Communist, and therefore rancorously bitter, though this article is, it gives no exaggerated picture of the situation as it appears to that feverishly impatient and furiously active minority in British politics—the genuine socialists. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald may proclaim that Labor is marching on. "Labor" is a euphemism for "revolution," and it seems very obvious to them that revolution in Britain is not marching on; it is, at most, marking time. And they are right. Revolution in Britain may one day sweep forward with an all-conquering rush—and if it does, it will be a bad day for the individuals composing the present British Labor Government—or it may not. What is quite certain is that since the Labor Government has been in power revolution has made no progress whatever.

This is not to say that Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and some at least of those socialists who hold the higher places in his government have ceased to believe in revolution. They still believe in it, so far as can be deduced, with an almost religious faith. They believe in "the gradual supersession of the capitalist order of society by a system based on the"—and so on. The distinction lies in the word "gradual." A revolution is not less a revolution, however, because it is effected over a space of several years instead of in a single day. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald believes that the only way to effect the British revolution is to engineer it so imperceptibly that the British public will be unaware of it. That belief is the key to the whole of his policy.

But the really ardent apostles of socialism, and there are many of them in his government, with a Ginger Committee of the Independent Labor Party impatiently implacable in the background, are bitterly contemptuous of this subtle Machiavellism. They want something dramatically symptomatic of socialism in office. They want something to happen.

Mr. MacDonald may explain—as he does, tirelessly—to them: "That's all right. We're inculcating confidence in the British public." They have a shrewd suspicion that Mr. MacDonald, who is supposed to be guiding the slow-witted monster to its own destruction, is being borne along—just like any other Prime Minister—precisely where the monster wants to go, and that its deep-seated if imperfectly vocable intentions do not include suicide and a free feast for suddenly flocking vultures. In this suspicion they are probably not far wrong.

Mr. Leach's Change of Heart

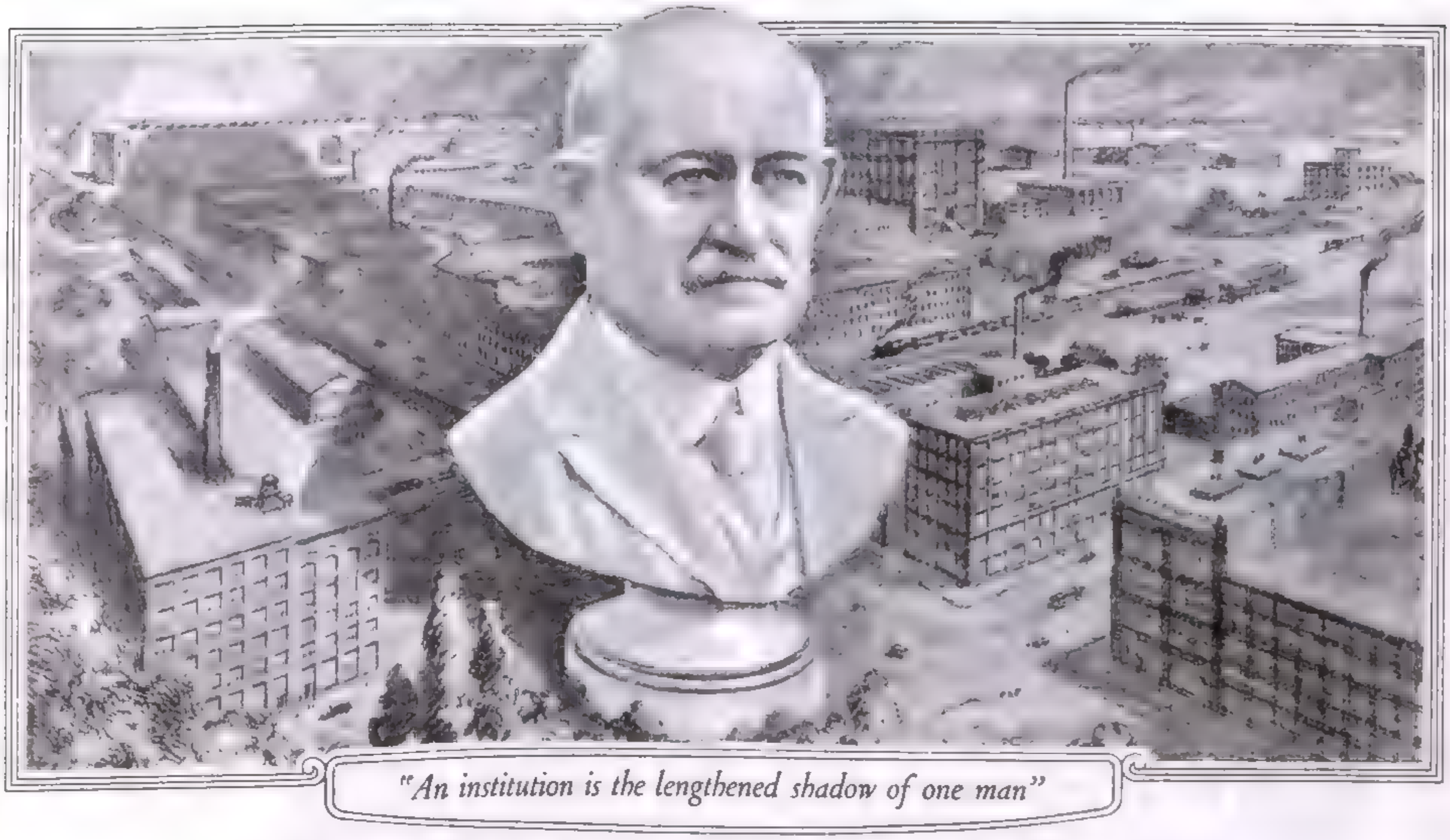
The British Socialist Government has, at the date of writing this article, been in office, if not—as it constantly explains—in power, for four months. It has lived through one complete parliamentary session and commenced upon another. It has produced its first budget. And on the whole it has succeeded in reassuring a nervous and skeptical British public. But not quite in the way the socialists meant that public to be reassured. The cool confidence with which, in the main, it is regarded gives it no mandate for socialism. Quite the contrary. The phlegmatic British public is merely quietly confident that whatever body of men assume the government of the British Empire, they will, like the dyer's hand, be subdued to the stuff they work in. And so far, to the great wrath of the socialists themselves, that confidence is being quietly justified.

To give one illuminating example, the Undersecretaryship for Air was intrusted to Mr. Leach, an uncompromising pacifist who just previously had publicly said that Earl Haig, along with Foch, Ludendorff and Pershing, ought to be ashamed of "having done his duty in the bloodiest swindle in history." Mr. Leach's maiden speech in the House of Commons as undersecretary was one of the most amazing orations from a responsible minister to which that much-tried assembly has ever listened. He said, in effect, that of course it was his job to be responsible for the national defense by air, but that he not only disliked it but disbelieved in it. "The only true principles of national defense had been laid down in the Sermon on the Mount," that is, to turn the other cheek. Even the blasé British House of Commons was moved to a gust of anger.

But mark the transformation! In the next week or two Mr. Leach made some acquaintance with the service of which he was the House of Commons representative. And on March eleventh he had occasion to make another speech. Here are a few excerpts from it:

"A review of the work of the Air Ministry for the past year and of the policy for the future is profoundly interesting," said the smiling Mr. Leach. "No one, whatever his views, can remain unaffected by the magnificence of this organisation and the spirit of service which pervades it from top to bottom. . . . During the past year we have maintained eight squadrons of the air force in Irak. . . . The officers of this force in Irak are people of kindliness and good will, and they are intrusted with an exceedingly difficult duty. I want the House to believe"—this is in flat contradiction to innumerable accusations from his own party—"that they are not engaged in shedding the blood of defenseless natives, nor are they recklessly using the air weapon for the purpose of terrorisation. . . . In the mandated territories of Palestine and Trans-Jordania the air organisation continues to be a factor making for peace and good civil administration. The necessity for an offensive has only once arisen, and the revolt on that occasion was subdued inside twenty-four hours with armored cars and one aeroplane."

(Continued on Page 124)



"An institution is the lengthened shadow of one man"

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The Carey Asfaltslate Shingle comes to you from the great Carey factories, and is the product of half a century of successful experience in the making of roofing materials. This shingle has been accorded universal preference because it has proved under all conditions to be "*The* Shingle that *Never* Curls."

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Carey
ASFALTSLATE
SHINGLES

THE SHINGLE THAT *NEVER* CURLS

(Continued from Page 122)

Continuing, Mr. Leach specifically disowned his own previous speech:

"The Labor Party has never urged the disarmament of Great Britain irrespective of what other countries might do. . . . That way may be the Sermon-on-the-Mount way—I do not know—but it is a way that is barred to us. . . . It is not my purpose to render my country defenseless."

And he wound up with a peroration which infuriated the entire socialist menagerie of cranks, conscientious objectors, friends of the enemy and preachers of rabid class-conscious hatred:

"As to the general question of organisation, recruitment and training, commissioned officers are divided into three classes. . . . The sieves through which they pass insure that we have combed the nation's young manhood and found for our service almost a special class apart. They are our most daring, most resourceful, most physically perfect, cleanest-living and ultimately highly skilled stock."

It needs some acquaintance with the pullulating socialist literature, in Britain as in every other country, of hatred and vituperative abuse for all those services of national defense which give stability to the states they yearn to overthrow, and in particular for the officer class, to appreciate the full significance of this generous-minded recantation—for recantation it was. The socialists foamed at the mouth—this from one of their prize pacifists! Moreover, no good socialist ever talks of "my country"; he always refers to his native land, in a tone of superior detachment, as "this country." The House of Commons, however, did not jeer at this amazing *volte-face*. It recognized that Mr. Leach had honestly made some endeavor to get acquainted with his job, had honestly kept his mind open to the new and more correct impressions resultant upon contact with facts, and was honestly making the *amende honorable*.

If this little incident is here given at what may seem disproportionate length, it is because it is profoundly symptomatic. Not all socialist ministers may be as candid—even if they are as honest—as Mr. Leach; but not one of them is remaining unaffected by the job he has undertaken. In each case the man is being influenced by his job and not the job—with its generations-long traditions—by the man. They would be, in cold fact, supermen—freak monsters of the *idée fixe* like that Lenine they profess to idolize—were it otherwise.

The Revolt of the Unfit

The relations of Britain with Russia offer another case in point. Russia urgently needs capital, vast amounts of capital, for a reason very neatly hit off by the London Punch in one of its cartoons: "You see, we have found the campaign against Capitalism so very expensive!" If there was one thing of which the Moscow government felt reasonably certain it was that once, if ever, a socialist government was established in Great Britain the financial resources of the British Empire would be as good as a balance at their bank. They had apparently plenty of foundation for this belief.

Russia may lie crushed under one of the most rigid despotisms known to history, but the British socialists from first to last have persisted in glorifying it as the most magnificent of object lessons for emulation, for, written across the façade of that vast prison house, are there not the magic words "Union of Socialist Republics"?

Russia, at any rate, does typify, if not the triumph of socialist principles, at least the triumph of the type of man who in all countries gravitates naturally to socialist organizations—the type of neurotic introvert who revenges himself upon a form of society in which his pathological incapacity for normal adaptation and for sustained productive work denies him success by gratifying a lust for its utter destruction. His secretly humiliated ego will be satisfied if he can but strut upon its ruins. Meanwhile he feeds his egomania upon any crank variation from the normality of his fellow men that will make him cheaply conspicuous. His dress is deliberately odd; if his country is at war, he is either antiwar or pro-enemy or both; if at peace, he is at variance with its every institution; and nowhere will you find so many cranks and faddists as among the intelligentzia, whether men or women, of socialism, no matter in what country. Lenine, whatever else he was, was a colossal egomaniac and a neuropath of the first order. His soviet colleagues, where they are not merely unscrupulous rogues, are but comparative diminutives of the same type, all characterized by that same cold-hearted fanaticism of theory with which the egomaniac rationalizes his lust to assert himself.

Now all these neuropaths instinctively recognize one another, just as do criminals and secret drug takers; all have a curious sympathy for one another, a solidarity, which they deny to their normal fellow men. Their first instinct is to assist one another to construct an immunity for themselves by shielding and helping their own antisocial like until their abnormality shall become, if not normal, at least triumphantly dominant.

The soviet rulers of Russia had excellent psychological reasons for relying on the enthusiastic collaboration of the British socialist intelligentzia; a confidence which, until a selection of that intelligentzia became the British Government, was not deceived. As recently as July, 1919, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald was doing his best to bring about a general strike in Britain to hamper British assistance to Kolchak's armies; and at the moment of writing this article, the Labor Government's only newspaper is day by day giving up the best of its space to a splash-headlined and highly eulogistic biography of Lenine.

A Noisy Little Minority

The Moscow government had also other and more practical reasons for believing that a British Socialist Government would certainly replenish the exhausted war chest for that campaign of upheaval in Asia which is the soviet dream. The British Communist Party exists solely upon subsidies from Moscow and it obeys implicitly the very definite orders issued to it by the Third International, which is merely the Soviet Government in another hat. Now, although the British Communist Party is numerically very small indeed, it exerts an altogether incommensurate influence upon British socialism. It has strictly carried out its instructions to permeate. A very small percentage of British workingmen ever attends the branch meetings of their trades-unions. Half a dozen communists, however, are always present, and it is those gentlemen who do 90 per cent of the talking and pass 99.5 per cent of the blood-and-fire-breathing resolutions which, coming from a hundred branches at once, finally create for the Trade-Union Central Executives an illusion of revolutionary ardor, scarcely to be restrained, in the hundreds of workers whom they represent. They would be less than human if they did not in some measure respond. And the Trade-Union Central Executives are the backbone of the Labor Government.

Infinitesimal, also, though is the numerical strength of the Communist Party—perhaps 5000 in all—yet there are, under various disguises of title—Labor this and Labor that—many more communist periodicals than the official socialists can support; and these periodicals are for the most part excellently printed on excellent paper, produced with a dignity of appearance that gives their violent propaganda a force of apparent authority among readers who believe themselves to be perusing semiofficial Labor publications.

The distinction between the communists and the advanced socialists is all but imperceptible, the advanced socialists, whose influence is plainly to be seen day by day in the Labor Party's only newspaper, certainly answer the vitriolic denunciation poured by the communists upon the socialist leaders with the most tolerant of sympathy, whenever they can put in a good word for them they do. There are twenty-six avowed communists among the Labor members of the House of Commons. In fact, as per orders, this little communist advance guard is energetically drumming the pace to which the whole socialist movement automatically falls into step. But—as is every day becoming more apparent—the socialist movement is not necessarily the socialist government.

The Soviet Government, however, thought it saw its shining opportunity. From 1917 onwards the whole of British socialism had hypnotized itself into an enthusiastic support-at-any-price championship of their existence. No British Socialist Government could ignore Russia, and, in fact, one of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's first acts as Premier was to accord the Soviet Government full and unconditional recognition. In view of his own antecedents, he

could not have done otherwise. Now, thought Lenine's successors, was the time to collect the much-needed cash. A deputation of prominent soviet officials was sent to London to discuss the question of debts and to arrange definitely for British credits.

The Soviet Government's plan was to wipe out their liabilities for the milliards of dollars' worth of British-owned property confiscated by them by fantastic counter-claims for hypothetical damages based on the British support of the various anti-soviet expeditions. Then, with a clean slate, the British Government would hand over the necessary millions to start a fresh account. If the British bankers declined to furnish the money, then, of course, the British Government would institute a state control of credit—in other words, seize it for the benefit of their soviet friends. In their crass ignorance of world conditions, the soviet rulers apparently thought this possible. At any rate, they commenced a campaign of propaganda in all the socialist and pseudo socialist-communist journals for such state control of the British banks, and the official Labor newspaper, which does its best to force its government's hand, gave prominence and authenticity to the colossal Russian claims upon Britain.

The Bankers' Memorandum

On the morning of the first meeting of this Anglo-Russian conference, the British bankers issued a public memorandum wherein they laid down what in their collective opinion were the basic conditions precedent to granting credit to Russia:

1. That a recognition of debts, public and private, should be agreed upon as acceptable to both countries.

2. That an equitable arrangement for restitution of private property to foreigners should be made.

3. That a proper civil code should be brought into effective operation, independent courts of law created and the sanctity of private contract again firmly established.

4. That the Russian Government should definitely guarantee that in future private property should in all circumstances be free from danger of confiscation by the state.

5. That bankers, industrialists and traders in this country should be able to deal freely, without interference by government authorities, with similar private institutions in Russia controlled by men of whom they have personal knowledge, and in whose character, word and resources they have confidence.

6. That the Russian Government should abandon their propaganda against the institutions of other countries, and particularly against those from whom they propose to request financial assistance.

There was never the faintest chance, of course, that the British private investor would lend money, certain to be lost, to Russia. The only credit Russia could possibly receive would be credits granted direct by the British Socialist Government; and since those credits, like any other British state credits, would have to be financed by the British banks, one would imagine that they were entitled to make public their not unreasonable views in the matter.

This, however, is how the Labor Party's newspaper commented that morning upon the memorandum. Under a scare headline, Direct Action Again: The Banks v. Russia, it said:

"The manifesto by leading bankers published this morning is 'direct action' in its most barefaced aspect. It is designed to force the Russian Government to abandon Socialism. . . . Or failing that, to bring to naught the conference which opens in London today. . . . Should the banks keep up their foolish attitude, we must find ways of trading without their assistance. Many firms doing business on a very large scale are ready to trade. The banks can hardly refuse them credit for that purpose. If they do, there is another expedient ready to hand.

"In 1920 the British Government agreed to insure payment to any British firm trading with Russia for a premium of 10 per cent. . . . What was done then can be done again, and ought to be done if it is found necessary for one Socialist Government to protect another against a monstrous effort to blanket Socialism."

A few hours later that day Mr. Ramsay MacDonald made a long speech wherein he welcomed the Russian representatives to the conference. One might have expected in that speech some echo of the fierce indignation of his own party's newspaper, some indication that he was still the ardent socialist revolutionary who had tried his best to establish workmen's and soldiers' soviets in Great Britain at a crisis of the war. Not a bit of it. If his speech echoed anything it echoed the bankers' memorandum. After disclaiming any desire to interfere in Russian internal affairs, reminding the soviet delegates that his government was going to put forward the claims of British nationals for losses sustained in Russia, and noting the fact that the Russians had come prepared with counter claims, he went on to the question of a commercial treaty:

"Here I had better say at the very outset—because if there be any hesitation on this point our negotiations will be in vain—a feeling of mutual security is essential. . . . Upon that all credit, however it is given and whoever gives it, must depend."

Mr. MacDonald then went on to say that they desired to have a very frank discussion on propaganda and hostile activities.

"It is my duty to make it plain that the people of this country will require more than formal undertakings, and, as you know, I myself have too intimate a knowledge of international movements to be deceived by false distinctions. This will have to be discussed firmly, but I hope in the most amicable spirit, and I also hope settled in the same spirit."

Finally: "If we cannot reach an understanding here and now, frankly, I do not think you will be able to repeat the attempt with this or any other British Government, and I do not see where else you can turn with better prospects."

This was plain speaking with a vengeance, and not at all the kind of plain speaking which the soviet envoys expected from their erstwhile champion. It was the plain speaking, not of a revolutionary leading a movement toward an international commonwealth of socialist states, but of a British Prime Minister carrying on the good government of the British Empire. Alone among the British press next morning, the Labor Party's newspaper made no editorial comment on this speech. It was dumb in a disgusted silence.

Red Propaganda in England

At the time of writing this article the Anglo-Soviet negotiations have been proceeding for three weeks in the most closely preserved secrecy—where is the open diplomacy screamed for by Mr. MacDonald in his agitator days?—but inspired hints have been circulated that the conference has come to an utter deadlock. It will probably break up, completely abortive. Between the systematic bad faith of the Russian communists and the best intentions of other people, no pact is possible.

In the meantime the British communists, under direct orders from Moscow, are doing their best to vilify and discredit a socialist government which, on a parallel with that Kerensky régime brought down by the same tactics, they never regarded as anything else but a stepping-stone to communism in England. They work ceaselessly and tirelessly to produce, to the best of their ability, industrial chaos. Permeating every trade-union as they do, their first aim is to break down trade-union discipline and undermine the authority of the orthodox trade-union leaders, who are, of course, intimately identified with the official Labor Party, in preparation for the problematical day when the proletariat shall surge forth in its maddened millions to seize—for the benefit of the communist plotters—the power of government. Their tactics are to interfere in every industrial dispute, rush their vitriolic mob orators to the scene, exacerbate the quarrel by every means in their power and provoke a clash with authority if possible. They hope to maneuver the Labor Government into a position where it can be represented to angry strikers as oppressing labor.

A significant example of these tactics occurred among the Southampton shipyard workers. These men had presented, through their trade-union, a demand for an increase of three shillings a week, which was being considered. At that moment two large liners, the Mauretania and another, were laid up in the port for repairs, and work had so far proceeded on these ships that it seemed impossible they could be removed elsewhere for completion. It was the communists' opportunity. The executives in London and Glasgow promptly sent down their agitators—the president of the British Communist Party, though personally quite

(Continued on Page 129)

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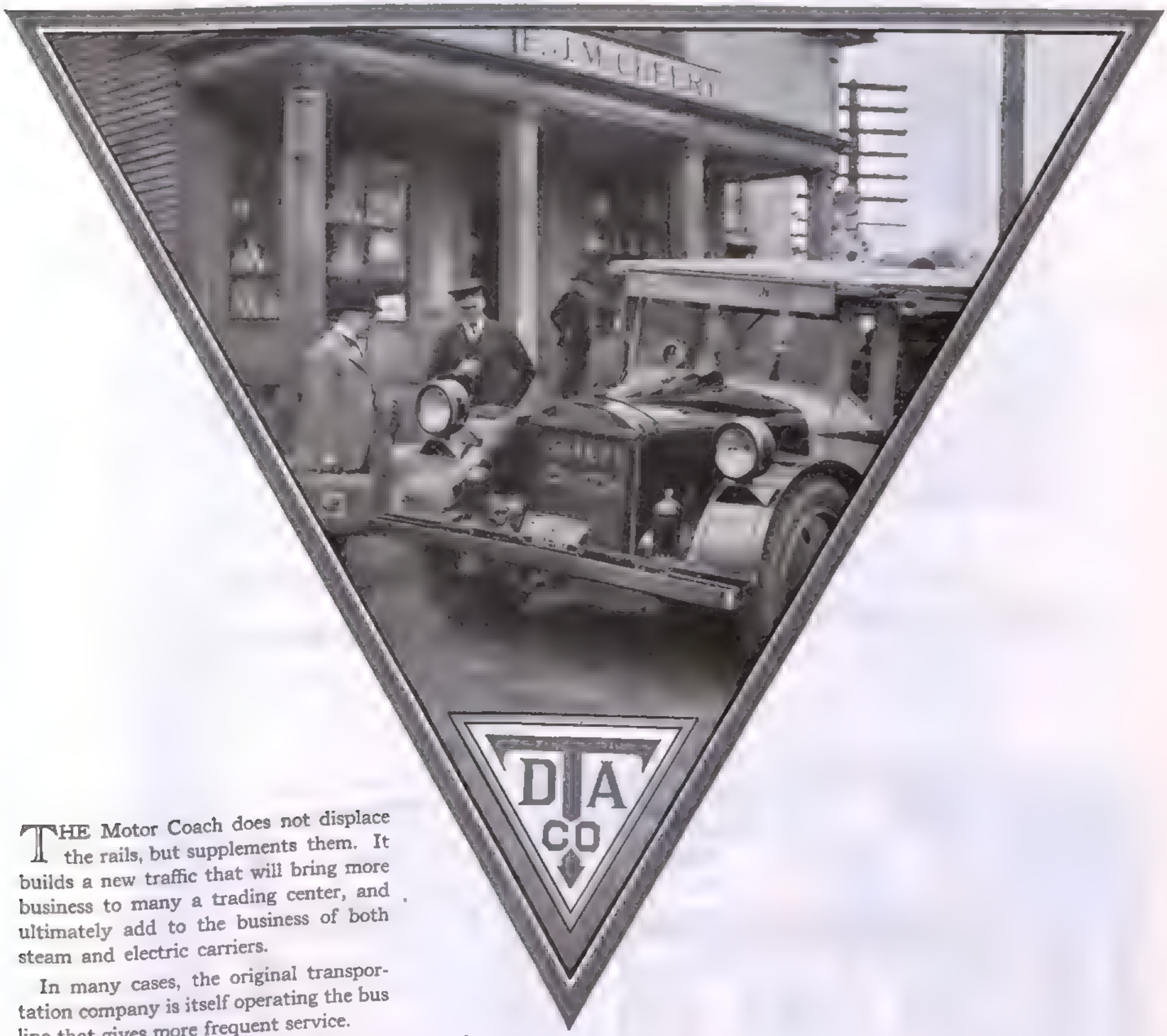

THE Motor Coach does not displace the rails, but supplements them. It builds a new traffic that will bring more business to many a trading center, and ultimately add to the business of both steam and electric carriers.

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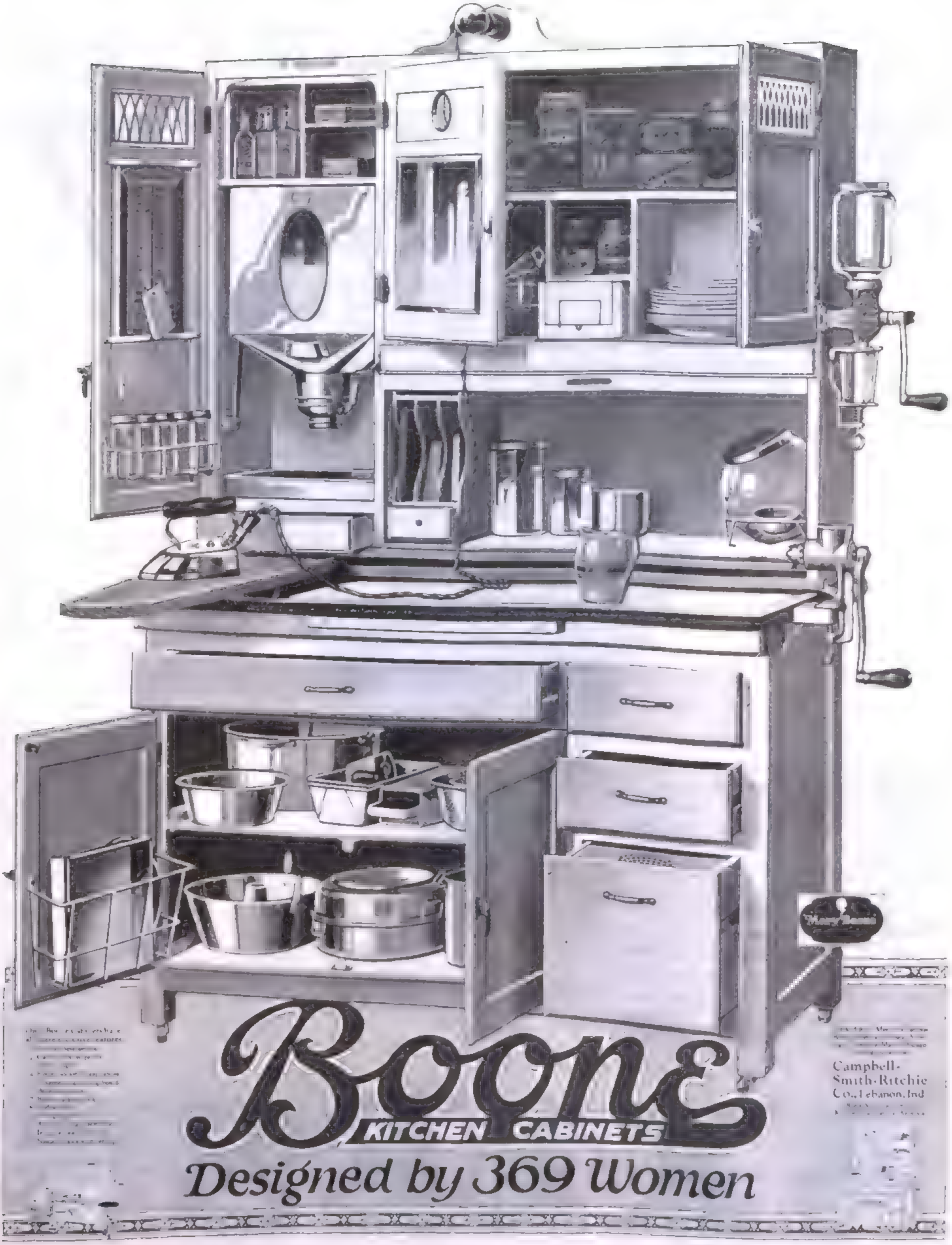
DELIVERY CARS
MOTOR COACHES


Boone
KITCHEN CABINETS
Designed by 369 Women
Campbell-
Smith-Ritchie
Co., Lebanon, Ind

(Continued from Page 125)

unconcerned with Southampton, himself took part—and by mass meetings and mass picketing—that is, organized intimidation—stampeded the shipyard men into a strike for a wage demand that was suddenly increased from three shillings to seventeen and sixpence. The trade union concerned disavowed the strike and ordered its men back to work. But the communists were on top. Their orators pointed to those two great liners, pointed to the tremendous loss every day's delay was inflicting on the shipping companies, and cried, "Now's your chance!" Week after week, the strike went on, despite the entreaties of the trades-union leaders. They were powerless. The Red International of Labor Unions was in control.

The result was illustrative of the benefits the workers receive from their communist comrades. The Mauretania, despite organized belligerent opposition, was towed to Cherbourg for completion of the work, and the shipbuilding firms of the entire country, exasperated by the failure of the trade union to maintain discipline among its members and keep its contract, after seven weeks' patience, ordered a nation-wide lockout if the Southampton men did not resume work. The lockout was enforced and within a week the strike collapsed.

The Southampton men returned to the shipyards, to find that, as for weeks past ships requiring repair had been diverted to other ports, there was no work for 70 per cent of them. But the communists were satisfied. They had created an ugly situation; by inflicting a heavy loss on the community, they had brought it a step nearer to chaos; had left a legacy of bitterness, and could now gleefully depart to stir up strife in other quarters.

Another little incident, more amusing, is also significant of the relations between the communists and the Labor Government. At a conference of the London Communist Party the comrades discovered a couple of policemen, with notebooks complete, hidden in a cellar under the conference room. Not only the communists but the whole of the advanced socialists clamored their righteous indignation. That the police of a socialist government should spy upon the comrades! And Mr. Lansbury, not officially a communist but a very prominent Left Wing Socialist whom Mr. MacDonald had not seen fit to include in his government; one of the two chiefs of the Ginger Committee set up to see that the socialist government did not forget socialism—Mr. Lansbury undertook to raise the question of "this sadly ignominious discovery" in the House of Commons. He asked his old socialist comrade, the Home Secretary, whether he would state the reason why such procedure was adopted, whether the Communist Party was an illegal organization, and whether he would take steps to prevent such an occurrence in the future.

Trouble-Makers at Wembley

But Mr. Henderson, pledged though he might have been four months ago to the class struggle and the revolutionary methods therein implied, was now a responsible cabinet minister. He coldly answered that the police were there in the course of their duty, and added that the Communist Party, as such, was not illegal; but the declared policy of certain of its leaders would, if carried out by the methods proposed, involve breaches of the ordinary law of this country, and a certain amount of vigilance on the part of the police was called for if they were to discharge their duty to the rest of the community. The most hard-boiled of Tory ministers could not have bettered that official answer.

A Labor-Socialist member angrily interjected, "Is it going to be allowed that members of the Communist Party can interfere with industrial disputes with which they have no concern?" And other members pertinently wanted to know why any political party should object to police being present at meetings. The incident closed amid bitter resentment from the Left Wing that the socialist government should not tolerate and even facilitate subversive propaganda aimed at making it or any other civilized government impossible.

But if this first British Socialist Government is showing itself far too much a government and altogether too little a socialist revolutionary clique to please the ardent minority of British socialists, nevertheless it throws such sops as it can to placate the resentment of its own supporters.

The great British Empire Exhibition at Wembley offers a typical illustration. That exhibition, which has been planned since 1913, and is the greatest British effort in that line since the original exhibition of 1851, is designed to vivify in the British race a healthy pride in and knowledge of that immense empire which is its heritage. To the socialists, of course, the very word "empire" is anathema. Their ideal is, ultimately, destruction, disintegration, chaos—and the triumph of themselves as petty Lenines. The Labor Government's newspaper has done all it could, from first to last, to pour cold water on the exhibition; to belittle it and to keep its readers away from it. Just before the opening day the communists—with the warm approval of that newspaper—stampeded a general strike, attended by much violence, among the workmen engaged, with the avowed object of causing a postponement. Nevertheless, on the appointed day, St. George's Day, April twenty-third, King George V and the Prince of Wales, with official representatives from all the oversea dominions in attendance, opened the exhibition in a magnificent pageant of pomp and circumstance. It was an occasion which would, in other times, have called as a matter of course for the presence of the head of the British Home Government. But Mr. MacDonald, although since he has been Prime Minister he is known to have given the exhibition every encouragement, was ostentatiously absent. He seized this unique opportunity to go for "a little motor tour in Wales." Mr. MacDonald is, after all, still a socialist, and for the socialist Prime Minister to have publicly identified himself with a pageant of the British Empire would have finally discredited him with every socialist in the country. It was more than he dared do.

Mr. Snowden's Budget

Actually, in legislation, revolutionary or otherwise, the British Socialist Government has so far performed very little. It championed a bill to penalize further the unfortunate private investors in house property—and allowed that bill to be talked out. It has produced—despite all the pregovernment boastings of the Socialist Party—no scheme whatever to deal with unemployment. But it advertises that it is preparing a housing scheme which will solve that chronic and desperate problem; a scheme which invites the coöperation of the building trades, masters and men—but not the architects—and includes a fifteen-year contract, guaranteed continuity of employment, wages fixed at a minimum but no maximum, and which creates something like a nationalized building trust, controlled by committees, where the unfortunate taxpayer's only function is to pay—at the rate of six shillings per house per week. The Building Trade Union has seized the occasion to demand an increase of wages at once, with the alternative of a national strike if they do not get it. The Labor Government's scheme for an annual 100,000 or so additional happy homes for happy England may be a success, but it does not look like it.

But incomparably the most important event in recent British politics has been the submission of the first socialist budget to the House of Commons. It was an event awaited with intense interest, and considerable nervousness on the part of the middle classes; for the socialists, shrewd manipulators of mass psychology, had spread alarming rumors of drastic increases in taxation. Consequently, since the budget contained nothing of the sort, it benefited by a corresponding sharp reaction to reassurance. The Liberals, indeed, whatever the secret disgust in their hearts, and despite the fact that the relations between the Liberal and the Labor Parties had become venomously hostile, received it with a chorus of ecstatic praise. They could not very well do anything else, for it was not a socialist budget at all; it was a distinctively Liberal budget, incorporating every electioneering Liberal feature, devoid of the slightest touch of socialism, which the Liberals could not attack without publicly stultifying themselves.

Thanks to economies initiated by the preceding Conservative Government, Mr. Snowden found himself with a surplus of £48,000,000. This went in the orthodox way, just as though a Liberal or a Conservative and not a socialist Chancellor of the

What men seek in a shave

"Speed"

say some. "I want a fast shave, once over." Only a super-keen blade can give it—one stropped to new-like keenness before each shave. However sharp a blade, it dulls unless it is stropped.

Only one kind of blade can be easily, automatically stropped, insuring each shave a perfect shave.

It is a part of the famous Valet AutoStrop Razor, an exclusive patent.

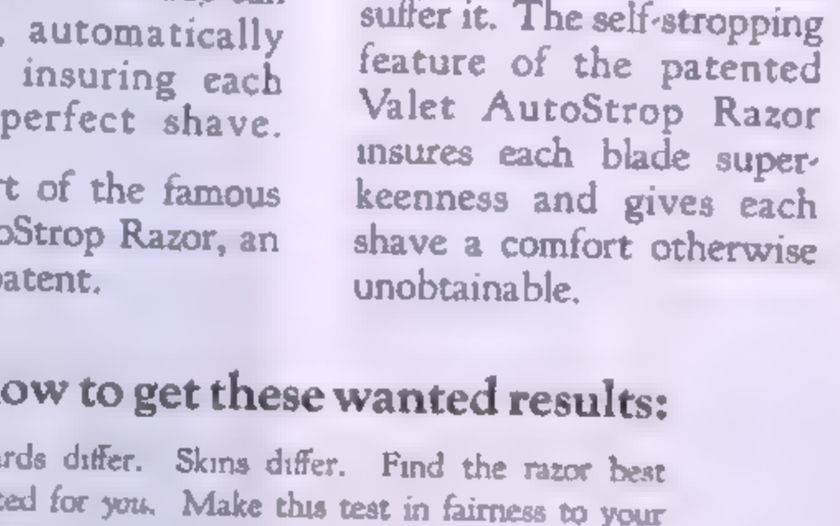
"Comfort"

say others. "I want a smooth, fine feel." Only a speedy shave can give comfort. Slow shaving "pulls," creates abrasions and brings annoyance. A blade that gets duller with each shave is an abomination. No man need suffer it. The self-stropping feature of the patented Valet AutoStrop Razor insures each blade super-keenness and gives each shave a comfort otherwise unobtainable.

How to get these wanted results:

Beards differ. Skins differ. Find the razor best suited for you. Make this test in fairness to your future. Buy a Valet AutoStrop Razor. Note its advantages. Observe that every shave is with a new blade. Stropping prolongs the efficiency of our blade to two or three times the average life. The famous Valet AutoStrop Razor is for sale everywhere in various sets at different prices.

The RAZOR *That Sharpens Itself*



Valet AutoStrop Razor

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

AUTOSTROP SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY, 656 First Avenue, New York City

Exchequer were in office, to the payment of debt. At the existing rates of taxation, there would next year be an estimated surplus of £28,000,000. Mr. Snowden distributed this surplus by reducing the duties on tea and sugar, abolishing the entertainments tax on the cheap seats used by the working class, abolishing a special corporation tax whose incidence fell exclusively upon the holders of ordinary shares in joint-stock companies, wiping out that small measure of tariff protection known as the McKenna Duties, and in sundry other small reliefs. He left himself with an estimated surplus of only £4,000,000 for the current year

It was the abolition of the McKenna Duties which filled the Liberals with the most intense delight. Those duties date from 1915 and imposed a 33⅓ per cent tariff on imported motor cars—not commercial vehicles—pianos, cinematograph films and optical glass. In the shelter of those duties, the British motor-car industry was in a condition of conspicuous financial success, in striking contrast to the shrunken state of the motortruck manufacturers. The piano manufacturers were equally flourishing. In fact, these two trades were a conspicuous exception to the crisis of unemployment which afflicts the whole country: in neither of them was there any unemployment at all. To the old-fashioned Liberals, however, free trade is a sacrosanct dogma to be blindly applied at whatever cost. The existence of these duties, although imposed as a wartime necessity by a Liberal administration, had been a standing offense, since they were a standing refutation of the dogmas of the canonized Mr. Cobden. Their abolition, as one of the Liberal newspapers said when warmly congratulating the Labor Government on its budget, "satisfied an important principle."

"Opportunity is Power!"

But the satisfaction of this important principle is going to involve the Labor Government in quite a lot of trouble. Before the budget was declared the socialists themselves were in a hot dispute over the question of whether these duties should be abolished or no. On the one hand, the Labor Party, alone among the socialists of the world—elsewhere their comrades are emphatic in protection of the industries by which they live—had announced its adhesion to the free-trade dogma; on the other, the sudden abolition of those duties was certainly going to ruin flourishing industries and throw many thousands of men out of work an extremely bad advertisement for the Labor Party. Unless those duties were renewed, as they always had been, by May first they would automatically lapse, and the budget was not due until April twenty-ninth. An influential body of socialist M.P.'s fought desperately for the retention of the tariff, the cabinet was acutely divided; but Mr. Snowden was obdurate. At the last moment Mr. MacDonald rushed back from an oratorical tour in Wales to preside over that last of a succession of hurried and frequent cabinet meetings which decided as a compromise that the duties should lapse on August first.

The announcement has filled the motor-car and piano trades with dismay. The motor-car industry cannot compete with the mass production of America, and the piano trade cannot compete with the cheaper wage level of Germany. Masters and men—and the men voted socialist in the last election—are uniting with their socialist representatives in Parliament to bring all possible pressure on the Labor Government to continue the duties.

"Is this a Labor Government," ask those workers, "which is throwing 100,000 men on the dole? Is this the socialist solution of the unemployment problem?"

And that question will be reiterated ceaselessly all over Britain if Mr. Snowden's "satisfaction of an important principle" is allowed to stand. The McKenna Duties in fact are going to be the acid test of whether the British Socialist Government really has the interests of the British workers at heart. It is not pretended that anyone in Britain can benefit by their abolition. They will vanish, if vanish they ultimately do, as a socialist concession to Liberal dogmas. Mr. Snowden is reputed to be nowadays more of a Liberal than a socialist, or in fulfilment of that resolution of a recent annual conference of the Independent Labor Party which declared that the socialists would do nothing for industry which would have for effect "the perpetuation of the decaying capitalist system."

But the most curiously symptomatic feature of this first socialist budget is that it makes absolutely no provision for the financing of any of the widely advertised socialist schemes. Either one of two things—either those schemes have been dropped or the socialist government does not expect to remain much longer in office.

Do the socialists think their government is going to last? Until the other day they were constantly reiterating that they were in office but not in power, and that they might be turned out at any minute. But they have suddenly changed their tune. Mr. MacDonald went out of his way to say, "Office without power? Nonsense! Opportunity is power!" And then he went on to claim that there was no need for another election for the next two or three years, during which Labor might continue to govern.

This, if it meant anything at all, was a direct challenge to the two other great parties on whose sufferance Labor remains in office. It meant, one must surmise, that the socialists would welcome a speedy general election, in which they could go to the country and say:

"See how well we have proved our capacity to govern! Look at the orthodox budget we have introduced, with its remissions of tax from the industrial and middle-class breakfast table! Send us back with a real majority so that we can get on with our exclusive plans for the immediate establishment of the millennium!"

They believe that an election now would give them that majority. They believe that they have successfully outmaneuvered the other parties.

There is some justification for this belief. The Liberal Party is exhibiting a pitiful spectacle of querulously complaining impotence. Far from its being able to control the socialist government, as Mr. Asquith boasted it would when he put the socialists into office, the Labor Party omits no occasion of publicly flouting and humiliating its Liberal benefactor. Profiting by an exceptionally acute crisis of Liberal anger and disgust with itself, Mr. Lloyd George headed a revolt against the suave Mr. Asquith, and publicly attacked the Labor Party for base ingratitude and calculated rudeness.

Mr. MacDonald has a sharp tongue when he likes, and he responded defiantly to Mr. Lloyd George by being even more rude. The country at large says that since apparently the only merit of the Liberal Party is that it has put socialism into power, and magnanimously keeps it there, it may as well vote Labor direct if it wants socialism. There is no advantage in getting it through an intermediary. And the Liberal Party itself has held one or two stormy meetings to ask its leaders what it really does stand for. There is in fact a plethora of Liberal leaders—presently there will be more leaders than led.

The gradually more and more embittered quarrel between the Liberals and the Labor Party reached a climax early in May.

Miss Lily Rosati, Famous Child Orator of the Young Communist League of Great Britain, at a Labor's May Day Demonstration in Hyde Park, London

The Liberals discovered, by analyzing the last election figures, that the proportional-representation system would have given them a few more seats, mostly at the expense of Labor. Accordingly—it is alleged, at the instigation of Mr. Lloyd George, restlessly impatient at his anomalous position—they presented a definite and well-advertised ultimatum to the government—either the socialists would pass a proportional-representation bill or the Liberals would declare uncompromising war on them in the country. The government shrugged its shoulders; not only declined to pass the bill but bluntly said that it could offer it no facilities.

"Turn them out!" cried an angry Liberal in the House of Commons.

"Get on with the job then!" sarcastically replied the government spokesman.

If there is one thing of which the socialists are certain it is that it is not Liberalism that will defeat them in the constituencies. The old historic Liberal Party in fact committed suicide—just as the socialists gleefully diagnosed—when, having appealed to the electorate as a bulwark against socialism, it created a socialist government at the earliest opportunity. Those erstwhile Liberals who approve of socialist doctrines will vote Labor next time: the others who do not approve will vote either for the Conservatives or a new party, if such presents itself.

The Conservatives are in a little better case than the Liberals. They have made no concession of their principles. But neither have they, so far, displayed any imaginative understanding of the deep-seated distress among the working classes which sends those working classes to vote for socialism. They are still the party of vested interests, of things as they are. They have no leader who can inspire enthusiasm; and, as an official organization, they are nervously diffident of taking to themselves any new leader of genius. They rejected, against the vote of 50 per cent of the Conservatives concerned, Mr. Winston Churchill as a recruit to their party, a rejection they will not improbably have cause to regret.

Nothing is more probable than that if there is another general election in the near future, with the two older parties as they are, the Labor-Socialists will return with a greatly increased majority. But it is not unlikely that the next election will see another party in the field, a definitely antisocialist party of younger blood, led perhaps by Mr. Winston Churchill—a party that will gather the more strength the longer Labor is in power.

The Cloud Over Ireland

For the moment, one may suspect, neither Conservatives nor Liberals are very anxious to turn Labor out. On the horizon are many unpleasant problems which they are very willing to leave the socialists to settle. A formidable upheaval is threatened in the mining industry which may after all result in its nationalization—a way out for which neither Liberals nor Conservatives would care to assume responsibility. Unrest is seething throughout the whole industrial community, and a Labor Government, whatever else it does, undoubtedly acts as a safety valve.

Also, there is the prospect once more of big trouble in Ireland, trouble which the Labor Government inherits from the Liberal-Conservative coalition presided over by Mr. Lloyd George. It is possible that before the year is out the Free State and Ulster will have come to blows as a result of the settlement made with Sinn Fein by Mr. Lloyd George, which ignored, implicitly if not expressly, the previous settlement made by that gentleman with Ulster. The socialists as a movement are of course enthusiastically pro Free State, as they are pro anything which is anti-British—the Free State, by treaty a dominion, incidentally refused to participate in the British Empire Exhibition—but if they attempt to use British resources for the coercion of an Ulster that only desires to remain under the national flag, there will be such an explosion of popular wrath in England as will blow socialism out of sight for a generation. It is not improbable, given their peculiar psychology, that they might attempt such coercion. The other parties are cynically willing to leave them the opportunity.

But that is in the future, and the future eludes definite prophecy. What is plain from the situation as it exists is that the socialist government is daily losing sympathy with and from revolutionary socialism; in fact at the Independent Labor Party's annual conference on Easter Sunday Mr. MacDonald pleaded for the label "socialism" to be laid aside! He much preferred the less provocative word "Labor," he said, a heresy that a year ago would have been unthinkable. As from its inception, the socialist government exists on the understanding that it forgets socialism; and, in the responsibilities of office, it is more and more inclined to accept and even welcome that condition of its being.

But the socialist organizations, whence that government is ultimately derived, do not forget their socialism. They impatiently indorse Mr. MacDonald's suggestive phrase, "Opportunity is power!" And they are very angry indeed that the opportunity is not used: that this British Government which has sprung from the seed they sowed means a British Government and not a British revolution.

She has an easy time with her canning, for she merely turns a lever on her Florence Oil Range to get any degree of heat she wants.

The stove is hot yet the kitchen is cool

Here is a range that keeps the heat where it belongs—close to the cooking

Do you realize that a woman who cooks three meals a day spends the greater part of her time in the kitchen? Don't you think she deserves to have this room cool and comfortable—not made unbearable all through the summer by a blazing hot cook stove?

With a Florence Oil Range in the kitchen it is necessary to have a fire only when cooking is actually being done. After all the work of preparing the meat, vegetables, and dessert is completed—then the fire is lighted, and not until then!

Easy to start

Just turn a lever and touch a match to the Asbestos Kindler. In a few minutes the most intense heat rises in a clear blue flame, close up under the cooking. And there it stays. It does not spread out into the kitchen.

By turning a lever this flame can be regulated to any degree of heat you may require. When dinner is ready to serve, a turn of the lever puts out the fire, leaving a cool kitchen in which to clean up.

Burns the vapor of kerosene

The Florence Oil Range is a real economy. It burns the *vapor* of kerosene. It does not burn from a *wick* flame, such as you see in the ordinary oil lamp. Kerosene is a fuel that is cheap and always easy to get.

Your kitchen work is very simple when you have a Florence. There is no coal or wood to carry; no fire to be shaken; no ashes to be removed. The kerosene tank must be filled occasionally—that's all there is to do. This tank is made of metal, with a glass bull's-eye. It is light in weight and very easy to fill.

Lustrous enamel and gleaming nickel

The Florence is built of the best materials. Blue or white porcelain enamel, attractive lines, and nickel trimming make it an ornament to any kitchen.

Don't buy just *an oil stove*. Be sure you visit a store (department, furniture, or hardware store) where the Florence is sold. If you don't know the nearest one, write us for the name. It is worth the slight trouble.

Send for free booklet

There is much that will interest you in our booklet, "Get Rid of the 'Cook Look.'" Drop us a line today and we will mail it to you.

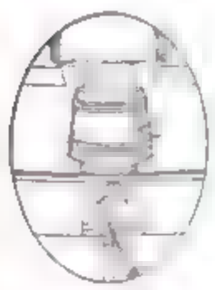
Florence Stove Company, Dept. 560, Gardner, Mass.

Makers of Florence Oil Ranges, Florence Ovens, Florence Water Heaters, and Florence Oil Heaters

Made and Sold in Canada by McClary's, London, Canada

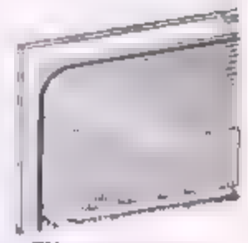
The Florence Leveler

By means of this simple device on each leg the stove can be set perfectly level, no matter how uneven the floor.



More Heat—Less Care

The gas-like flame in the Florence burners is close up under the cooking, so the heat is not wasted.



The Florence Oven

Has the famous "baker's arch" of the old Dutch oven and our patented heat distributor to insure even baking. When not in use this oven can be lifted from the stove.

Picture contents copyright 1924, F. S. Co.

FLORENCE Oil Range

Unguentine stops pain and infection at once. Keep a tube in the medicine chest.

For that unthinkable trip of course, a good-sized tube of Unguentine.

Don't let the children suffer. Unguentine stops pain and infection at once. Keep a tube in the medicine chest.

Unguentine keeps the skin soft and keeps the countless thousands of tiny pores active. Unguentine is the standard treatment

Unguentine
Price 50¢
For any skin injury or irritation it stops the pain prevents infection heals quickly—seldom leaves a scar

Look for this display on your druggist's counter It will remind you.

"Sunburn Hurts!"

Here's a famous friend in need for summer

FOR instance—bathing. A day on the beach—the soft clean sand—"water's fine"—how good the warm sun feels to your body, cooped up in clothes so long. Wonderful day!

But that night and the day *after*. Gee, how it hurts! That tender white skin of yours has turned to so many square inches of flaming, throbbing misery.

"What shall I do?"

If you know Unguentine, you know what to do—at once. Rub it in gently but thoroughly and soon the burning pain begins to die away. (In severe cases spread thickly on gauze and apply, holding in place with adhesive tape or bandage.)

What a relief! Unguentine's healing work has begun. Soon well. Sunburn's pain is forgotten—Unguentine remembered.

After all, sunburn is just a burn and for thirty-five years Unguentine has been known as the "first thought for burns". Your doctor will confirm that. So will your druggist and many of your own friends.

So many things are bound to happen to the skin in summer

We all want to be out-doors—a more strenuous life. We do unusual things—and the skin suffers. ***Injuries*** like cuts, burns, bruises, blisters; ***irritations*** like sunburn, windburn, poison ivy or oak, mosquito bites, prickly heat, chafing—whatever the name (and there are literally hundreds of these skin injuries or irritations) the result is much the same. The three layers of cells that make up the skin are inflamed, irritated or actually destroyed.

Injuries to the skin need scientific treatment. Quick and successful treatment must accomplish not one but all of the following results: ***Stop pain.*** Unguentine stops pain with grateful promptness. ***Prevent infection.*** Unguentine kills germs within a few moments, preventing minor troubles from becoming serious. ***Heal quickly.*** Unguentine stimulates rapid growth of healthy cells. ***Avoid needless scars.***

Unguentine heals from the bottom upward, seldom leaving scars.

Remember these four results. Unguentine accomplishes all four.

Scientifically produced in our laboratories for over a third of a century, tested and successfully used in hospitals and by physicians in literally millions of cases, Unguentine is well nigh antailing.

Be prepared. Ask your druggist for Unguentine—in the convenient, aseptic tube—today! You'll soon agree Unguentine is a real friend in need to the whole family. A regular standby. When skin accidents or irritations happen, your first thought will be "Unguentine—*quick!*" To keep a tube on hand is wisdom.

Prevent sunburn—and get a coat of tan, too. Before going into the water, rub Unguentine well into the skin not covered by your bathing suit. Result—no "burn", no blister, no peeling. Just a great day out of doors

THE NORWICH PHARMACAL COMPANY
Laboratories—Norwich, New York
New York Chicago Kansas City

Return this coupon. Test Unguentine yourself

THE NORWICH PHARMACAL CO., Norwich, N. Y.
Enclosed find 8 cents in stamps for trial tube of Unguentine and booklet "What to do" (for little ailments and real emergencies) by Michael Webster Stofer, M. D.

S10

Name

Address City and State

Norwich

—a trusted name on pharmaceutical preparations

—Unguentine heals

Unguentine —quick!

Pronounced UN-GWEN-TEEN

© 1936 THE NORWICH PHARMACAL COMPANY

COLES PHILLIPS

Now
Chiffons Without a Flaw

Filmy chiffons are the vogue

But how hard it has been to get them perfect—clear and flawless in texture.

Despite the closest scrutiny at the hosiery counter, one often finds in putting on the stockings that they disclose knot-like irregularities which might be unnoticeable were it not for the sheerness of the chiffon fabric.

But now, through an extra step of care on the part of Allen A, one may be assured of the perfection one seeks in chiffon hosiery.

Just before packing, each pair of Allen A chiffons is given an extra inspection—an unique, final, "buyers' inspection" by specially trained women.

Their professional skill can detect in a flash tiniest irregularities that even the most careful buyer would miss.

Thus, today, by asking for Allen A chiffon hosiery one can take it for granted that each and every pair is perfection itself.

Ask for:—

In these newest Spring
dals, Peach, Tan Be

No. [illegible] retails at $2.00
No. [illegible] retails at $2.25

Allen A

Allen A
Hosiery
For men, women and children

Underwear
For men and boys only

THE ALLEN A COMPANY, KENOSHA, WISCONSIN

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 26)

Surroundings Cheerful and the Execution a Grand Success, with all the Latest Improved Methods in the Art of Scientific Strangulation Employed. I want to stand some where on the Summit of the Black Mesa, looking out over and saying Good By to the Whole World below. Then, while I'm getting a Last Sweet Drag on my Cigarette and an Eye Full of Soft and Sympathetic Scenery, let some Fast Cow Boy come Swinging along in an Air Plane and Slip a Silk Noose over my head and Swing my Soul into Eternity with a Smile, Serene and Satisfied that I always Done the Best I could."

A Tourist offen the Right Road stopped over at Buzzard's Roost the other night and got in a Poker Game and Lost everything he had With Him excepting some Traveler's Checks and No one there would take these because they all said they never Traveled Much and didn't know when they could use them, so the Next Day he sent the Traveler's Checks to Phœnix to the Bank to Get some Real Money to get out of Soak and Buzzard's Roost with. Not wanting to take Any Chances after what he had just Been Through, he asked Old Jud Patterson to Register the Letter. Jud never had nothing like this ever Happen before since he was Post Master and No Body ever told Jud what an Index was so Jud started in to read the Post Masters Guide and Book of Rules, right from the start, and it took him 4 days and a Half to get down to the R's and where it told What to Do when a Stranger Wanted to Register a Letter. Meantime and while the Tourist was waiting for Jud to get the letter Registered and the Real Money to get back and not wanting to pay all his Money to Jud for Board and Room, the Tourist accepted an Invite from Six Shooter Simpkins to go Prospecting out in the Eagle Tails and get away from the Other Folks who knew he Had Money Coming. While he was gone the Money Come Back marked "Special Delivery," so Jud he drove out in the Eagle Tails to deliver it and spent Three Days hunting him up and only Charged him $47.10 for making the delivery. Every Body in Buzzard's Roost is after Jud's Job now.

—Dick Wick Hall,
Editor and Garage Owner.

Local News

IN KITTERY, Delia McSlattery,
The spinster, unmelted by flattery,
Who once ran the hat shop,
Has opened a cat shop
And calls it The Kittery Kattery.

Our prominent flappers of Tucson—
Delightful young persons to muse on—
Are rolling their stockings
Clear down to the clockings.
But still they are keeping their shoes on.

At times, on polite Pottawattamie,
Mosquitoes, adept in phlebotomy,
Descend in a fury
Across the Missouri.
We're glad they are not hippopotami.

Eliphalet Briggs, of Emporia,
Is troubled with phantasmagoria.
Reversing his habits,
He ate two Welsh rabbits
And dreamed he had moved to Peoria!

Petunia Durant, of Mount Hood,
Complains "I am misunderstood!"
If that's what's the matter,
According to chatter
At least it is all to the good.

—Arthur Guiterman.

Epitaphs on a Jeweler's Showcase

HERE lies a wedding gift,
Bought on Monday,
Sent out Tuesday,
Taken in Wednesday,
Unwrapped Thursday,
Sniffed at Friday,
Sent back Saturday
And credited Sunday.

To be the pride
Of some young bride
This silver teaset was designed.
But—what a shame!
Back here it came—
The bride-to-be had changed her mind.

Requiescat—Silver vegetable dish.
Little bride said it was just her wish.
But she turned it in at an early date,
For the dog-gone thing was a duplicate.

These dinner gongs
Resumed their nooks,
Since some young wives
Are also cooks.

Full seven times this silver urn
Has fared forth only to return.
With the next bride it must remain.
'Tis worn too thin to mark again.

Here is a pair of military brushes ranged,
By the indignant mother of the bride exchanged.
She asked in tones that had an angry ring,
"Whoever heard of giving bridegrooms anything!"

—Fairfax Downey.

Battle Songs for the Bourgeoisie

"LET who will write the laws of a nation, so that I write their songs," said limping Tyrtæus, who wrote the war songs of Sparta, which must have been quite a trick, since nothing rimes with Sparta, unless you allow words like garter and cream of tartar, and that would imply a Brooklyn accent, for which we have no authority in the classics.

The preceding paragraph has not much to do with the subject beyond indicating the width and depth of the author's twelve-thousand-dollar education, but I think I ought to show it off once in a while just to cheer up father. The point is that the Communist and Proletarian parties in the various countries are laboring to render the Proletariat class-conscious. They have written lots of fine songs, the International, the Red Flag, and others. The Aristocrats have many splendid old songs they can use; for instance, the British national anthem—God Help the King, I think it is.

But the Bourgeoisie has not a single song!

Brother Bourgeoises, to arms! How can we have a class war if we are not class-conscious? How can we be class-conscious unless we have some rousing ballads to inspire us? When the Day comes let every stout Bourgeois be ready to seize a rifle, a pistol, a mid-iron, and spring to arms to defend the Middle Class! Let each man do his bit as we march to Victory!

I will lead the singing. Instead of a gun I will seize my ukulele; perhaps I had better march up behind the rest of you, so that you can all hear me.

I am working on the songs now. How do you like these?

Class-conscious, class-conscious, class-conscious are we,
We are the brave boys of the old Bourgeoisie!
So down with the Dukes and the Red Soviet!
Class-conscious, class-conscious, class-conscious, you bet!

We may not be so rough and strong,
We may not be such clever boys,
But still we'll sing our battle song:
The Middle Class forever, boys!
Hurrah! Hurrah! The dear old Bourgeoisie!
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah for Property!
We'll take the proletarial
And hang them with a lariat!
Hurrah! Hurrah! Long live the Bourgeoisie!

The foe may hurl his mud and rocks
And struggle to dishonor me;
I'll fight and die for orthodox
Political Economy!
Hurrah! Hurrah! The dear old Bourgeoisie!
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah for Property!
Our curses on hypocrisy,
And curse the Aristocracy!
Hurrah! Hurrah! Long live the Bourgeoisie!

We'll fight for the Right, boys,
We'll fight for the Right!
We'll fight for the Right till we die!
The Radicals may enter
The Left or the Center,
But we'll fight for the Right till we die!

—Morris Bishop.

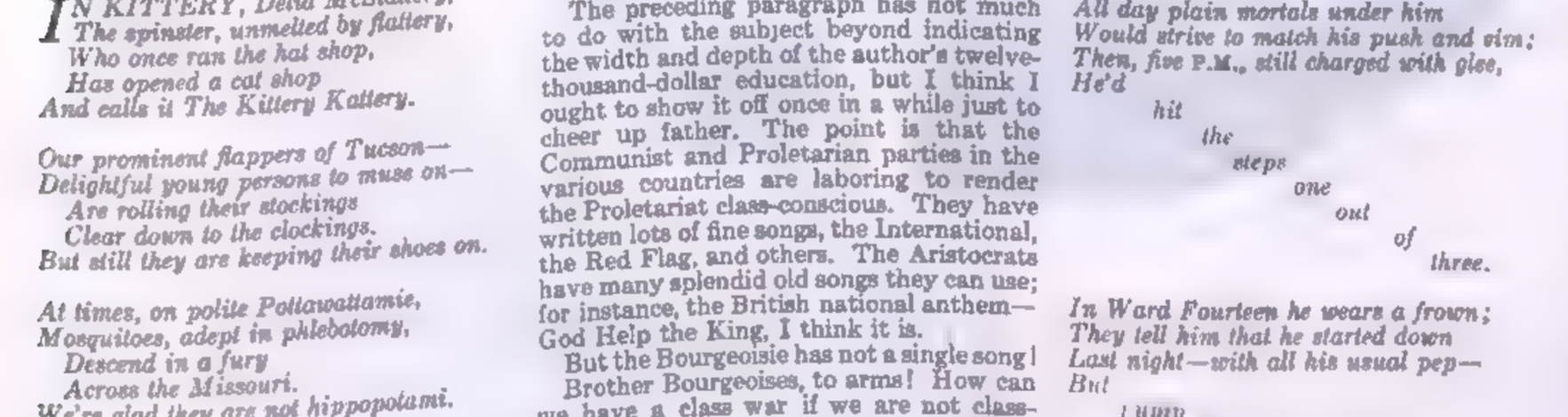
A Broken Record

THE elevators ran too slow
For Make-It-Snappy Rudderow;
Each day at eight A.M. he'd climb
time.
a
at
two
steps
the
take
And

All day plain mortals under him
Would strive to match his push and vim;
Then, five P.M., still charged with glee,
He'd
hit
the
steps
one
out
of
three.

In Ward Fourteen he wears a frown;
They tell him that he started down
Last night—with all his usual pep—
But
hump
his
up
and
step!

—Nina Baldwin.



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"*Safe*dge" was heralded as an accomplishment of 106 years of manufacture. "*Safe*dge" has already become a signal success. Fourteen railroads have installed it. Hotels, institutions, schools have followed in rapid succession. Heads of homes and housewives were quick to see this new beauty and economy.

The secret of the strength of "*Safe*dge" lies in the "beaded edge" which gives the glass a new beauty of finish and adds stubborn resistance against marring fracture or chip at drinking edge. This means an entirely new kind of glassware; safer, more sanitary, more graceful. Positively a startling achievement.

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SAFEDGE GLASSWARE PROTECTED BY THE BEADED EDGE IS MADE IN A COMPLETE LINE OF TABLEWARE

ADVENTURES IN GEOGRAPHY

(Continued from Page 9)

Anarchy! Even for that the rotter should be in a gaol—as it is quaintly spelled here.

"It is not proposed," resumes the radical, "that the ties of kinship should in any way be weakened, but the time has arrived when they must be disassociated from the unsentimental operations of trade and finance."

Rash words, these, so unseemly that a new paper had to be started to get them printed at all.

"From Australia," continues the insurgent, "England draws supplies of cheap food for three million of her industrialists and her trading wizards send in return high-priced manufactures, with a preferential tariff against her competitors whom Australians sentimentally call 'foreigners.' British ships for the most part carry the cargoes both ways at fabulous freights. By comparison the preference Australia gets from England is a joke, but not at England's expense."

Then says the old-line journal, "A strange cry to be raised here!" The old paper is honestly shocked.

The upstart retorts with its slogan, "More factories before more farms!" and elaborates this. "The plan of buying the rough stuff and making the fine is what made Britain financially and now enables her to make money out of the Dominions." And now again he forgets his manners with "England's policy is still what it was when Pitt declared that the American colonists had no right to make even a horseshoe nail for themselves."

This is a peculiarly infelicitous reference to a historic scandal it were seemly to forget, but the red flag of revolt is waved again.

"In pursuing her traditional policy of returning dear manufactures for cheap primary products, Britain is restricting the secondary development of the Commonwealth, the deluded dolt of an Australian thus having to pay freight both ways and outside manufacturing profits in order that he may wear his own wool."

One would expect this to hold the conservative for a while, but he comes back with a cry that in all the Commonwealth—except, of course, in the greater and uninhabited part—gets an instant respectful hearing, the cry of "Cheap labor!" To the Australian, this has a far more dreadful sound than "Mad dog!" or "Fire!" or "Murder!" And now we are getting through the husk of the coconut; presently the milk will ooze.

"The high labor cost is a sufficient answer," says the old school, "to any demand for manufactures in Australia."

These words have a wild, a weirdly Lewis Carroll tinge, yet they are truly quoted from so substantial and dignified looking a newspaper that you would instinctively trust it as you would trust a calendar or a new timepiece. Of course, an outsider is stirred to ask why the high labor cost hasn't also prohibited the tremendous primary production which is rumored to involve labor; but being an outsider, he permits the insurgent sheet to ask. "But who can be scared by this when it is recalled that the United States is the highest priced labor country in the world and yet does quite a bit of manufacturing?" A moment later, however, he does concede "a shortage of artisans and an excess of primary producers, both due to a wrong-headed immigration policy. . . . In only one respect are we short, in population adapted or adaptable to manufacturing. Those who have been allowed to guide the country's destinies hitherto have assiduously perpetuated that shortage."

And the milk is out of the nut at last. We had suspected what it would be on reading elsewhere an Australian boast of "a number of statutes of an advanced democratic stamp, having for their object the amelioration of the working classes." It sounded suspicious, and it caused less of a shock now to find what the most of Australia believes. It believes that if it had more people the increase would result not in more jobs, merely in more candidates for the present jobs.

Credit it or not, but this is and has been Australia's firm stand in the matter of growth. The trades unions are hostile to any increase of population, and the trades unions are Australia, every state government being a labor government whether so named or not.

"The antagonism," we read—and this in an almost conservative daily—"which the unions display to immigration is notorious,

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Aug. 16 SAXONIA

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their tyranny past belief. So, too, is the tyranny exercised by them over the community which includes their own members. . . . An allegation of the unions is that migration schemes are all part of a deliberate plot to glut the labor market and reduce wages."

Result: The rural industries are crying for labor; there is a shortage in many kinds of skilled labor, owing not a little to union restrictions upon apprenticeship, and Australia is advertised to the potential immigrant as a land where starvation awaits him. Yet despite those statutes of an advanced democratic type, "having for their object the amelioration of the working classes," one need not be long in Australia to learn that these same working classes are nothing like half ameliorated. And why not, since labor itself does the ameliorating?

For one thing, there is the fertility of the land. Some years ago a housewife coming out from home brought a cactus in a flowerpot. It languished and died, so the homesick lady had another sent out. This one flourished to maturity and one night crept stealthily out of the house and went bush, to live its own life in the great open spaces. Today there is a cactus for every home, however humble; but public sentiment is not in its favor and huge sums are spent to fight it. Thus with the blackberry vine, elsewhere inoffensive. In fertile Australia it now ranks high as an imported pest.

All the Socialistic Frills

And fecundity! Some sportin' chap from home thought he could do with a bit of huntin', so he brought over his 'ounds and a few foxes. But there is no sporting club named in his honor. Foxes are hunted, but no longer in the way of sport. It has become a matter of self-defense. Next a pet lover brought in a couple of the cunningest little bunny rabbits. They were attracted to each other from the very first and their early photographs, showing five generations in a family group, received flattering notice. And presently their several billion descendants nearly ate up the world's fifth largest continent. In all Australia there is no monument to the original importer, though the money spent to exterminate the offspring of his pets would have erected a handsome one on every inhabited square mile.

And then someone brought in a tiny sprig of unionism and this plant flourished beyond any record of prickly pear or blackberry or rabbit. The neighbors from far and wide came to ask cuttings from it, for the plant was believed to have a magic property; it was believed that its possessor became endowed with the power to lift himself by his boot straps. All Australia still holds to this belief, for the plant's rate of increase would have shamed the most prolific of rabbits. A conventional paragraph in the public prints, hackneyed to a point where it excites as little notice as a weather report from Texas, reads like this:

"During three months ending June thirtieth employes in New South Wales"—Victoria, Queensland or any of the other states—"lost £562,120 in wages as a result of strikes."

Labor is in the saddle. It makes its own laws, then strikes in spite of them. It employs the wildest of economic stratagems; it has a tribunal to adjust the basic wage to the cost of living. When the price of beef goes up the pay of the journeyman butcher is raised to meet it. But strikes multiply, for there seems to be some foul subterranean connection between wages and the cost of living, and a baffling influence upon both of labor's stand on immigration. The nature of these connections and influences is not understood. All that labor clearly knows is that 20,000,000 more settlers in Australia would merely mean 20,000,000 more people looking for jobs. Meantime, for those within the gate, it applies all the touted bland devices for making Utopia to order—state-owned railways, old age and invalid pensions, a maternity bonus, approximations of the single tax, whatever sounds as if it might repeal certain old laws of human association.

The various state governments will try anything not only once but as often as someone suggests it—anything but letting in more people. Reckless New South Wales will let in 5000 settlers a year for six years! Of a state industry we read: "Government institutions are now getting bread £2500 a year cheaper than when they drew the supply from the state bakery, though that institution lost money even at high prices." Meantime, with population kept as low as labor can keep it with every shrewd device, Australia, empty and incredibly rich, is a toothsome morsel dangled before the imminent agape jaws of certain land-hungry Asiatics. Yet Australia is not afraid. It is the fixed belief of every one of its 6,000,000 that, if the rich bait were snapped at, a powerful nation would hurry to fight their battles. Not England—the United States. This is important if true.

It should be noted here that the word "strike" in Australia seems curiously to have become a word not quite nice. Australian labor rarely strikes. It "ceases to attend work." In Sydney we read that the Amalgamated Printing Trades was lately penalized £100 "for illegally engaging in a cessation of work." Could it be put more prettily? Said a British artisan, leaving for America because he had been unable to find work in Melbourne, "Labor is flogging its own joss," which is a bit of slang meaning, in plain English, that labor is dutching its own game. Certainly it has cuddled and coddled itself until it has become petulant, whining, spoiled. And if it is true that the nation lately named would help it to keep Australia empty, how did it find this out? Who started the rumor?

Let us descend from the soap box and watch Sydney; forget its industrial plight and mingle with its street throngs of the Western American face and confident stride. We shall feel, then, the fascination of the bosker big land. Life is young and ardent here in spite of time-worn political shifts to beat a game that never was beaten save in Polynesia before the white man came to complicate it. The men who make the wheels go round in state and commonwealth are natural-born Rotarians, up-and coming go-getters. They may be delayed by cessations of work, but they will not be stopped. One longs to speed up the projecting machine and unreel in an hour Australia from the moment to 100 years hence. It would be worth watching. Yet we must do with watching those who will dare the big adventure of that wilderness just beyond the city gates. Often in the street throng we identify the far out-backer who is already pioneering the conquest, the competent-eyed man in the loose clothes, just now contracting his wonted far look to the near novelties of a city street. One such we identify.

"That's the old sheep boy from the beat," says the other American.

We hail him and he turns back to us—turning wrong under the new rule—and is in trouble with the milling mob. Free at length, he pushes back the wide gray hat and eyes the tangle.

In Quest of the Real Thing

"Stone the crows! Are they having a muster?"

Then he talks in his soft-spoken friendly way. He is tired of the sea and the blokes that travel over the top of it. Glad to be home again, though he is still a matter of three weeks from his "selection." Then he grins in a city-tired way and says if we will go into this pub he'll shout a couple of pints. The Americans are pleased and go into the pub. It is Sydney's chief hotel and its bar is superbly elegant, after the manner of American bars before drinking was done in the home. There is a hundred yards or so of it along four sides of the room, staffed by barmaids at intervals of six feet. The Americans become joyful. This is the real thing in bars and a real cocktail can now be had. Our host declares for gin and ginger and we request Martini cocktails. Miss the barmaid, sets forth a bottle of gin, a bottle of vermouth and two half-size cocktail glasses. No ice, no shaking. There is the cocktail. The Americans are embarrassed and charge to the drink of their host.

He is now prattling of home: of his lucern paddocks where he can keep seventy-five sheep to the acre in fair nick. Stone the crows, but it's a bosker land if you get a good pitch! Once he's back, he'll stay back. Never more will he hump his bluey, get off from the scent of the wattle. Others may go, but he'll stay back and cook the tea. Or, if he gets itchy-footed, he'll go fossicking around the salt bush. He knows Australia from the back-o'-beyond belongs to the beauties, and all talk about other lands is tosh. Let the narks talk it but they get him prickly. He wouldn't leave this bosker land if he had to go out into Mother Bush with dish, dolly and cradle and six-rivet patches on his clobber. He'd sooner be low here, a poor cocky, a yardman's offsider, a sundowner carrying the bundle, a swaggie cadging tucker, than high in any other land. But that is the way all Australians feel. It is chauvinism of a brand not entirely unfamiliar to the Americans. But what about cocktails? Don't they make those in the bosker big land?

"Cocktails?" Our friend ponders, then looks pleased. "No use cobbering up to that gal there, but this ain't any one-pub town. Now I know a place within cooey of here—you won't mind a bit of footslogging—where you can find the dinkum stuff. Lucky I saw the placard in a window. Come on, I still have a wallet of notes."

From the low-hanging gray mustache he wipes sparkles of gin and ginger and we go on. Five minutes of buffeting the intractable street throng and we halt before a shop window in George Street. A beautifully printed card says: "Cocktails, 9d. a glass." Our guide is cordial and proud.

"Have I made my marble good?" he demands. "Let us enter and have a glass of cocktails."

But his guests have spied certain bottles back of the sign. Bottled cocktails, it is explained, won't do. They were always dangerous and these look entirely sinister. The true cocktail is assembled in the presence of the consumer. Our friend is disappointed.

"Looks rather crook, eh?" he says. "You shy off like you would from a new chum's first damper. I pushed my frame in, didn't I now? I'm a fair cow. But let's fossick a bit—there may be places."

Misleading Signs

So we fossick, and there prove, indeed, to be places. We are presently entranced by another sign, outside a pub. It is headed, "American Mixed Drinks, etc." Beginning with brandy smash, it goes through many slings and flips and punches to "Cocktails, all kinds." It is a dingy sign, not too legible. It has the discouraged air of a sign not much read or noticed. The Americans look doubtful. Their friend is urgent.

"There's what you're wishing, so why hang back? Come on, don't be wowsers!"

We come on. The pub is chill and exhales a powerful beerish odor. Back of the bar is a chilly barmaid with a black knitted shawl pinned close. She is richly coiffed, wears magnificent earrings and has cold, hard eyes. We breast the bar and exchange icy salutations.

"Gin and ginger," says our friend, "and these gents will have two Martini American cocktails."

"Dry," adds one of them.

The barmaid surveys us with a practiced stare.

"Cocktails, yes, sir." But there is a taint of strangeness in her tone.

"Two Martini American dry cocktails," says our friend.

Now there is an evasive shift of the maid's cold eyes, but she glibly retorts, "Yes, sir. 'Ot or cold, sir?"

Our friend turns inquiring eyes on us. He doesn't know how we like them. Back of the bar a gilded legend says, "The Whisky Kings Drink—Why Not You?" It seemed pointed. Who were we to make a girl more trouble than kings would? We weren't and didn't.

"All that yabber and you didn't get your dry cocktails," says our friend outside.

We tell him we were afraid she would leave out the cinnamon. She looked like a girl who would. Again we battle with too solid Australians who turn to the right only when a constable compels them. Our friend still prattles of the outback, where any bush groper can have his fowl run and his cultivation paddock if so wishing. He has been glad to meet someone he could talk to of home things. And in half an hour he will meet a certain bush cove, an old-time mate, and have a bit of tea and some more talk. This bush cove was managing a cattle station up north. When he got off the boat head be home, except for a 300-mile horseback trip. Tiresome, yes, but once he got on he was a bit of all right and snug on this station of 7,000,000 acres. A bloke had room to turn around there, with no gabby constable telling him right or left. And all he had to do—let his herds increase. No fossicking. There were bullockies and drovers on that station that had never seen a pitchfork in their lives. A muster for branding now and then was the only work. He and his mate would yabber a lot over their tea—a simple one. He'd been starving on ship tucker long enough. He knew a dinkum place where they'd hash up a plain feed for two old diggers, some jacketed spuds and a piece of beef to which nothing but cooking had been done—and this place had good puftaloons.

Our friend does consent, however, to ingest one more gin and ginger at the big hotel bar, now lined three deep with the six o'clock crowd. He declines another. He isn't used to the stuff and says he is already three parts shikkered; his pins feel proppy. We part from him with regret. He has been real Australia and we see it to be truly a land of romance—the true romance of achievement, not of mere South Sea inertia.

After he has gone we watch in the big barroom a further bit of the real Australia, a manifestation of that fine British respect for the law which Britons themselves have been known to speak of. The law requires that bar to close at six P.M. and on the stroke of six it closes without any nonsense. At two minutes of six it is still lined three deep with eager patrons. At six it closes with a crash. Two minutes later the crowd is outside and the lights are off. It is a lesson to Americans, this instant, unquestioning deference to statutory enactments. At home there would have been at least four groups that lingered illegally until urging, perhaps more than urging, was required. But here the good old British strain told. At least 100 men, many of whom plainly wished another whisky and soda, walked tamely out with never a protest because a law they respected said they must stop drinking at six o'clock. That is, they had to stop in that particular room. Wanting more, they must leave the bar, go into the palm room adjoining and sit at a table. There they might drink until one A.M., after which it would be a matter of knowing a sly grogger. It was a homely touch. The world over, a liquor law seems to be a liquor law.

Said one of the Americans, "I wonder what puftaloons are. It sounds like a name for Turkish trousers. Probably it isn't."

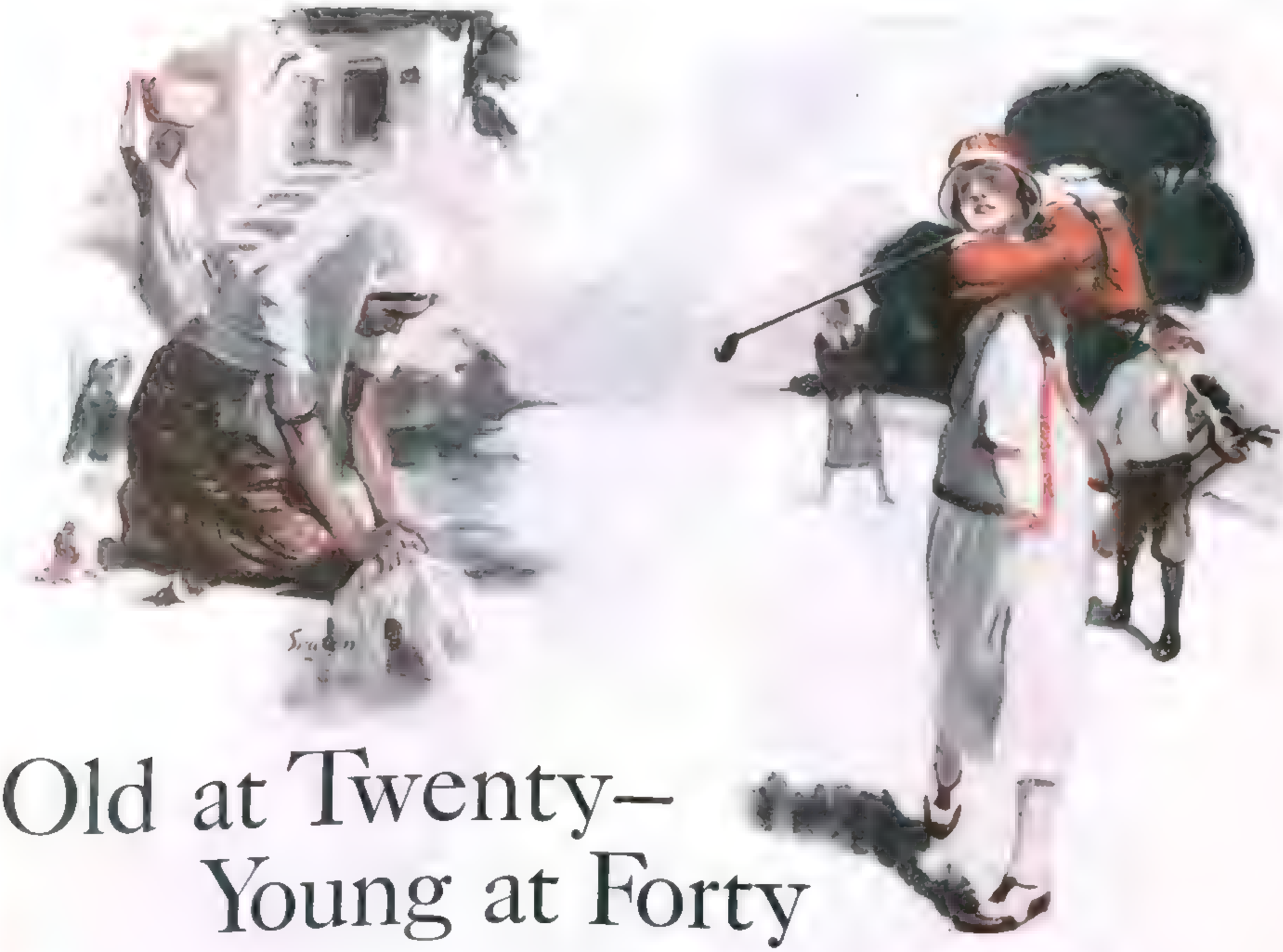
Said the other, "An ocean of good gin, a lake of vermuth, a bonzer crop of ice and not a cocktail shaker in the land!"

Bad News for Coffee Drinkers

And here another count may be scored against the bosker big land, for if its cultural development falls short of civilized standards at certain points, shouldn't it be told so? Very well. In all Australia, then, there is not to be purchased a cup of anything even slightly resembling decent coffee. In an apparently sophisticated city of 1,000,000 people, and in a grand hotel with marble columns, stately halls, palm rooms and orchestras, the pretended coffee tastes of tea, chocolate and one of the better-known sink-cleansing powders. Plainly, good coffee must be unknown in the commonwealth, otherwise this outrage would not be tolerated. One begins to see that Sydney, for all its Old World airs of consequence, is still Western in our 1870 sense. One understands now why good coffee is unknown and why certain other refinements have never reached Australia's inhabited borders; why steaks and chops are burned on the outside and left uncooked within; why the roast beef of old England is here but an irritating parody shaved paper-thin; why green salads are known only by rumor. It is simply that Australia hasn't got around to these minor niceties. But here is a field ripe for missionaries, if the Missionary's Union—there must be one—will listen to reason.

On his first morning in the beautiful hotel one American is down at seven o'clock in search of breakfast, his appetite sharpened by Sydney's tonic air. Troubled by visions of grilled devilled kidneys, he approaches the stately banquet hall to find it sealed. It has the inhospitable front of a rajah's mausoleum. The urgent appetite is taken to the desk below, where a clerk explains that breakfast may not be had until eight o'clock. The American is unperturbed, perceiving merely a lack of enterprise in this particular hotel. He takes to the street. He will find one of those cozy chophouses from an English novel where a fine old waiter type will welcome him to a table near the grate fire and pamper him with bacon and the warmed morning paper. Then it appears that in all Sydney there is

(Continued on Page 143)



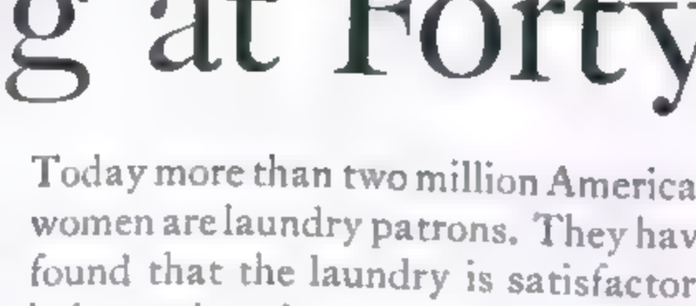
Old at Twenty— Young at Forty

IN India a woman of twenty is aging. At twenty-five, she is old. Her days are days of labor—there is no place in her world for the things of the mind and the spirit. So life is closing upon her when it is opening upon the woman of the West.

The woman of America stays young because she keeps her mind young. The modern world offers her a thousand and one servants, and so instead of being merely a worker in the house, she is a partner in the home. She is living youth when the woman of India is remembering it.

Among the youth-destroying tasks from which the women of America are freeing themselves is the weekly wash. Today more than two million American women are laundry patrons. They have found that the laundry is satisfactory in its work and reasonable in its prices. But they value the laundry most for bringing them new leisure.

In seven years, a washday a week mounts up to a year of washdays. But to laundry patrons, that year is a year of leisure. It is new time for the many things which bring happier days and longer youth.



The woman of India is old at twenty because she works too much with her hands. The woman of America is young at forty because she finds time to stay young. The modern laundry will do for you one of the tasks upon which the woman of India is still spending her youth. And there is no need to wait until Monday to get this service. For the custom of the "Monday washday" is as antiquated as the custom of doing the washing by the methods still used in the East.

Today, phone one of the modern laundries in your city—it will help keep you younger than the woman on the other side of the world who has only seen half your birthdays.

THE AMERICAN LAUNDRY MACHINERY COMPANY, *Executive Offices*, CINCINNATI

PRIM PREST

HO-MESTIC

ROUGH DRY

Everything washed. Articles like [illegible] underwear, hosiery, bath towels are fluffed dry, ready for use. Flat work is neatly ironed. Those pieces needing it are starched. Only the ironing of the lighter pieces is left to be done at home.

FLOAT-IRONED

A low-priced ironed service. Everything washed. Flat work ironed. Wearing apparel ironed unstarched and 70 per cent finished. Articles like shirts, waists and house dresses will require a little touching up with a hand iron at home.

THRIF-T-SERVICE

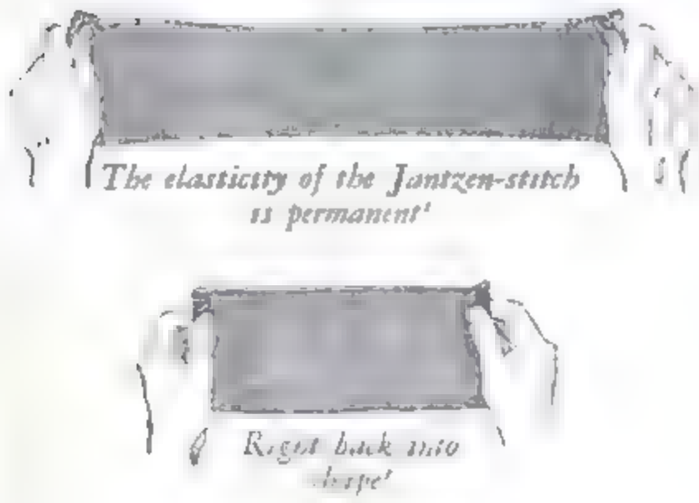
Everything carefully washed and thoroughly rinsed in eight to ten changes of water. The excess water is removed. All flat work is ironed and carefully folded. Other work is returned damp, ready for starching.

WET WASH

Everything washed in mild suds, and thoroughly rinsed in eight to ten changes of rainsoft water. The excess water is removed and the bundle returned damp, sweet and clean, ready to iron or starch and hang up to dry.

Here are six modern laundry services to choose from. Some laundries offer all; all laundries offer some, or equivalent services under other names.

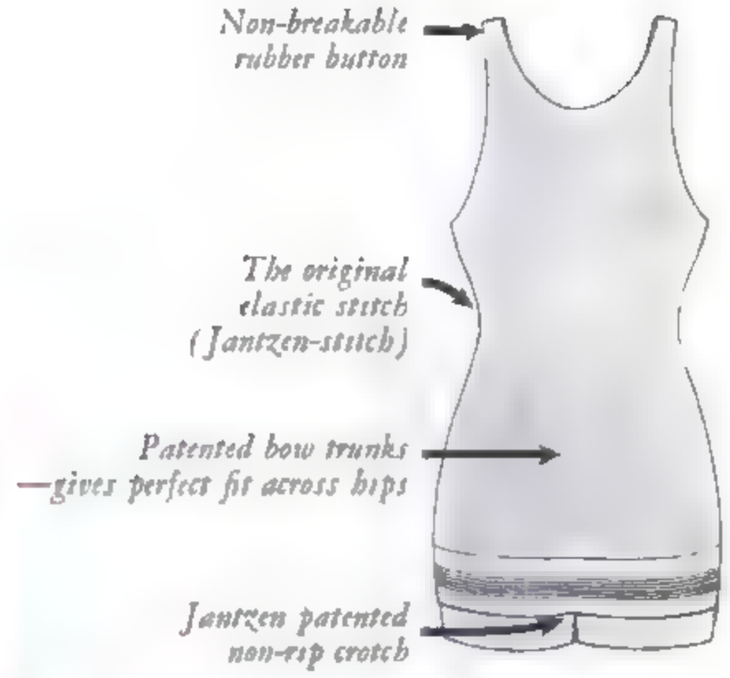
What is Jantzen-stitch?



IT is a pure, long-fibre wool fabric, which *goes with every movement of the body*, yet springs back like a piece of rubber. To weave the Jantzen-stitch fabric, we make special parts for the knitting machines, in our own shops.

Jantzen-stitch is permanently elastic—it *holds its shape* for the *life* of the suit, which is a long, long time And that means your Jantzen suit is always perfect-fitting

Beside the fit, a Jantzen keeps you warmer because, through the tiny tunnels of the Jantzen-stitch, drops of water cascade out, leaving the body dry. On the beach or in the water, you are always trim and comfortable in a Jantzen. This, then, is the meaning of Jantzen-stitch.


Non-breakable rubber button
The original elastic stitch (Jantzen-stitch)
Patented bow trunks —gives perfect fit across hips
Jantzen patented non-rip crotch

Why a Jantzen can not be duplicated!

Now you can *swim* in a perfect-fitting Jantzen

The suit that changed *bathing* to *swimming!*

VACATION days are coming. Thousands are heading for beach and woods and mountains. Get into a Jantzen! Feel its perfect, comfortable fit. Claim the coolness you hanker for. Indulge in an invigorating plunge. Lie back, floating—your head comfortably pillowed on the water's surface. *Swim, splash, play.* You enjoy absolute freedom of every movement in a Jantzen.

You can swim more easily in a Jantzen because of the original Jantzen-stitch of pure, long-fibre wool, which gives with every movement of the body, then springs back into shape. The patented bow-trunk pattern and the non-rip crotch allow muscle movements which are characteristic of swimming. The improved shoulder-strap and the unbreakable rubber button are also Jantzen features.

For men, women and children

Jantzen was designed and perfected to meet the demand of the skilled swimmer and yet lend style and grace to the wearer. It was the first suit to fit the body *perfectly*. So we called it a "swimming suit." Others may copy the name but they can't copy the suit, because Jantzen features are patented. And today Jantzens are known and worn by men, women and children at every beach and pool, from Atlantic City to Manila. They are the choice of national and Olympic champions.

Get your Jantzen for the Fourth

We couldn't tie a string on everyone's finger, reminding all to be comfortable on the Fourth—that now is the time to get your Jantzen for coolness and fun. So we called this National Jantzen Week, from June 26th to July 3rd

Look for the big display of Jantzens at leading stores in your city. You will find them in the fashionable new colors. See that the rest of the family or the rest of the "bunch" are Jantzen-togged, too. The Fourth will be here almost before you know it.

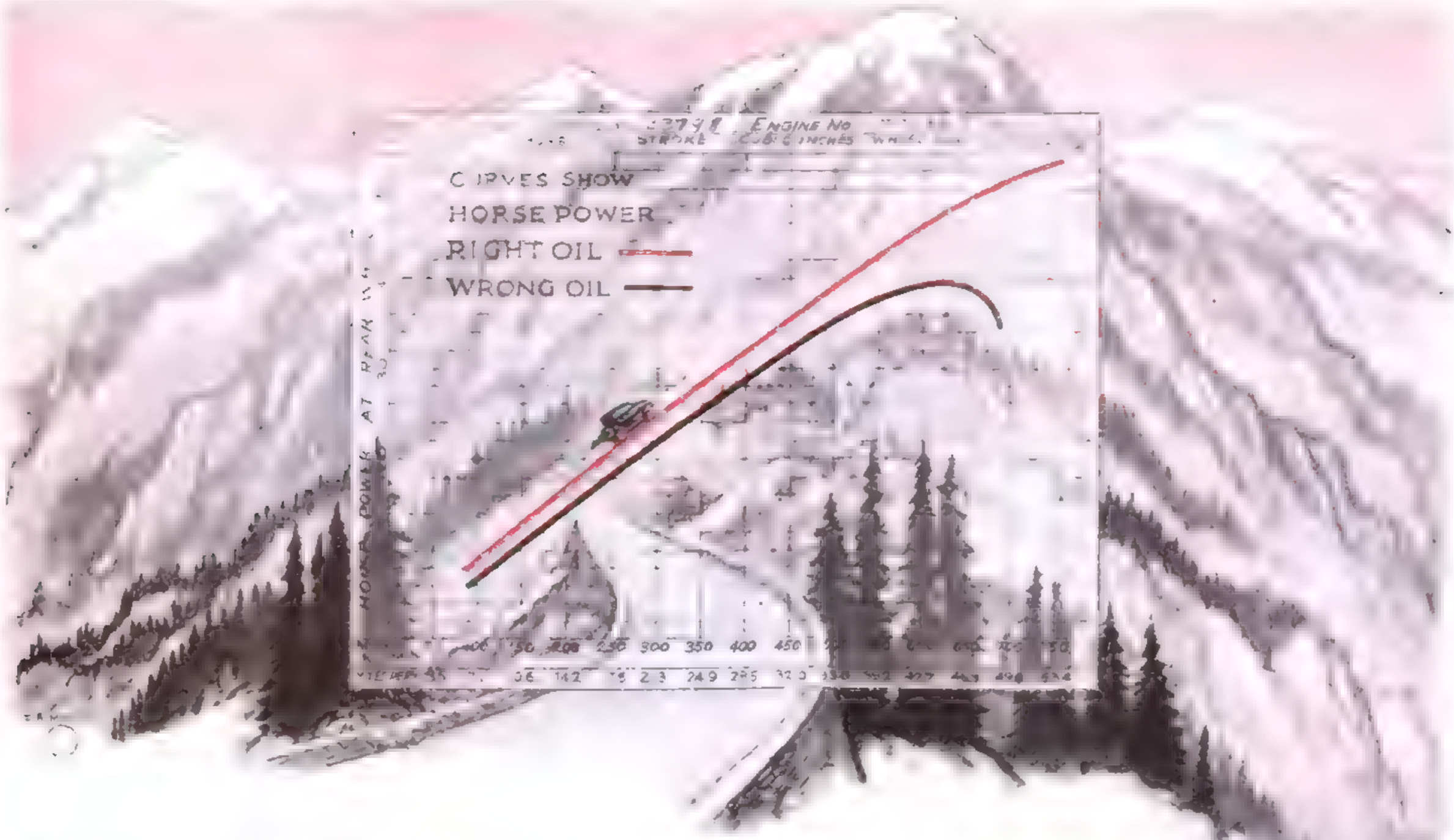
Style sheet and sample of Jantzen-stitch fabric sent free on request.

JANTZEN KNITTING MILLS
PORTLAND, OREGON
Pacific Coast

Dealers: Write or wire. We will ship by express prepaid

Put a Red Diving Girl on Your Windshield

Here is the most widely traveled young lady in America! She's on a million automobile windshields!
Ask your dealer for Jantzen diving girl stickers for your car. Or send 4c for two. Jantzen Knitting Mills, Portland, Ore.



A Thousand Miles in Thirty Minutes

Thirty minutes on the Wasson Motor Check tells more about your motor oil than a thousand miles of driving or a thousand hours in the laboratory.

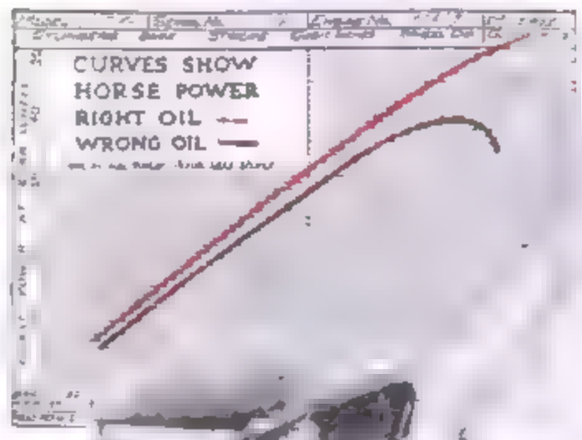
WHAT happens to oil inside a running motor, in an actual car on the road? That is what scientists have been trying to find out for years. That is what owners have wanted to know: not the properties of oil, its ingredients, its technical structure; but what the oil does inside the engine of a running car.

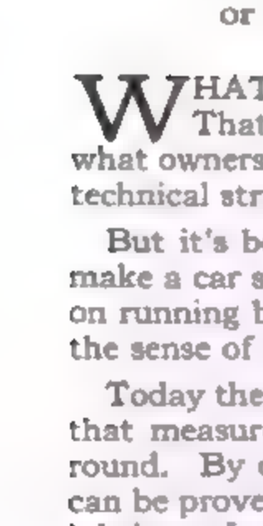
But it's been impossible to find out by test tube methods. They couldn't make a car stand still long enough. And all the dare-devil mechanics, perched on running boards of speeding cars, couldn't find out by the sense of touch or the sense of hearing.

Today the thing is done. An engineer named Wasson has invented a machine that measures, with deadly accuracy, everything that makes the wheels go round. By driving any car or truck onto this machine a basic oil-testing fact can be proved:—that the oil which gives the motor the most *power* is the best lubricant for the motor.

The best oil always shows the most engine power. Shows it at slow speed or high speed; as much as 10% to 50% more power in tests equal to steep hill climbing or slow pulling in heavy traffic.

Graph showing how the right oil builds up power





Do you know a "Breather" when you see one?

It's where the oil goes into your crank case, and where the unburned vapors come out, that have slipped past the pistons. That's one of the power wastes the Wasson Motor Check measures. A fine oil cuts the waste.

Perhaps oil chemists will now work back from this basic oil-buying fact and discover reasons which they overlooked in their theories about the "properties" of oil. For a lot of theories based on high temperature tests, zero tests, viscosity, body, etc., are now superseded.

Meanwhile, car owners will get the best lubricant, the longest engine life and the most power by choosing oil solely on the gain in power. Not merely a gain made when the oil is fresh, but when it has stood the fury of friction and heat for hundreds of miles.

Prove it for yourself. Find the man who sells Havoline—a fine, thirty-cent oil. Drain your crank case, wash it out, and fill up with this power oil. You will change your whole point of view toward motor oil: you will think of it in terms of *power*.

INDIAN REFINING COMPANY, Inc.
Lawrenceville, Ill.

WHEN we discovered the Wasson Motor Check we secured the specific right to use it in demonstrating the relation of oil to motor performance. Tests on all types of cars, new and old, prove that the oil which gives the most *power*, Havoline particularly, is worth its price and more.

It's the last five cents in a quart of oil that counts

HAVOLINE OIL

Havoline Sells for 30c a quart (slightly higher in Western States and Canada)

(Continued from Page 138)

no such refuge. There is a rival hotel across the street, but in its refectory the chairs are piled on the tables and no human voice breaks its chill silence. Up and down the street mere restaurants are closed, the one that says "French Vanilla Ices Now On," and the one that says "Licensed Victualler and Keeper of Billiards." One could as probably get breakfast in the adjacent "Gentlemen's Tailoring Warehouse," or from "Moore Brothers, Carcass & Family Butchers."

The chilled seeker is humbled and goes back to his own hotel. Trying to look as if he had never left it, he again seeks the information clerk. Is there no place in all the city where breakfast may be had at 7:30? The clerk has never heard of one. In fact there couldn't be one. But suppose, now, that a guest of this hotel has to take a train at 7:30; there must be trains at that hour, even very small towns having them sometimes as early as 6:30. Anyway, would this early departing guest be sent away from this grand hotel breakfastless? The inquiry gets over. And unto that American the clerk these sad words then did say:

"Oh, no, sir; he would have his breakfast left out overnight."

The American shudders. There is a morbid, a prurient—at any rate, an unwholesome—impulse to ask what the breakfast left out overnight would consist of. But this is mastered. Almost instantly it is perceived that this memory might forever pollute a healthy mind.

"To be sure, sir," continues the clerk brightly, "no trouble about that, sir. The breakfast is left out overnight."

"I understand," says the American hurriedly, fearful that he may hear a terrible summary of its items; "but why can't you give him a real breakfast?"

"You mean a hot breakfast?" demands the clerk.

"Certainly a hot breakfast. There is no other kind of real breakfast, no matter what crimes you commit here."

"Impossible, sir; the cooks do not attend work until eight. But the breakfast is left out overnight, and I assure you ——"

The American interrupts him by violent shuddering.

"Isn't it that way in the States, sir?"

"It is not that way in the States." The American names his San Francisco hotel, wishing he might have a beaker of its real coffee. "At that hotel I can have breakfast as early as six A.M. if I wish it."

Early-Morning Hardships

The clerk is astonished, but he quickly sees the catch.

"Of course you don't mean a hot breakfast, sir."

The American delivers a rather wordy oration, seeking to purge from his mind the frightening image of a breakfast that would be "left out." The gist of it is that he does mean a hot breakfast. The States are rightly blamable for many atrocities, but no other kind of breakfast was ever heard of there except on one occasion. An Australian, who had bought a small hotel, one morning left out a breakfast for a departing traveler. His building was wrecked and he was taken to a near-by park, where he was quietly lynched. It was all orderly. After riddling the body with bullets the mob quietly dispersed. The clerk is suspicious. He doesn't believe such a thing ever happened. Names and dates are supplied, and he is reminded that the little drama occurred in the Far West. In the East, in New York, for example, the law would probably have been allowed to take its course. Probably. The clerk returns to the main issue

"But a breakfast at six in the morning, sir!"

"Certainly!"

"And you're meaning a hot breakfast?"

"Haven't I just said something like that?"

"But what do the unions do about it? Don't they take it up?"

"Possibly. All I know is that at six o'clock ——"

"One moment, sir!" He has called the manager to hear this grotesque tale. The manager listens.

"You don't mean a hot breakfast at seven," he says urbanely and with an amused glance of understanding at the clerk.

The American doggedly says he means a hot breakfast at six if he happens to want it.

"But what do the unions ——"

The American discovers it to be eight o'clock. He leaves for the banquet hall. As he waits for the lift he hears from over the office partition, "Hot breakfasts at seven—a bit of swank, what!" And then, "These Yankee braggarts!"

The doors of the refectory are open. Twenty minutes later breakfast is served. The cooks have attended work at eight but it takes time to make the coffee the American must drink. And gosh, how he dreads it!

There is more of the unexpected in Australia, as incredible to us as two Australians found the tale of untimely hot food. The traveler by rail, for example, discovers that almost every Australian state has its pet railway gauge. There are gauges of two feet, two feet six inches, three feet, three feet six inches, four feet eight and one half inches and five feet three inches. Crossing a state line, the traveler changes from one to another of these. It is as if one journeying from New York to Chicago were compelled to change four times to a different width of car. And it isn't only the passengers. Freight must be unloaded and loaded again at each stop. Says an Australian Year Book:

"The development of the railway systems of the Commonwealth has shown that the adoption of different gauges on the main lines of the several states was a serious error."

Stepladder Orators

This is a bit of humor under iron restraint, as becomes humor in a Year Book. It is added that the extra cost, delay and inconvenience of transferring through passengers and freight are becoming more serious as the volume of business increases, but that the problem is by no means easy of solution. Of course, the muddle all began when each Australian state went its own way and when it must have been supposed that no state would ever care what the rail gauge of its neighbor was. And the solution would seem to be not difficult at all—merely expensive. However, the Year Book calls it difficult and speaks of conferences being held. Many of these result in the appointment of committees. And the solution is still not imminent.

Meantime Australia doesn't worry. It is too young and stout and hopeful to worry about railway gauges or cold breakfasts or any irritant. The only gloomy remarks one hears, aside from those of union labor, which are stereotyped, are those made by the individual states about other states. One may hear in New South Wales that Queensland, with its labor government, is riding to a fall; and in Queensland hear that New South Wales and Victoria are the strongholds of privilege; that their arable land is in the hands of large holders and that it has for the settler no promise but that he can become a tenant farmer. New South Wales retorts that Queensland is repudiating its land leases and adopting a general policy of confiscation. Queensland plausibly denies this, though admitting that it does get people on the land, and points to its bank deposits and its new industries of cane and cotton growing. The older states say that its cane is grown and harvested by Italians because Australians won't do such hard work, and they wish to be told if it will get its cotton picked by Australian labor at the basic wage. Queensland knows that cotton so picked would have to be sold at a loss if sold at all, and hopes for a cotton-picking machine. Each state says that taxes in all the others are too high. The people of each state say the same of their own taxes. Yet this interstate jealousy seems to provide only a healthy stimulus to the general growth. And Australia, though it may worry about the wrong management of each state, doesn't in the least worry about all Australia.

To be assured of this a visitor has only to go to the nearest race track. Wherever he may be, if he stay in the inhabited parts, there will be one close at hand, be it the state capitals or the one-pub town out back. And all Australia—mad about racing—is there, from members of the crown to unionists engaging in a cessation of labor. It is a care-free gayly gambling throng, and it will be back tomorrow, for race days are frequent. Another equally cheering view of Sydney's populace may be had in the domain of a Sunday afternoon. It is August and under the balmy winter sun a concourse of sturdy, orderly people pours through alleys of blossoming shrubs, past early blooming daffodils and out over an emerald turf to hear the government reviled; for this is Sydney's Hyde Park, where burgeons the hardy-perennial orator, an institution the States have been slow to adopt, yet one to be valued as are the spleen and gall duct in the human organism.

The crowd scatters about the spacious forum and waits to be entertained. On every hand the orators are seen to emerge from flowery avenues. Many of them are to be identified by the stepladder worn under the arm. They plant their rostrums, mount them and each gets his crowd, including many who are mere samplers and leap from crag to crag of oratory. A dozen are quickly in action and they are going to tell the world what is the matter with Australia. A few will tell what is the matter with Australia and the world. Things are presently being said of the government that, if said in the States, would land the speakers at Leavenworth, Kansas, free of charge. Here the hot words die off into the sun-drenched air, the orator is relieved and the listeners, if not mildly entertained, are at least not more than mildly bored. Why not? The Australian laborer is hard-boiled in his economics. He already knows a thing or two more than the long-haired evangelist of the proletariat can tell him.

On stepladders are the loud speakers, loud and lively with gesture. There is another school that plants its feet on the ground, eschews oratorical flourish and becomes confidential. The practitioner of this school has the air of one imparting secrets it would be unsafe to shout from the ladder tops. One is disclosing, with the air of not wanting it to go any farther, that the churches are at the bottom of the conspiracy against labor. He doesn't say churches should be burned, but he does say they could be put to better uses. Now they are places where the toffs can take a nap on Sunday while labor is starving in the streets and freezing for want of that very shelter.

A dozen feet away another of the confidential school is preaching a new religion that will make every one happy. He is shocked by a stepladder occupant whose shouts are borne to him.

"'E's talkin' agin the empah, 'e is—talkin' agin your king, 'e is."

But no one gets indignant. He lacks sparkle anyway, and can't hold his crowd from the young communist near by who is not only on the ground but has surrounded his pitch with literature supposed to be revolutionary. He makes a point of concealing some of his pamphlets, of selling them surreptitiously. They are supposed to be dangerous to governments, dangerous to the possessor. He is telling that one of his mates was sentenced the other day to three months' hard. And for what? For speaking what he had a right to say, but the hellhounds of the law said he didn't have a right to say it in a crowded street where his listeners would block the trams.

A Fair Wowser

"Block the trams!" (With slow, intense bitterness.) "Yes, they wanted him to take an empty street where no one would hear him, that's what they wanted. Free speech!" (Slower and more bitter.) "But when he was sentenced he speaks out to the frosty-nosed old beak. 'Wait,' he says, 'till we get the power, then see how much free speech you beaks will have! You won't have that much.' And he held his fingers to a space no wider than the black of your nail—that's what he done."

The crowd is entertained by the drama of the speech to the beak, but seems to say, "What of it?"

A probable unionist, convoying his wife and three children, declares, "That bloke's a fair wowser; let's go 'ave a look at the hostrige."

The record crowd of the afternoon is drawn by two late arrivals with extra-tall stepladders. They are not there to tell what is the matter with Australia. They have a personal grudge of a highly unsavory character to talk out. Within conversing distance, though they talk to the crowd and ignore each other, they begin to tell things, delving into each other's pasts, prison sentences and personal habits. The Americans wonder when the shooting will begin. It is all shooting talk. The workman and his wife have paused on their way to the more edifying hostrige. The wife tugs at her mate's sleeve, because, though there are hundreds of them present, it is really no place for a lady. "My oath! Jim, that bloke's gettin' a bit over 'is odds, strikes me."

Glover's
BRIGHTON CARLSBAD
SLEEPINGWEAR

Pajamas as Smart as Sport Clothes!

INFINITELY smart and trim—ideally adapted for the week-end kit of the well-groomed man—yet withal, of a luxurious comfort in its generous roominess—such is the new Pajama-for-a-purpose pictured above—

"The Week-End Special"

Long-coated, full-belted, shapely in line and rich in fabric—this garment will bespeak your critical taste in dress.

Such exclusive Glover comfort-kinks as the novel side-ties and the button-and-loop-at-ankle enhance its easeful appeal for lounging or sleeping. Like all Glover Brighton-Carlsbads, it is so carefully tailored-to-fit as to suggest the finest custom handwork.

Ask to see "The Week-End" and other much talked-of Glover Special Pajamas at your favorite store today. You will find an *added value* in their extraordinary wear. If your store has not yet secured "The Week-End Special" send us $5.25 for a trial suit. Sizes A,B,C,D. *We guarantee your satisfaction!*

Write for "The Nightie Book," describing them

Pajamas of Glover quality in styles and fabrics for every taste $2.25 to $15. Nightshirts [illegible] $1.50 to $3. Sizes 6 to 20 years.

Children's Sleepers. Several splendid [illegible] $1 to $3.

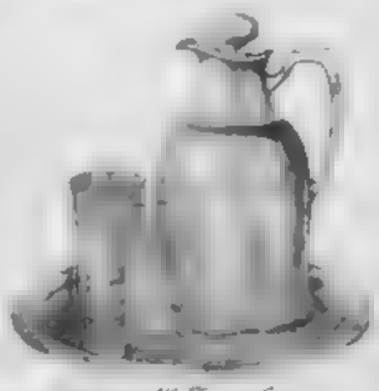
H. B. GLOVER COMPANY
Dept. 7 : Dubuque, Iowa

For Hot Summer Days

WHETHER motoring, picnicking or spending your vacation in your summer cottage or camp-in-the-woods, you will need "Universal" Vacuum Bottles and Jars to keep your food and drinks cold. Nothing you can buy will bring a greater return in comfort for your investment.

Every bottle is protected by "Universal" patent shock absorbers. Every filler—which is the unseen heart of the bottle—is of first quality, insulated by an efficient vacuum, inspected and subjected to a rigid twenty-four-hour temperature test before packing. You cannot see these things in buying. Insist upon the "Universal" Trade Mark. It is your guarantee that you have the best that is made.

"Universal" Vacuum Bottles
$1.75 to $5.50



"Universal" Water Service
$11.25 to $21.75

Complete line of "Universal" Vacuum Bottles, Carafes, Jars, Pitchers, Jugs, Motor Sets and Accessories
All Styles—All Sizes—Prices to Meet Every Purse

Some of the Many Household Helps Sold by all Good Dealers

LANDERS, FRARY & CLARK, New Britain, Conn.
Manufacturers of "Universal" Household Helps for Over Half a Century

"It's nothin' I'd part up a coin for," he replies, and they stroll on.

A policeman languidly idles near.

"Will they fight?" hopefully demands an American.

"Them blokes? My word, no! They ain't neither of 'em got their monkeys up. You can take a good shade of odds they won't think it worth havin' a barney over."

And this is free speech! Everyone is reviled and no one thinks it worth having a barney over. We should have our own domains; even provide free stepladders. Australia does it with happy results.

Australia is a virgin field for the song writer; especially for our own song writers who have gone stale on names and places. They would find, it is true, certain geographical and seasonal differences that might at first confuse them. In Australia, the winter months are summer months and away down South becomes away up North. But these details may soon be mastered. Oh, Do You Remember Last Spring in September? isn't hard, nor would be, When the Sunny Honey Summer Brings That Christmas Gal to Me. The geographical discrepancy is as easily overcome. Away up North in Queensland, the Land of the Cotton and the Cane, or My Dear Old Sunny Northern Home Where So Gladly I Did Roam. Of course these are merely suggestions. And as for place names, the land is a find for a trade that has used and overused those few of our Southern states that have singing names. Virginia, Tennessee, Carolina, a few others—what are these beside the ordinary place names of Australia? We suggest a few, taken from a thousand as good:

Kirabella	Jindalee
Ulladulla	Coolangolook
Koolamarra	Oonoomba
Murwillumbah	Balla Balla
Bombala	Karoola
Narooma	Barrabool
Karumba	Woolloomooloo
Mooloolah	Molongah

It will be seen that the ordinary Australian time-table needs only a score written to it. And the score would almost write itself. Turn the above charming words over to any well-trained saxophone and see what happens. They are saxophone words. A saxophone would pick up a word like Woolloomooloo and simply fondle it. Here are songs crying to be written:

My Ulladulla Kirabella Belle of Barrabool.

Ah'm Goin' Back to Murwillumbah in That Sunny Winter Time.

Mooloolah, Ma Lulu, Little Flower of Woolloomooloo.

Koolamarra, Koolamarra, Won't You Come Back to Coolangolook?

Who's Oonoomba is Oo?

Carry Me Back to Old Karumba, Where the Flying Dingoes Play and the Wallaby is Warbling Overhead.

And a sort of hands-across-the-Pacific song might be written, such as When 'Tis Moonlight on Molongah it's December in Eastern Ohio—something like that. Of course I am not a song writer, but I am positive that I Want to be, I Want to be, at my Home in Jindalee, Where the Boomerang's in Bud, and so on, would shortly have a place on every record.

Whining Extortion

Comes a day when Australia must be regretfully left and on the busy wharf there are trunks to be put aboard. This is the business of the steamship company, but one is instantly attracted by the clean, upstanding Anglo-Saxon wharf laborers who perform the work. They are big men, intelligent men obviously self-respecting; a lighter type than would be doing such work at home. They are reassuring samples of Australia's white labor. One suspects that union labor here is more enlightened than would at first have been thought. The trunks are cheerfully and competently hustled aboard.

The American impulse to reward this sort of willing service with a gratuity is now forward. But there is hesitation because here is the dignity of free-born, self-respecting men that might regard the offer of tips as an insult. Still, the American dares the hazard. Three of the trunks were his and he tries to bestow five shillings upon the man who shifted them. It is too much, but let it go. The man glances at the offering with something that seems to be embarrassment and mumbles a rejection. The mumble is understood to convey that later, his job fairly done, he may be prevailed upon to accept something. And the understanding is proved to be correct. Four of these fine types of the workingman approach the four Americans they have served and whiningly demand a pound each as a gratuity. From men it had seemed Australia had a right to be proud of they have become whining and extortionate beggars, with even less self-respect than Italian porters. The Americans hold a brief but heated conference and the four Australians are given one shilling each. They accept this with more whines, and the incident is closed. Fresh wonder ensues about Australian labor. Have those advanced democratic statutes, perhaps, put it on the wrong track? Are they perverting men into beggars?

More light comes on the long trip up the coast. The ship puts into Brisbane, Townsville, Thursday Island and Port Darwin to discharge and take on cargo, and more white labor is seen in action. The ship ties up, hatches are uncovered, winches manned and the wharf lumpers attend work. They are still the fine specimens of upstanding intelligent men that compose white Australia. No scum of the earth here. They are men of our own family. And they are presently revealing the lowest imaginable form of human depravity, which is slowing up the job. If we were a wharf lumper we should join the union, and if the union became so strong that it could hoist our wage to $100 a day, don't think we wouldn't take it; but we would still give a day's work for that wage—which would inevitably result in our expulsion from the union.

Labor Frauds

The first sight of this class of labor slowing up its job is startling because of its brazenness. Every movement is of calculated slowness, more tiring to the muscles, of course, than if normal speed were maintained. The brawny lumper isn't merely not working fast. He is working with a studied, effortful slowness that must be painful because it constantly cramps every normal muscular instinct. It is a thing that must be studied probably in a school under gifted coaches during those long periods when union labor engages in a cessation of work. And there must be outcasts from every union, the dregs of Australian white labor, who hadn't the intelligence or the gift for spreading over a space of three minutes certain muscular contractions that natural physical impulses demand to be made in one minute. These, of course, are mental defectives. With those who have passed the test, the process now becomes thievery to which not the least risk attachés. Husky white Australian labor is all too conscious of this immunity as it skillfully gives the weird impression that it is being projected by a slow motion-picture camera. The ordinary sneak thief takes a chance with the law. White Australian labor, under the license given by its union, takes no chance in its stealing. And Australian native blacks had up to this time been considered the lowest form of human life on the bosker big continent!

Presently, after an hour of the painfully slow ca'canny—which seems to be the official union term for it—even this ceases and the honest workingman knocks off for a "smoko." Meantime a ship's officer fumes impotently on the deck above, hidden where the sensitive white labor can't watch him fume. From time to time he goes even farther off and stops to heap the vilest imprecations upon Australian white labor. It is grand to hear him when he gets beyond earshot of the cheating unionists. He is asked for figures, and has a set handy:

"These men will handle 28 tons an hour from the four hatches. In Singapore the same number of Chinese will handle 100 tons an hour."

At Brisbane, lying at the head of a narrow and difficult channel, we find that the lighthouse keepers and pilots are going on strike at a time when big ships will be coming up for the season's wool clip. But Queensland's labor premier is about to put in nonunion light keepers and is already sending scab pilots to Sydney, whence they will ride 700 miles to do fifteen miles of piloting. Even a labor government, it seems, can now and then be pushed too far.

At Thursday Island union labor took its only chance with the law. A long embankment stretches from the town to the pier. Cargo-laden hand trucks are pushed along this. By night a consignment of coal had been broached from the hold. Trucks loaded with sacks of coal were pushed off into the

darkness. Halfway along the embankment they would be halted and from each one a sack or two of coal would be rolled down the embankment to a boat waiting below. Plainly, among the white Australians of Thursday Island there are daring souls who would raise ordinary stealing to a height where it has a measure of dignity.

At Port Darwin, remote in the Northwestern Territory, unionism has truly had its fling unhampered. Its main street is as the main street of a deserted mining camp in our own West. Once some misguided Australian enthusiasts, befouled with capital, took $3,500,000 of it and erected at the edge of town, and convenient to the cattle country round about, a refrigerating and packing plant. That plant has long been idle. The last venture of its owners was a government contract for beef to be shipped overseas at the tail end of the war. Australian white labor had its golden chance and made so much of it that in the last days of the contract the cost of a pound of beef aboard ship in Darwin Harbor was one pound sterling.

At that time four steamship lines made Darwin a port of call. Now but one line, with the mail contract, makes it. Once a ship captain played a cruel trick on Darwin. The slow-up artists had been moved to high artistry because it seemed possible to prolong the job of unloading beyond midnight of a Saturday, which meant a lot more money to them. The captain was blunted to the ordinary ca'canny, but slowing up even from this standardized thievery seemed to bring out all that was inhuman in the man—and there proved to be a lot. There was still a good bulk of Darwin cargo in the hold, but he announced that his ship would cast off at midnight whether it was or wasn't unloaded. Of course, this was no way to speak to Australian white labor and it rose to undreamed heights of static. Then the ship cast off, with white labor triumphant until the next day, when it was found that the scoundrelly captain had carried on the whole of Darwin's beer supply. Darwin is hot and there wasn't a barrel of beer within 1000 miles, nor would there be until the same ship came back three weeks later. The town still nurses a bitter memory of this capitalistic outrage upon honest labor.

The Adventures of Bill

Australia, at least from Sydney, is not to be left quickly. The ship steams along it for years and years. One longs to land and invade the bush, to accept the dare of the desert. One wishes to be again like Bill, here at the rail. Bill is all Australian and all white. He is young, yet his face is rugged, competent, and rather formidable. He is the kind that will some day make Australia a country instead of a continent—he and the sheepman who still carries the mystery of puftaloons. And Bill has always been on his own, beholden to no union. He talks freely. He was pearl diving at Thursday, the only white diver among a horde of Japanese. There was no love lost between them. He always went down in the middle of the street after dark. Once he brought up a bonzer pearl worth £1000. That was his biggest. It cost him £200 to buy out the pub for his friends and well-wishers that night.

Then he went to France—he and his regiment ceased to attend work once when it was attempted to staff them with British officers who would jack up the lax Australian discipline—and after they had won the strike he went out one night and got fair gassed, which made him not so good for pearl diving. Now he'd been fossicking around down below. Sydney was a bit of all right. Only once had he been annoyed there. That was by a bobby that woke him up when he was having a nice sleep on a bench out in the domain one night. Not hurting anyone or making a noise; just having a nice sleep on a bench because he didn't have the chink for a room. He was cross when he stood up to face the law. He was overcome with a sense of wrong. So he measured the distance carefully and said to the bobby, "Ho! You'd wake me out of a nice sleep, would you?" It was a fair punch and did the work. Still, he thought it best to run a long way before the nark got to his feet.

What had he done then? Well, he went out back and had different jobs. Felled scrub, was a jackaroo, then a slushy at a shearing shed. Didn't like sheep, though, with their foolish faces, and hides wrinkled up like a concertina. Fell in at a cattle station next, but they put him on a neddy that could buck a treat—a fair bobby dazzler that brumby was! He had a good laugh, but no more droving for him. Then he carried the bundle for a while, just a swaggie. Good people out there. Never turn you away with an empty tucker bag. Pretty soon, though, he had some dinkum fun. Met an old cobber of his that knew where to look for a lost mine—a good mine if found. So he lobbed in his bluey and they got an outfit, a horse and a gun and tucker, and fossicked for the mine—over yonder way. Bill waved toward the lavender haze beyond the tawny coast line.

They didn't find the mine, but they shot enough 'roos and cut enough sandalwood to pay expenses. This cobber of his could cook first chop too; his duff was likely to be soddy, but he could make a spotted dog and good browny—pretty ribuck, that was—and the place stiff with birds, white cockatoos and bush fowl.

"It was the juicy for us. You'd think we was at the commercial's table in a good pub."

Short-Lived Remorse

He liked it fine and was cured of all that gassing stuff. The flowers on the whin bushes smelled fine. Pademelons were funny things, and gonnas too. And he'd seen so many flying foxes they looked like a cloud, settling over the tree where they slept. They got claws on the ends of their wings, flying foxes have.

This seemed about all, but as his hearer was about to suggest a spot at the bar, Bill did remember a funny thing. One day out in the bush after 'roos he and his cobber found a scared bloke hiding in an empty water gilgi. Almost a toff, he was, with a town hat and draft-board pants and a bonzer good gun that must have cost twenty quid. He crawled out of his hole carefullike and wanted to know if they'd seen any blacks around. They hadn't. But he had, three days before, twenty-five miles away, or maybe fifty. He and a mate had been fossicking after metals and the blacks had got his mate; caught him out alone one day. Speared him and took him off to eat him.

He traveled all night—he'd got bushed and couldn't tell the direction—and the next morning he was making a little fire to boil a billy and cook some damper when he saw a lone black coming toward him. He knew he'd been tracked, but this black looked peaceful, because his hands was empty and held high in the air, like he wanted to be matey; so this bloke let him come on.

But then all at once while the black was coming slow and peaceful with his empty hands still up, something went over this bloke like a chill and he come dead crook against the black. He just felt he had to set him, so he up with his rifle and did set him when he wasn't more than thirty feet off. He felt bad the minute he'd done that, killing a defenseless black that would probably have been matey—killing him sudden, not giving him any time to toss in his marble. He stood there trembling and ashamed. By and by when he saw the black was fair set he got up his nerve and went over to him. And the black had been trailing a long spear between the big toe and the next toe of each foot. In about one more second he would have stooped over and the bloke would have had both spears through him. He'd been traveling ever since, though still bushed and not knowing his direction.

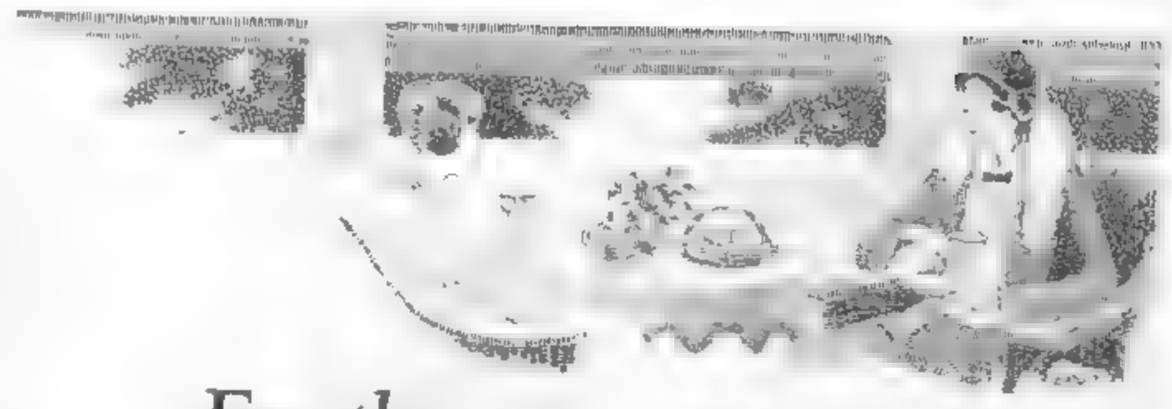
"We told him to pig in with us and he did till he got a rest. Then he humps his bluey and rolls her. Too pallid scared to stay."

"How about a spot?" suggests the listener.

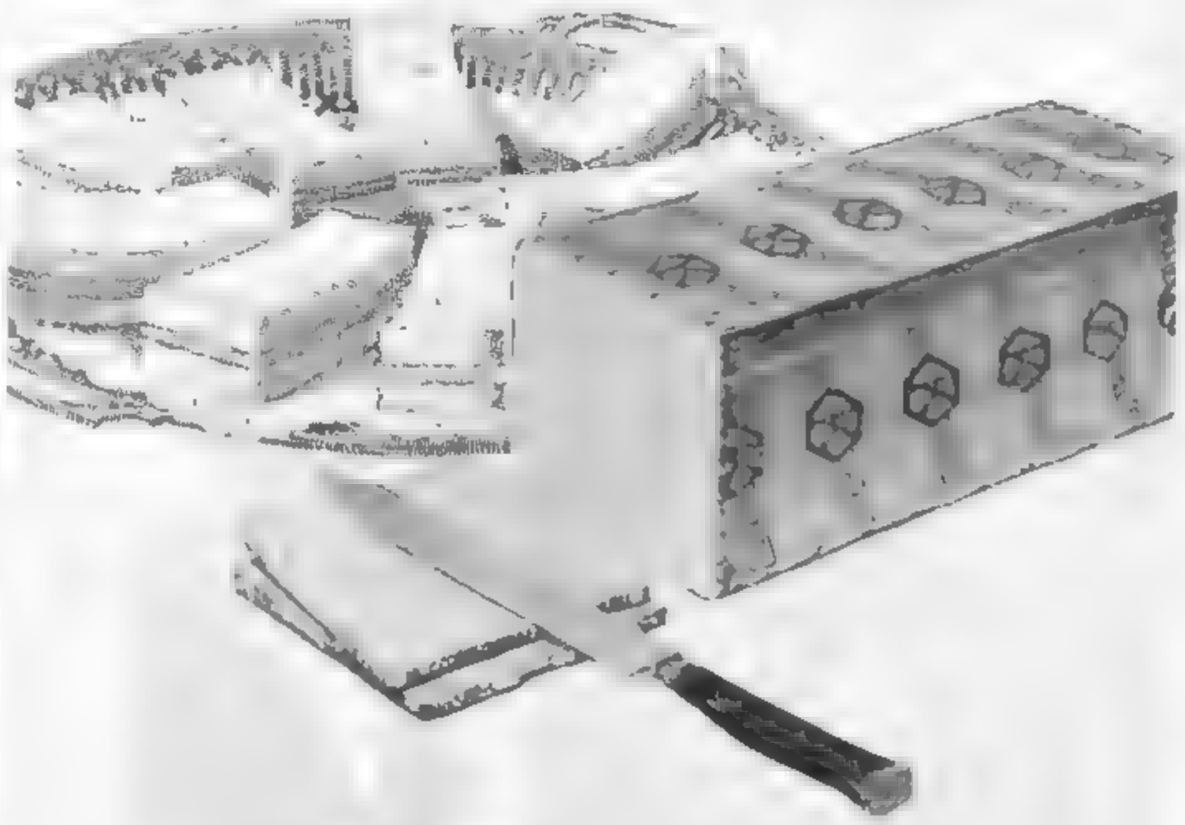
"All right," says Bill, "but it's my shout."

Thus one American, who has in his own land preferred the West to the East, was leaving Australia with assurances of his distinguished esteem. For Australia is all West and the West is always romance. He longed to stay and help bring confusion upon the little Australians in—and out—of the union. Australia will be great fun for a century yet. Our final bit of commonwealth news was that the entire police force of Melbourne, a city of 800,000, had ceased to attend work. But no matter. The land has cast its spell. And out where Bill and the sheepman and other dinkum people belong one would do one's own policing.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Mr. Wilson. The next will appear in an early number.



For the
Porch Luncheon



On these pleasant afternoons when a friend drops in for a chat, aren't you often at a loss for something suitable and appropriate to serve?

With Kraft Cheese in the larder the question is answered. There are innumerable ways to serve Kraft Cheese—all good, all appropriate for various occasions. Besides there are four distinct varieties, in loaf or tins.

Suppose you try this simple sandwich the next time:

Rub some Kraft Swiss Cheese through grater, add some Worcestershire sauce and a few drops of lemon juice. Work till smooth and add some chopped dill pickles. Spread on thin slices of bread and add the usual lettuce leaf.

You will find it not only deliciously good but an inspiration of pleasant conversation.

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THE PYRAMID OF LEAD

(Continued from Page 32)

not reappear soon, then Kern Castle and grounds and everything within it would become the property of Marjorie

"That would be shortly after Lord Kern disappeared," he began, speaking half to himself. "Have you never seen Major Merlehurst since?"

"I have heard of him once or twice," she said, oddly pale, "but I have never seen him. I—I think he had a period of bad luck. You see, he—we had run through the fortune he had inherited, and he was not a man who could easily earn more money."

She hesitated, then seemed to string herself up.

"I think he must have had a bad time—I am afraid to think just what may have happened to him. I have heard of him being seen once or twice on race courses not very prosperous. Mr. Barisford had told me of you that you were a man who seemed to have traveled much—and so when I saw you holding the photograph it occurred to me to ask of you if you had ever met the original."

Prosper hesitated no more.

"I will tell you now," he said gently. "But I want to ask you to say nothing to any living soul about what I shall tell you."

"Oh, I promise that, of course," she agreed hurriedly.

"Thank you. I believe I saw your husband in this village yesterday afternoon. The man I mean was extraordinarily like the photograph—grown older, of course. He was in rather a bad way—his health, I mean. He asked me the way to Kern Castle. I advised him to rest a little before going there. He said that he would. I suggested that he should rest at the inn and I said that I would join him there in a few minutes. But when I went there he was not to be found. I learned that he had gone on to the castle."

"But why? He hated Kern—I mean, why should he go to Kern Castle? I am quite sure that Kern Castle is the very last place my husband would want to go to. Oh, that is inexplicable!"

Her face cleared.

"You know, that seems to me to mean that the man you speak of could not have been my husband. I am sure he would not go to Kern Castle in any circumstances."

"I am very glad to hear you say that, for it shows that the Iron-Gray Man could not have been your husband."

She stopped him suddenly, her face pallid.

"Why do you call him the Iron-Gray Man?"

"It was just my own name for him. He was all gray—clothes, eyes, hair, even the dust on his boots."

She turned her head away from him, speaking under her breath.

"My husband preferred gray mufti above all colors—and his eyes were gray," she half whispered. She was trembling painfully.

"If I see him again—and I shall search—I will not let him out of my sight so easily. I will bring him to you," Prosper told her.

She turned to him suddenly, her eyes full of tears.

"Ah, you understand things so well; you are so quick and sympathetic. I can tell you what I do not tell many people. My husband went away because of a grave misunderstanding. But I would give so much—years of my life—if I could see him and talk for a little; just long enough to explain something which ought to be explained."

She said no more for a little, gazing absently across the garden. And Prosper, remembering the still form in the shadow of the pyramid, was silent also.

"But—but I cannot imagine why he, of all men, wanted to go to Kern Castle," she said presently.

Prosper leaned to her, speaking quietly.

"Ah, but I suspect that there is something at Kern Castle which attracts people to it as a magnet attracts iron," he told her.

"Something ——"

"Money," said Prosper. "But it is guarded—guarded as carefully, watchfully, inexorably as the hoards of the Indian kings were guarded by the cobras they were said to place in the vaults with those treasures."

She nodded, her face a little haggard.

"Yes, Geoffrey would go to Kern for money," she murmured. "But if there is money there, and Lord Kern should not come back soon, it belongs to Marjorie. Who would bother to guard it for another person—unknown to her?"

Prosper caught a note of anxiety in the sweet voice—a note he had heard in people's voices before.

"That is what I am trying to discover," he said. "But you need have no anxiety—that is, the money is not of vital importance to you."

She faced him again.

"But it is! That is exactly the word—vital. Mr. Fair, Marjorie and I are penniless—worse, we are swamped with debts! I had only a small fortune when my husband left me, and I came to an end of that a year ago. This house, this garden—everything—it is all hollow—a shell—a pretense—nothing. Mortgaged—pledged—we are penniless. If Lord Kern comes back again we are ruined."

Prosper felt his heart quicken unaccountably. Somewhere, vague, latent, unseen, he sensed behind the wrung words of this woman tragedy and terror moving. He stared across the garden, his face suddenly grim

She watched him anxiously. She, too, was quick, and she realized at once that Prosper had suddenly been stirred from his accustomed self-possession.

"Oh, what is it?" she whispered urgently.

But he had recovered himself instantly.

"I was thrilled—almost startled—for a moment by the curious situation, dear Mrs. Merlehurst, that was all."

"Curious?"

He decided to tell her.

"It is this: Kern Castle and all it contains will become Marjorie's—if Lord Kern does not return—and we believe that it is a greater inheritance than it seems to be. Other people seem to be aware that Kern Castle or its sunken garden or its pyramid is worth investigation. But there is a watcher there—a guard—someone or something that strikes down those who investigate too closely. I ask myself for whom is this mysterious watcher guarding whatever it is that is worth such jealous and dreadful guarding. For Lord Kern? For himself—or herself—or itself? Or for Marjorie? And what will happen to Lord Kern if, as such an eccentric man may well do, he returns quietly, secretly, and wanders within reach of the watcher—the killer? Who is he and what is his motive? Nobody knows his motive, and only one person is aware of his identity."

Mrs. Merlehurst started at that.

"One person aware of his identity?" she echoed. "But he should inform the police! Who is this person?"

"Marjorie," said Prosper quietly.

There was nothing but sheer blank amazement in the eyes of Marjorie's mother.

"Marjorie, you say?"

"She saw him in her sleep last night. She knew him, and she was on the verge of uttering his name when she awoke."

"But she has not the faintest recollection of it—of anything—any dream—prior to her waking in the garden. I questioned her this morning," said Mrs. Merlehurst.

Prosper nodded.

"Ah, I guessed that she would not. But I made another guess—formed another belief too. I will tell you what it is. I believe that if ever you—or we—find Marjorie walking in that strange tranced condition again and question her, we might hear the name of the man she saw lurking in the garden, the man I believe to be the watcher—perhaps the killer of those unfortunate people."

She thought for a moment.

"But that is—a dangerous thing to know," she said, her voice sharp. "She—my little girl might be in very serious danger if this—this watcher of whom you speak happened to know that Marjorie was liable to name him at any moment."

"Yes; that is why I explained this—to ——"

Prosper broke off, turning suddenly. The man called Eyre-Weston was within a yard of him.

"Oh, sorry, I did not mean to startle you; these rubber-soled shoes are so silent on the soft grass. Miss Merlehurst sent me to find you. Barisford has hurt his thumb a little and she wants Mr. Fair to partner her against Miss Benson and myself."

Prosper smiled—for once with a palpable effort. Eyre-Weston must have heard

(Continued on Page 149)

Four tales of one fire

THE managing editor called in the city editor and his editor-in-chief. "Look at this real estate item ❶," he said, passing over a fresh galley proof. "All we ever publish about small business fires is what the owner of the building hands out. No wonder the owners of tenanted blocks think they've got the new sprinkler ordinance beaten. We've got to use this fire which wiped out Blake's business this morning to put across real fire protection for merchants. See Chief Reynolds ❸! Get the story from Blake ❷, from his wife, from his creditors—a real human story of enterprise, ambition and sudden ruin. And an editorial ❹! You can show what it costs small business tenants to do without the protection which all the big stores and factories have because they own their own buildings. Go to it!"

❶ Landlord's Story

Modern Building to Replace Fireswept Store

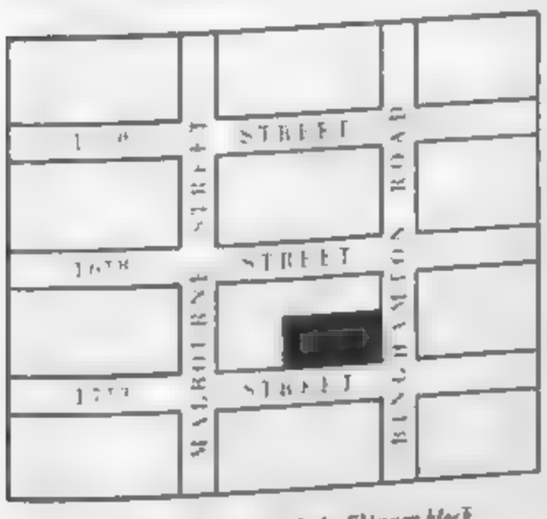


Chart shows portion of the Skinner block destroyed yesterday. This section now will be replaced by modern construction.

The fire early yesterday morning in the Skinner block, corner of Seventeenth and Binghamton Road, in the heart of the downtown section, will prove to be a boon to the city. Mr. Skinner says he will now be able to modernize the section which burned and lease this busy corner to a drug company whose present lease on property in another section of the city has just expired.

The loss on the building was fully covered by insurance. The occupant, The Popular Credit Store, conducted by James Blake, is reported to have sustained a heavy loss by reason of extensive improvements and fixtures just finished. The second floor of the old building was to be opened soon with a stock of ladies' coats and suits. The new stock was completely destroyed. Mr. Blake is undecided as to future plans.

❷ The Human Version As a Reporter Found it

The fire at Binghamton Road and 17th Street yesterday completely destroyed the two-story building owned by the Skinner Realty Co. The building was occupied by the "Popular Credit Store" owned by James Blake.

Yesterday morning Mr. Blake had one of the most flourishing small enterprises in the city. Today, in ashes, lie the hopes and the profits of eleven years of its owner's life. With the store went the little house on Summit street he had recently mortgaged to expand his working capital.

When seen at his home last night Mr. Blake said, "Nothing but fire could have beaten me. But I did fear fire. All the earnings above a bare living had gone back into goods and fixtures for my business. I knew they would vanish and that actual losses of eight to ten thousand dollars would follow in spite of all the insurance I carried for my creditors and myself.

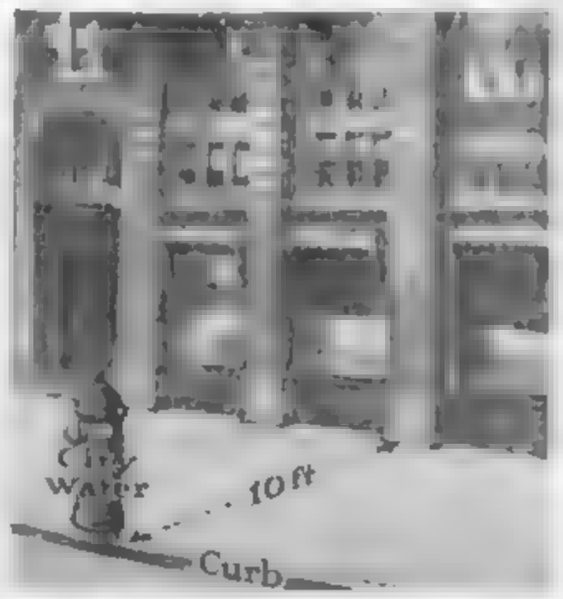
"That is why I got other tenants of the Skinner Realty Co. to offer all the savings we would make on insurance if the landlord would put in Automatic Sprinklers. Our proposition was rejected. I then offered to renew my lease for ten years and give my insurance savings, amounting to $800. a year, which would have returned the Realty Company a handsome dividend on the cost of protecting that section. With the whole block protected I could have paid as much as $1,000. a year toward sprinklers.

"That is why all the tenants in our block have been working for the new ordinance to install sprinklers in our city's congested district and assess the cost to the property benefited over a period of years."

❸ Fire Chief's Comment

"Yesterday's fire, which ruined James Blake, was entirely the fault of the building owners," declared Fire Chief Reynolds last night. "In spite of frequent warnings from me they would do nothing really to safeguard the goods of their own tenants and thus help protect surrounding property. Mr. Skinner, president of the Skinner Realty Co., always said that the water was just outside the building in the city's mains, under pressure. It was. That's as far as it got until it was too late. Far-off water will never quench near fire, and ten feet is a long way off when, before any alarm reaches us, a store is *on fire* and *burning fiercely*.

"What is true of the Skinner property is true of most of our downtown district. There is danger of half the city being laid in ruins and only one thing can prevent such a disaster. That one thing is to compel sprinklers by law and not leave the protection of business to those who know nothing about the science of fire fighting."



Ten feet is a long distance when the building is burning fiercely even before the Fire Department gets the alarm.

❹ Editorial

Yesterday's fire is an example of the menace that hangs over a tenant's business enterprises.

Retail businesses of moderate size are a driving force in the city's commerce. They are the real essence of a city's prosperity. They sell goods, buy goods, keep factories busy and railroads running with their ceaseless turnover of merchandise. Their growth creates real estate values. They are dynamic; real estate is static.

And yet men who hold title to buildings have more influence over laws and ordinances than the enterprising owners of these vigorous retail stores.

This situation is even more appalling when received in the light of these facts.

Two hundred and nineteen American cities have spent hundreds of millions of dollars to carry water through thousands of miles of street mains. After bringing that water to the curb, they hire 40,000 firemen at a cost of over $50,000,000 a year, buy them apparatus and quarters costing $111,000,000 and rush them in fast motors through crowded city streets to carry water—where?—from the curb a few feet away to the inside of buildings that are burning and need it.

In spite of all this elaborate preparation and heavy expenditure, thousands of retail establishments burn up every year. One-tenth of all the fire loss falls on this one class of property.

The obvious, the common sense, the *only* thing to do is to scientifically extend the city's fire service across the curb, and into buildings through automatic sprinkler systems. Then when fire starts—water will start. This city is considering an ordinance to thus modernize its fire service. The prosperity and safety of the city demands its passage.

When the fire starts, the water starts

FREQUENTLY Grinnell Company is asked for special information on automatic fire protection problems. Our experience of nearly 40 years in this field enables us to answer authoritatively. We have valuable data on municipal fire protection, with special reference to such protection for congested value districts. The pamphlet, "The City's Fire Problem in a Nutshell," particularly emphasizes complete city protection. Send for your copy today. Address Grinnell Company, Inc., 302 West Exchange Street, Providence, R. I.

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In the New York Subways, Bakelite is used for the insulation of the Westinghouse Electric Pneumatic Brakes, and the signal system at many points is protected also with Bakelite.

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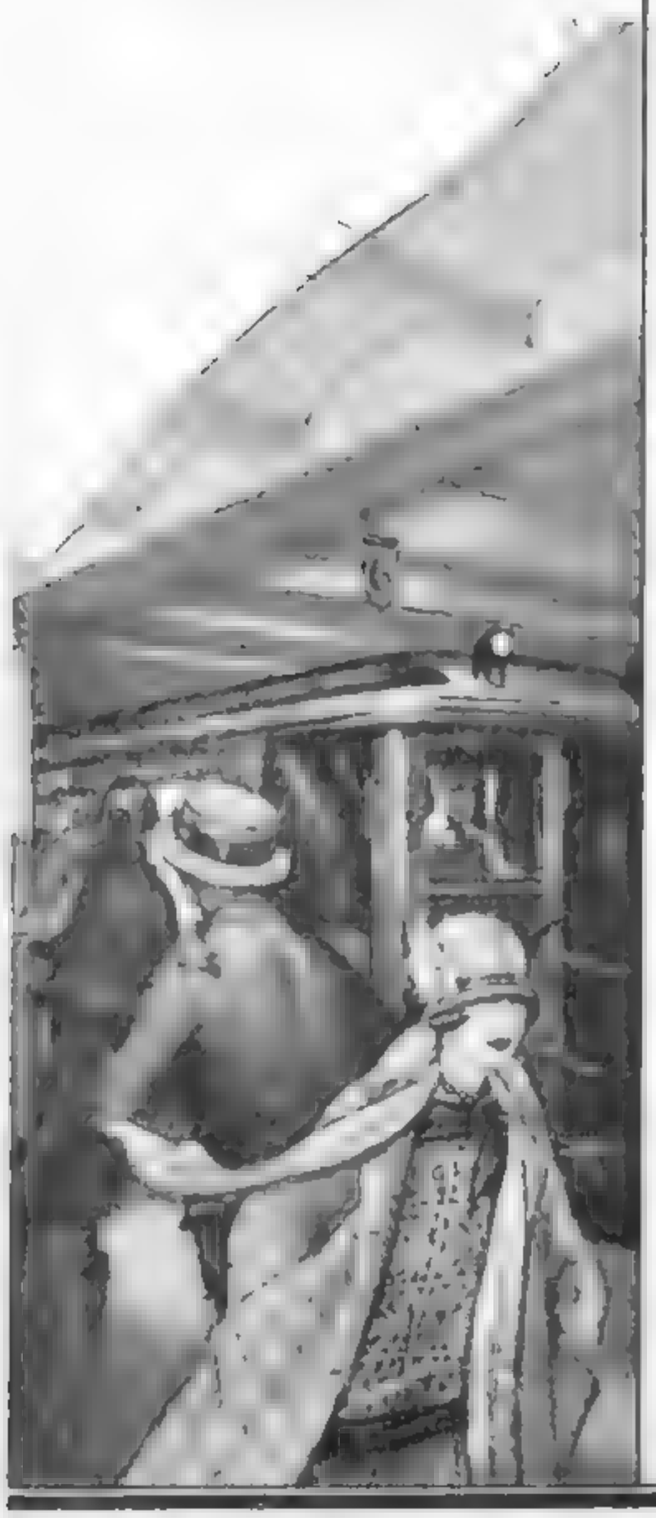
Our Engineering Department will be glad to confer with manufacturers who are interested in having more specific information about Bakelite.



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Cane handles
Carbon brushes
Castanets
Casters
Check protector parts
Cigar holders
Clock cases
Clutch facings
Commutators
Condenser cases
Containers for liquid
Crank handles
Dash pots
Dental lamps
Distributor heads (ignition)
Door handles and knobs
Earrings
Electric drill parts
Electric piano controls
Electric sign parts
Fan bases
Fire extinguisher shells
Fishing reels
Fountain pens
Fuse blocks
Gasoline tank caps
Gear shift balls
Gears, camshaft, oil and pump for automobiles
Goggles
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THE MATERIAL OF A THOUSAND USES

(Continued from Page 146)

every word of Mrs. Merlehurst's last sentence, though he gave no sign that he had

"Oh, certainly, with pleasure. I will come at once."

He glanced at Mrs. Merlehurst, who smiled composedly.

"It should be a good game," she said. "Mr Eyre-Weston is a splendid player and so is Gwen. Marjorie and you will have to play hard to win, Mr. Fair."

Prosper laughed.

"My friends have sometimes told me that I am a good loser, and I am sure that Miss Marjorie is charitable to any partner who does his best. Besides, like many who are not skillful, I am sometimes lucky."

"Luck," said Mr. Eyre-Weston, "can be a good friend. I've found it so. But the trouble is that it can also be a boomerang, and fly back in its possessor's face."

"Ah, yes, I, too, have found that so," agreed Prosper gravely.

The boomerang chose, that afternoon, to fly up into Eyre-Weston's face, for Marjorie and Prosper won comfortably enough; so comfortably and in such quick time that Prosper found an opportunity to snatch a quarter of an hour's chat with Mr. Enderby, the old Kern solicitor.

XII

ALTHOUGH Prosper had begun his day with the resolve of making it extremely busy, nevertheless, as he confided to his three-legged ally Plutus en route to his camp at about seven o'clock that evening, he had not hoped to glean half so much information as he actually had collected and proposed shortly to classify.

"We have not seen our severe friend, Detective-Inspector Garrishe, since this morning, Plutus my old," he said as he passed through the woods, "consequently do not know what his activities may have achieved for him; but even so, terrier, I will venture a diffident opinion that we have advanced ourselves some considerable number of furlongs farther along the road which leads to the solution of the Kern mystery than has the good Garrishe. We have this advantage over him, Plutus—we make friends and he does not. That is the grave handicap under which the professional detective has to work. But let us not be overconfident. We are stalking a clever and crafty quarry—who may also be stalking us."

He stepped into the tiny clearing in which he had pitched his tent.

"We will make all ready for supper, methinks, and then do a little mental arithmetic. After that, we will eat and you will then have arrived at the end of a perfect day. With me, it will be otherwise, Plutus, for tonight I propose to make a little exploration of the castle."

He slipped off the haversack which he had worn that day and had filled with various requirements at Carisbury. Then he opened the tent and entered, glancing round. He had not overlooked the probability that his camp might be discovered by the killer—indeed, he expected it, and had made his arrangements accordingly. At first glance there was no sign that anyone had been near the place since he left it that morning. His few Spartan necessities were almost exactly as he had arranged them before setting out in the morning—but not quite.

If he had not spent some little time in placing certain things with the nicest precision and taken very careful notes of the exact position of one object in relation to that of its neighbors, and particularly so with the contents of his suitcase, he would never have noticed that they had been touched. But now the briefest examination told him that the interior of his tent had been subjected to an inspection so searching that practically everything there had been handled and probably scrutinized.

He informed his semiterrier so as, having concluded his little investigation, he turned to the task of getting something in the way of supper prepared.

"Someone—either that lover of the darkness whom we have decided to call, pro tem, the killer, or maybe Detective-Inspector Garrishe—has been most carefully looking us up, Plutus," he said, "and I confess that if, as I hope, our visitor was the killer, I am extremely pleased with the gentleman. For I would point out to you that he replaced everything almost exactly as he found it—which indicates that he is anxious that I do not suspect that he has been here. That is altogether admirable and was greatly to be desired, for he will call again in due course and what he finds relating to my aims and movements he will probably believe. Most satisfactory. We must commence to prepare a little information—a diary—which we will carefully conceal where he can carefully discover it."

He began to open a can of corned beef.

"Properly handled, oh, Plutus, this may prove a valuable asset to us. We shall see. He desires to keep tabs on us. A lesser scoundrel would have tried to frighten us away, or have destroyed things, or have contrived something uncomfortable to discourage us in our idea of camping here. A small conflagration of the tent and all, for example—a little fire, yes. Not so the killer. He does not desire to kill us, I think—yet—nor to frighten or drive us away. He prefers to watch us and read our private papers and to study our progress in the art of painting. We shall have to begin a canvas tomorrow upon which he can feast his eyes."

Then he settled down to his modest supper of corned beef, bread and butter and tea, musing aloud as he ate, with Plutus eating aloud as he mused.

Prosper's eyes were much more serious than one, noting his tone, might have expected, and there was no amusement at all in his expression. Presently, supper finished and put away, he took out his notebook and wrote busily.

"The raw material of the gentle jigsaw accumulates generously, oh, dog, and at half past eight, if my friends are to be relied upon—as they are—I shall have enough bits to begin to build a small corner, and some equipment that I sorely need."

At a quarter past eight he rose and, lacing the tent flap loosely, went quietly off through the woods, bound for a byroad passing the lake on its farther side. By the lake he halted, hesitated a moment, then glanced at his watch.

"Five minutes from the camp, nine from the garden," he muttered, and began to encircle the little lake. It was fringed with green rushes. Thrusting up in vigorous growth and at one end was a dilapidated boathouse from the rickety landing stage of which projected a short diving board.

Mr. Fair paused to study this for a moment. Plutus, the three-leg, thoroughly enjoying himself among the rushes in urgent quest of water rats or anything else that inhabited that place, whined suddenly in an odd, excited way. Prosper, who knew the dog rather better than he knew his prayers, caught the change at once and went quickly to the spot where, half hidden by the rushes, Plutus, up to his neck in muddy water, stood whining and staring.

"What is it, old man?" said Prosper, following the dog's gaze. "Ah, yes, I see, Plutus: I thought so."

It was the Iron-Gray Man—Major Geoffrey Merlehurst—again. The body was lying in a queer uncanny attitude of repose, only half submerged in the shallow weed-grown water a few yards off the bank. For a few seconds Prosper studied the poor flotsam and its immediate surroundings in silence. Then he nodded.

"Yes, he is clever and quick and desperately cunning and as strong as a bull," he said softly. "Not a soul would doubt that this man drowned himself. It is all complete—broken reeds where he waded out"—he peered at the soft ground about the margin of the lake—"even a footprint or two."

He took a step forward toward the dead man, then stopped suddenly, called Plutus and moved slowly away, looking about him as a man strolling idly on the countryside does. Presently Prosper stopped at the gate of a field by the side road he had reached and talked in low tones to Plutus.

"Yes, old warrior, it seems unnatural to leave that poor chap there, but we have to ca' canny. I do not want to feature as the discoverer of the latest suicide. Let us leave that to someone else."

He made himself a cigarette; but before he lit it, a big touring car, very silent, driven by a smart military-looking man of middle age, came whispering down the road and drew up at Prosper's gate. Prosper slid down from his seat on the top rail, smiling, and greeted the newcomer.

"How are you, Dale? One asks, though one sees that it is unnecessary. Let's go for a little ride. Get in, Plutus. No, you drive, old fellow. I want to talk presently. Strange that, for such a tongue-tied mute person as myself, eh?"

He laughed. Dale surveyed him with warm eyes, not without a touch of anxiety.

"One needn't ask, either, if things are going well with you," he said quietly. "You

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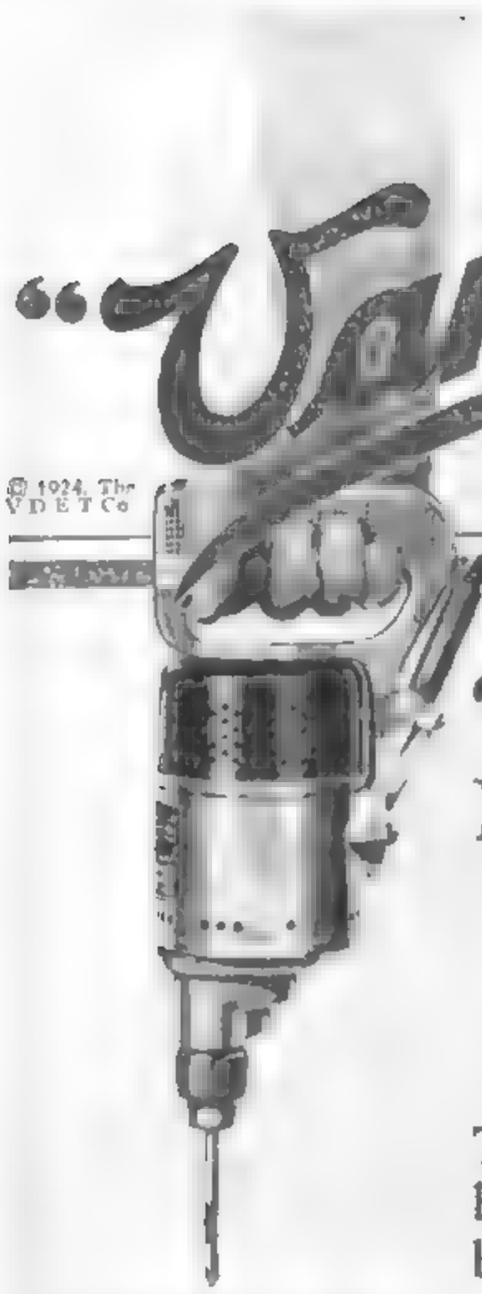

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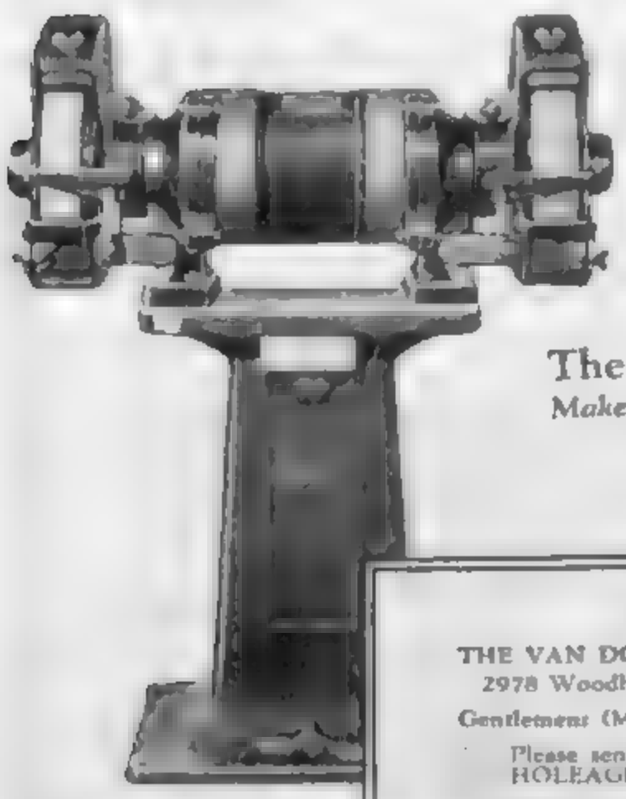

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are evidently having the time of your life. I brought all the things you telegraphed for—and some of the information you wanted."

The great car went slowly down the by-road.

"But I want to say that I am not happy about some of the things you wanted tonight. They—er—put the wind up. They suggested all sorts of risks."

Prosper nodded.

"Of course, I'm involving myself in a risky affair, Dale. Big-game hunting—the biggest kind—man hunting."

Dale looked steadily ahead of him.

"Yes, I guessed that when I learned you were camping near Kern Castle. Of course, you're aware that there are quite a number of people at Deerhurst who would be—ah—sorry to hear that by some evil chance anything had happened to you," he said casually. "You know, Prosper, there is quite a good deal to be said for the practice of letting the detective people do their own detecting."

Prosper's face was serious.

"Yes, I know. But in this business they detect the wrong people. I should not be amazed, for example, if I am arrested at any moment."

Dale stiffened.

"You! You—arrested?" He laughed. "But that's absurd. For what?"

"The murders of three people—so far," explained Prosper. "You see, old chap, this is not one of those little happy episodes of the road of which I've had such a generous share."

"No, one sees that. Most people who know anything at all know the ugly reputation of Kern. But do take care of yourself."

"I do nothing else all day—in a way," claimed Prosper, and glanced over his shoulder at the back of the car. "I think we'll stop here and talk."

They had run out to one of those bits of bare cattle-cropped common so plentiful about the outskirts of the New Forest. Dale stopped the car.

"There are some things I want you to arrange," said Prosper.

"Right. I'll jot 'em down." Dale produced a small notebook.

"I want you to see that a trainer called Fred Oxton, at the Druid's Hollow stables here, gets four horses—two good ones and two fair—to train for me. Give him a good figure."

"Very well." Dale scribbled, speaking as he scribbled. "Nash will grumble, of course."

"Naturally, but it won't hurt him," smiled Prosper. "Next, there is a lady I am anxious to help. She is poor and desperately at her wit's end for money. I want to find some plan by which she can be freed from that worry for a time."

Dale noted it.

"That won't be easy."

"No, it won't, will it?" smiled Prosper. "That's why I wish it onto you—the most delightful expression in the world, that, Dale. I will tell you more of this lady presently. . . . Now what about Lord Kern have you to wish onto me?"

XIII

DALE turned in his seat and faced Prosper. He was a fine, clean, clear-cut, bronzed, soldierly-looking man; and his half-smart, half-jaunty, well-worn soft tweed hat, together with the loose, well-cut brown tweed shooting coat which he was wearing set him off admirably.

Beside him the hatless youthful-seeming Mr. Fair, colorless, shabby and dusty in his gray sweater, his baggy gray flannels and his grimy gym shoes, should have looked like a canceled postage stamp against a big bank note. Only, somehow, he did not. His eyes were brighter, his features keener, his mouth, for all its smiling, was firmer. Dale looked an English gentleman; Prosper Fair looked like a gentleman of the wide world.

Dale looked a gentleman; Prosper looked like a man who was gentle. A child would have hesitated to tickle Dale; the same child would crawl all over Mr. Fair; a woman would be whispering to Prosper a month before she confided in Dale; a man concerned about his overdraft would ask Prosper's views without uneasiness—Dale's he would never require at all; a tramp would not be too conservative to volunteer to share a night's camp with Prosper, but there was nothing about Dale to magnetize a hobo—nothing whatsoever. Prosper looked like a man who would say "Hello!" Dale certainly would say "How do you do?"

Yet Prosper was the Duke of Devizes—celebrated, so the newspapers said, for his wealth and his democratic eccentricities; and Captain Dale was simply his confidential agent at Deerhurst Castle, Prosper's South of England, and favorite, residence.

Captain Dale was well bred, an honorable and pleasant man. Prosper Fair was thoroughbred, not because he was a duke, but in spite of it; and a thoroughbred with brains, which was probably the reason why he was happier engaged in what he chose to term his study of humanity than in the carrying out of what in his youth had over-often been vaguely described to him as his duty to his order.

But just at present—in much the same spirit, for example, as he had once engaged himself as assistant in the sweet shop of an elderly widow soured by misfortune, and put the tiny business on its legs again—Prosper was engaged in running down the Kern killer, and he was anxious to press on with it.

"Now what about Lord Kern have you to wish onto me?" he asked gayly, reveling in the crisp Americanism.

Dale spoke abruptly:

"I had your message from Rahy when he brought back the little donkey—which is well and apparently happy—and I ran up to town the same evening. I looked up one or two people who remembered Lord Kern well, and they passed me on to others who knew him even better. Among them, by the way, in case you find it useful, was your uncle, Sir Allyn Weir"—Dale laughed shortly—"to whom you might refer the first zealous detective gentleman that arrests you."

Sir Allyn Weir was chief commissioner of police at Scotland Yard.

Prosper nodded.

"Yes, that is a glorious idea. You always were a bit of a wag, Dale. I'll remember that," he said happily. "Did you discover anything interesting about Lord Kern?"

Dale carefully proceeded to tell Prosper a good deal which he already knew.

"Yes, that's very interesting; anything more?" asked Prosper. "Did you find out why he launched out from miserliness to magnificence, endured it for a little, then suddenly reverted to miserliness again?"

Dale nodded doubtfully.

"It was a woman, of course," he said; "but unfortunately nobody seems to know which of several women it was."

"There were several?" Prosper's tone was that of a man surprised.

Dale referred to his notebook, for he was a methodical man, if unswift, and believed in the written word.

"One said one lady, you know, and another said some other lady."

"Yes?" Prosper concealed his impatience. "And the ladies were?"

"Mrs. Moorhouse, the actress—a great beauty ten years ago; Lady Florence Test, the daughter of Lord Romsey; and Niobe Swayne, the demimondaine."

Prosper leaned forward, his elbows on his knees, his chin in his cupped hands, staring absently down at the self-starter switch by his feet.

"Mrs. Moorhouse is dead—surely?" he said.

"She died ten years ago—in an aeroplane smash just before the war."

"Florence Test married Lord Carronford ages ago?"

"Yes. And Niobe Swayne disappeared."

Prosper nodded.

"Yes, they do, poor souls," he said absently. "I never met her, though naturally I have heard of her. But I am certain that the woman who worked the great change—the great double change—in old Lord Kern's life was neither of the three you mention, Dale. Were there any others?"

Dale nodded reluctantly.

"Yes, there was one other mentioned by an old friend of mine, who was also a friend of the lady's husband. As it chanced I, too, knew both of them. But I don't think my friend was right. She was good—as well as the most beautiful woman I have ever met," said Dale, with a new warmth in his voice.

Prosper glanced at him quickly out of his eye corners.

"Yes?" he said quietly. "You mean Mrs. Merlehurst, of course—the wife of Major Geoffrey Merlehurst of the Seventh Dragoon Guards."

Dale did not start—few Englishmen of his stamp are given to starting. But his

(Continued on Page 152)

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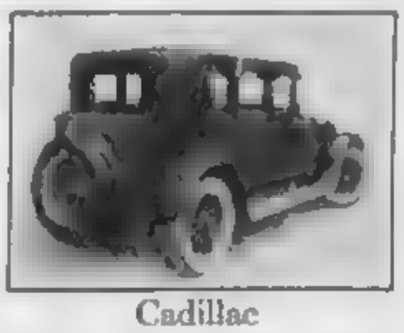

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(Continued from Page 150)

nostrils pinched in a little, his mouth drooped infinitesimally and his eyes seemed to become a little grayer.

"Yes," he said calmly, "I mean Rose Merlehurst."

Prosper smiled—an odd, secret smile.

"Rose? Her name is Rose? I met a man today who said she could do more with roses than any other woman. She showed me Juliet—'prettiest of all her roses,' she said. Oh, not that it matters. You knew her in the old days, did you, Dale?"

"I—admired her," said Dale levelly. "She was really sweet and charming. She adored Merlehurst—a good-looking blackguard—who disappeared. But she was quite the last woman in the world to respond to any advances of Lord Kern, fabulously wealthy though he was said to be. I knew her, you see, duke—Prosper, that is."

"Prosper it is. . . . You say that she would have laughed at Kern?"

"Laugh at him! Not she! Though I am told that plenty of people did."

"'I was a derision'"

Absently, Prosper quoted from the *Pyramid of Lead*. Dale stared.

"Sorry—what was that?"

"Oh, nothing. . . . Dale, you say that in spite of rumors Mrs. Merlehurst, in your opinion, did not respond to Lord Kern's—friendliness?"

"Absolutely not," said Dale crisply. "But she would not have laughed at him. She—understood men admiring her."

"Yet if Lord Kern does not reappear within less than a month from now Mrs. Merlehurst's daughter—Marjorie May—inherits everything that Kern possessed," stated Prosper quietly.

Dale was amazed. But he was cool-headed.

"But—how old is the child?"

"Oh, perhaps eighteen or nineteen. How do you or how would your friend account for that?"

Dale thought. "Absolutely, I don't know. Certainly the girl is not Kern's child."

"Certainly she is not," said Prosper. "But he leaves her his money."

"They say he was worth over a million."

"Yes? Where is it?"

"Naturally, I don't know."

"Nor does anyone else—except perhaps one. Though I—even I—imagine I can guess," said Prosper.

Dale thought, but it was clear that he was already a little out of his mental depth.

"Geoffrey Merlehurst might help you—at least I think he would corroborate a great deal that I've said."

"Yes, but do you know where to find him?" questioned Prosper.

"No. He mixed up in some racing scandal, sent in his papers and disappeared years ago."

Prosper nodded.

"He has reappeared. I know where he is."

Again Dale stared.

"Merlehurst? Where?"

"Lying in a foot and a half of water, dead, in a lake near the place where I met you," said Prosper.

"But—do you mean he drowned himself?" asked Dale.

"No, he was placed there by the man who killed him."

"He was killed!"

"I found his body a quarter of an hour after he was killed—at the base of the pyramid built by Lord Kern immediately before he disappeared," said Prosper. "The man I am seeking is the man who killed him."

Dale thought, then shrugged his shoulders.

"I simply don't follow."

"Why try, old chap? You've given me some tremendously valuable information. Mrs. Merlehurst is the lady I mentioned before whom I want to help. I admire her as much as you used to—and Marjorie too. . . . Dale, we must contrive to help her without her knowledge, of course. Enderbys, of Carisbury, are her lawyers. You had better put our legal folk in touch with them. It mayn't be easy, as you said, but it's possible. Don't forget. Their home—Mavisholme—is mortgaged. Take over the mortgage—things like that. The law people will find a way." He swung back the door of the car. "I'll be moving, now. It's almost dark. I'm tremendously obliged to you, old chap. You've helped enormously."

Dale was uneasy.

"You're going back to your camp—somewhere in some damned woods—to maneuver against this murderer. Let me come, Prosper."

But Prosper shook his head.

"Honestly, Dale, there isn't room—or need. With the safeguards you've brought I shall be invincible—I think. Are they in good order?"

"They're the best possible, and they've been tested."

Prosper laughed softly, lifting a bag from the back of the car.

"I hope with all my heart they were tested thoroughly. Where did you get them?"

"It was ludicrously difficult, considering the way they were thrown at our heads a year or two ago. As a matter of fact, I got them through a pal at the War Office."

"Ah, good man. Now I must be moving."

He offered his hand. Dale took it, his face clouded and anxious.

"I shall make a point of being pretty close to the telephone for the next few days," he reminded Prosper.

"Thanks; that may be vitally important."

Dale's eye fell on Plutus, the three-legged remains of a terrier, fidgeting about his owner's feet.

"Why don't you let me bring you one of the *medelans* instead of that little chap. Old Kai would suit you better for this adventure—mute as he is, and staunch."

Dale spoke of the Russian bear hounds—*medelans*—fierce and monstrous hounds, averaging a hundred and eighty pounds' weight or thereabouts, a number of which it was the whim of the whimsical Prosper to maintain at home. But he shook his head.

"Plutus isn't much to look at, but a lot of brain owners are like that. Kai would want to eat everyone he saw, or suspected, in the woods. This young fellow would first come and ask my opinion—in his own way. No, it's all right, Dale. You know where I am. If I leave Kern I will notify you at once."

So Dale wished him good luck, shook hands and watched him vault the gate into the park and, followed by a flickering white dot, merge himself into the dusk that was beginning slowly to close down on the woody countryside. He turned at the edge of the lake to wave. Dale returned the friendly farewell and then Prosper was lost in the shadows.

Dale stared for a moment at the reed-fringed lake, then shivered.

"Once an officer of Dragoon Guards and the husband of Rose Merlehurst, now just a form lying still in a remote lake," he muttered. "What a world!"

He set his engine purring and drove away toward the main road.

XIV

THE movements of Mr. Prosper Fair, after leaving Dale, became a little complicated. He reached his tent, entered it and lit a candle. For a moment he stood thinking, then divested himself of the burden he had borne from the car, and kneeling down, carefully cut an oblong of worn mossy turf. This he laid aside, and working with some care, scooped out some of the earth under the cut.

Then he took from the bag which Dale had brought him a flat, squarish satchel with a strong loop, or sling, attached. This he fitted neatly to the shallow excavation he had made, enlarging and shaping until he was satisfied that the satchel lay snugly in its bed. Then he took it out, hung the thing about his neck, tying it so that it rested against his chest securely, and stood up. He was still for a moment, then snatched at the satchel, whipped his hands to his face, seemed to fumble for an instant, then dropped his hands again.

Plutus, the terrier, eying him, suddenly pricked his ears and jumped to his feet his wiry shoulder hackles bristling slightly. His mouth gaped undecidedly and he wagged very dubiously, indeed, the short piece which in his youth was all they had left him for a tail.

Prosper had changed, and Plutus was by no means sure he approved of the change. He had never seen his owner look so odd, so grimly grotesque, for he was not acquainted with box respirators.

Prosper was wearing a gas mask, and there is in the appearance of any man doing that more than a hint of sinister strangeness and of dumb horror. The fixed uncanny stare of the great glass eyepieces, the color of the gas-proof fabric and the forbidding ugliness of the curved air pipe, together with the air of mute, staring menace with which the contrivance invests its wearer, is apt, on first acquaintance, to unsettle more phlegmatic folk than an electric spark of a terrier.

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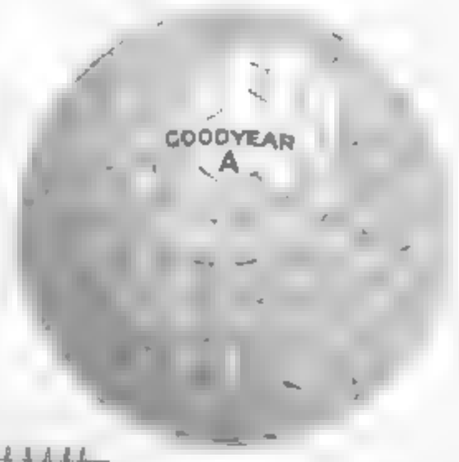
The GOODYEAR "DOLLAR"

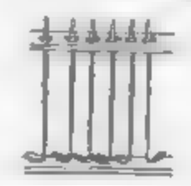
It's a ball you can control, too. Your chips to the green will be deadly true, your putts will find the cup when you shoot

The GOODYEAR "DOLLAR"

She'll stand up under punishment like Jack Dempsey, for they've put the old endurance in

The GOODYEAR "DOLLAR"





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A queerly muffled, dead voice spoke from behind the mask, and Prosper's hand made reassuring movements. Then he removed the mask, replaced it in its satchel-like container, paused a moment, then snatched it out to repeat the process of swift adjustment again. A dozen times he did this, practicing.

"Queer how quickly a man gets out of the way of using this little device, Plutus, my old," he said quietly, once. "If you knew the purpose of this pretty little article of personal apparel you would understand why I keep you so strictly at home o' nights. He donned the thing again, expertly, swiftly. "Yes, indeed, you would, you Plutus creature," he said in that uncanny muffled voice.

Plutus began a low, half-playful growl of disapproval, but changed it abruptly to the genuine article as a shadow flitted to the tent entrance—a shadow in skirts, peeping in.

"Please may I —— Oh-h!"

The exclamation was one of pure terror. Prosper turned swiftly. Marjorie was staring in, wide-eyed. Even in the dim yellow light of the candle Prosper could see the white fear on her face. He clawed off the mask with extraordinary swiftness.

"I am so sorry!" he said quickly. "I seem always to be startling—frightening you, Marjorie May."

He used her Christian name without a prefix, though neither of them appeared to notice it. She had the resilient nerves of healthy youth and recovered herself instantly.

"I—I didn't realize it was you," she said. "It startled me so. You see, I was quite sure I should look in and see you, and to see a—stranger with staring eyes and that uncanny tube thing was enough to startle anyone." She eyed the dangling mask with profound distaste and aversion. "It is a gas mask," she said slowly, her eyes widening. "Why have you a gas mask here?"

Prosper watched her, his mind more set upon her beauty than her words. It was chilling to reflect that she was the daughter of that poor dead thing lying so silently among the shallow-water rushes of the lake.

"Because I am going to the pyramid tonight, and perhaps to explore the castle," he said, half absently.

"But please, do you mean that there is likely to be—gas—like they used in the war—there?"

Prosper smiled, folding the mask away.

"No, Marjorie May; but strange fruit grows on the tree of knowledge, and when one designs to climb that tree one takes precautions."

"But—gas!" Her exquisite lips formed a red ring. "If you used a mask then it would be dangerous gas." She was working it out step by step, her eyes dilating in the candlelight. "Very dangerous. But why? I have been at the pyramid so many times oh, hundreds!—at all hours and I have never noticed any gas."

Prosper smiled.

"No; but have you ever noticed any glass there? Just bits—fragments—of fine glass?" He drew closer. "Think carefully, Marjorie May, because it is rather important, you see."

"Glass?" breathed the girl. "Yes, once or twice I have seen tiny bits shining in the sun like little splinters of a broken electric-light bulb."

Prosper nodded.

"Tell me, too, is there electic light fitted in the castle?"

"Oh, no. I went over it for the first time in my life yesterday, and I saw that. Nobody has electric light in the village."

"Thank you, Marjorie May," said Prosper gravely.

"But what have glass bulbs to do with gas masks, please?" she asked.

"Why, you see, if an enemy dropped a bubble of glass charged with some very deadly, invisible and unsuspected poison gas close to some other person in the dark, what would happen? There would be a noise on the ground, the person would stoop to see why, and he—or she, Marjorie—would inhale the gas; if it is very deadly, perhaps one whiff would be enough to kill. That is why I shall rarely go to the sunken garden, the pyramid or the castle at night without taking a gas mask. And that is why you must not on any account go near the garden or the pyramid at night—or in the daytime—until I say that you can."

His voice was very serious. She peered at him in the dim light, blushing, her eyes very wide.

"Very well, I won't go there any more," she said with a curious meekness.

Prosper was charmed. He went closer to her.

"We shall shake hands on that," he said softly, with a queer, tender, masterful note in his voice—quite unconscious. "I am very pleased with you, dear Marjorie May. You are a good girl."

A little warm hand found its way into his hard camper's palm.

"If you do as I say, it won't be necessary to bother your head about gas masks and ugly things, Marjorie," he continued, "and you need not be alarmed about my safety. I—understand gas, you see. Chlorine, phosgene, mustard, tear—all sorts. I had to learn about them once."

Through the still air the note of the distant church clock vibrated to them and Prosper stiffened a little, freeing himself from a peculiar and wholly unaccountable dreaminess with which the moment had been fraught. She was standing before him, in the attitude of one who seems to droop, though her face was raised and her eyes were shining.

"But, Marjorie May, what are you doing here at this hour—in the dark?" he said, a touch of anxiety in his voice.

"Oh, the dark does not matter," she said, still dreamily. "I have been in these woods at all times, as well as the sunken garden. I am accustomed to it. I came to see you—to ask you something. I wondered if you would tell me, please, what it was you told my mother this afternoon. She is so—different since this afternoon; nervous and excited, and she has cried once, though she pretended that she did not."

Prosper was able to answer that without reflection. He knew that Mrs. Merlehurst still loved the husband she had not seen for so long—and would never see again—and he understood that the thought that he was perhaps quite near her again would move her from her accustomed tranquil self-possession. But knowing where and in what condition Major Merlehurst now was, Prosper could only answer in one way.

"Yes, I can tell you that, of course. It chanced that I met a man yesterday who closely resembled your father. I told your mother that, and I have no doubt that is the news which moved her so."

Marjorie May studied him thoughtfully.

"Do you know where he is now, please?"

"I only met him for a few seconds—quite by chance. I did not know—I do not know even now—his name. He asked his way, I told him, and he passed on. It was not until long afterwards that it occurred to me that he resembled the photograph of your father—that is all."

He was conscious of two big wistful eyes scrutinizing his face closely in the dim light.

"Oh, I see now! Thank you for telling me. That would be quite enough to make mother restless. She loved my father very much, you see. Only it made me somehow uneasy to see her so. But I understand. And I will go home now. Good night, Mr. Fair."

She offered her hand.

"I will come with you, Marjorie May," said Prosper. "It is quite dark now and I do not want you to be alone any more in the woods or the castle grounds after dark."

"Because of the gas bulbs?"

"Because of those—and other things," explained Prosper gravely.

She reflected.

"I will do whatever you say I must do, for you are cleverer than I am," she stated obediently; "cleverer and braver."

Prosper was stooping over the receptacle he had arranged for the hiding of the gas mask. He placed it in the shallow excavation with rather minute care, then replaced the turf he had cut away and turned again to the girl.

"Shall we go now?" he said. "You can come, Plutus, but quietly."

He slipped his big haversack on, caught Marjorie's hand and held it, and so, hand in hand, they went out into the wilderness, followed by the small but ever faithful Plutus. Perhaps that was not good tactics, for even as the two went a figure stole out from the gloom facing the tent, and after a pause entered, flashing on a powerful torch. This one must have been watching from somewhere deep in the shadows, for he bent unerringly to the turf under which the gas mask had been concealed. Working swiftly, with the deftness of one well used to gas masks, he took it out, slit the corrugated rubber tube, and puncturing the metal box, poured a few drops of some

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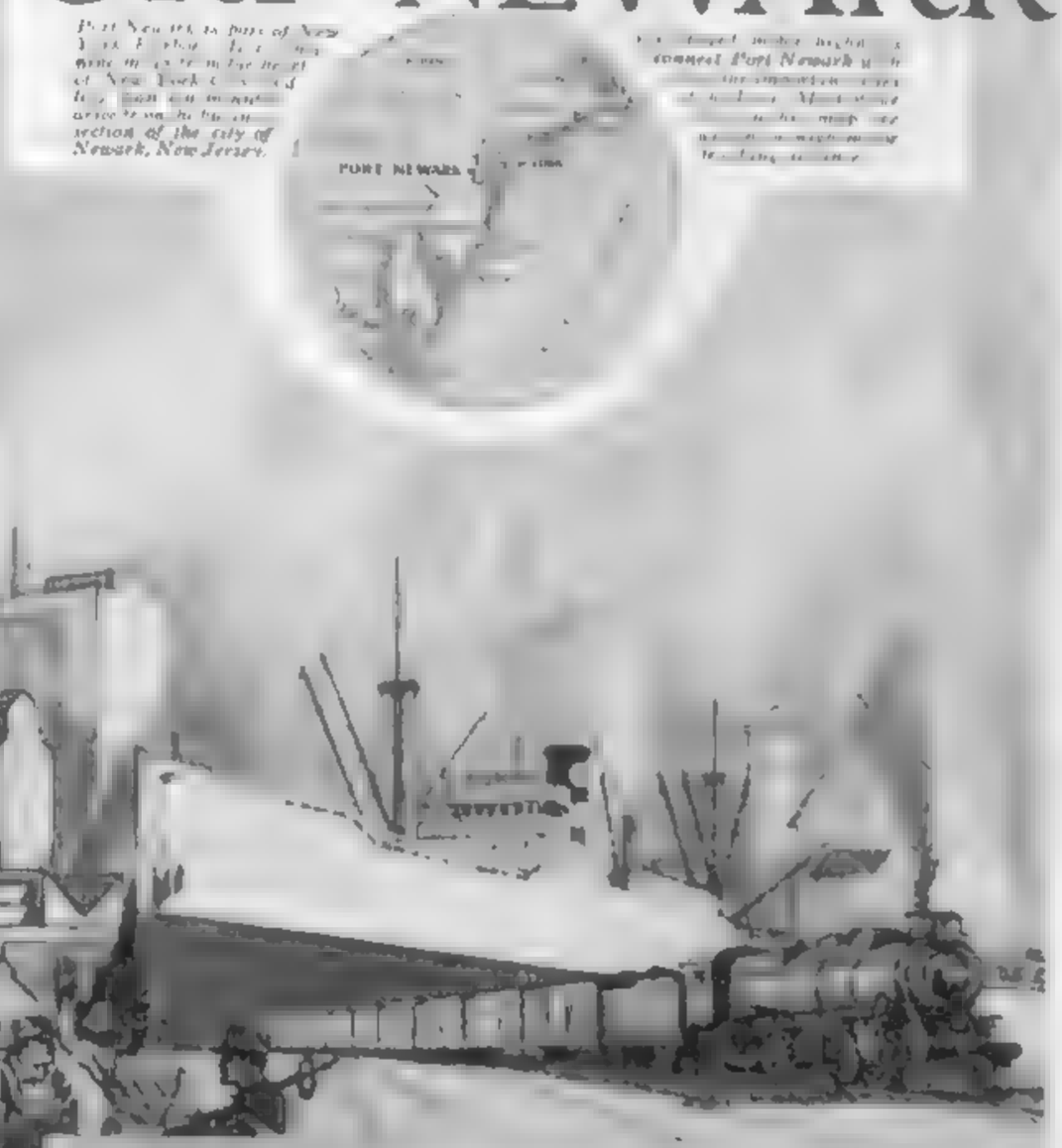

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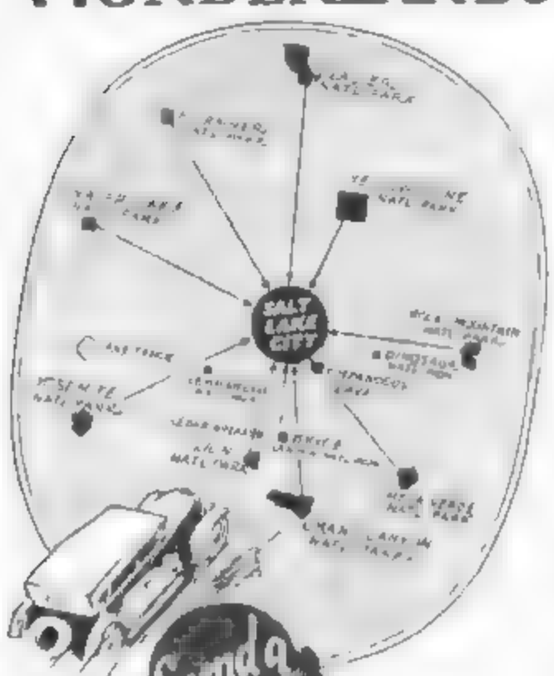

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pungent-smelling fluid in on to the life-saving chemicals inside the box. Then he carefully returned the useless mask to its hiding place, rearranged the turf with the nicest precision and moved in absolute silence out of the tent again, switching off his torch. The darkness received him like the thing of darkness he was.

Marjorie May's slim, cool fingers lay quite frankly and unresistingly in Prosper's hard hand.

"It is lovely going through the dark with you," she said. "I was never afraid here by myself, but it is glorious to be with somebody else."

"You like being with me, Marjorie May?"

"Oh, yes, of course. You are splendid." Her fingers tightened. "And I like the way you say Marjorie May. Isn't it queer to think that we met only yesterday?"

"Very queer. It seems impossible," agreed Prosper. "I am glad you like the way I say Marjorie May. Do you think you would like to say Prosper instead of Mr. Fair?"

"Oh, yes, please, Prosper." She tried it over several times, very softly, lingering over it. "Prosper—Prosper Prosper. It is a splendid name, I think. 'I came home through the wood in the dark with Prosper, mother—with Prosper,' that's what I shall say."

She laughed in the deep shadow like a bird piping a few sweet notes in its dreams.

"Isn't it fine to have a friend, at last?" she said.

"But you've scores of friends, Marjorie May," Prosper reminded her. "Eyre-Weston, Barisford and plenty of others, I expect."

"Oh, those—yes, I have plenty of friends like those. But only one like you, Prosper. You're different from them."

"In what way?" Prosper, enchanted with her, could not resist asking that.

"Oh, you see, they always seem so overwhelming. But you are like mother and me—poor, and not a bit overwhelming. Oh, quite different."

"You don't mind having a friend who is poor—and camps out—and looks shabby and dusty and nobody of any consequence?"

"Oh, no. Besides, you don't look shabby and dusty and nobody to anyone who looks at your eyes, you see."

"Thank you, Marjorie May," said Prosper gravely. "I think you and I were meant to be friends."

"Oh, yes, I am quite sure of that," she agreed with an air of conviction.

They walked for the remainder of the way in silence. It seemed to Prosper like walking hand in hand with a lovely apparition which at any moment might change into a moth, or with some sweet little ghost who might quite unexpectedly vanish in a wisp of lacy, fading mist. But that was only illusion—glamour.

They came out on the roadway for the last fifty yards of their journey, still hand in hand, for there was nobody to see. It was nearing ten o'clock and the villagers were mostly in bed, though there were still sounds of life—unaccustomed sounds.

A man with a flat, deep, powerful voice was singing some distance along the road—probably outside the village inn—and accompanying his song with a tuneless guitar thrumming. In the still air the words of the song, robustly sung, with a curious, rasping, defiant tone in it, were plainly audible to them:

Wrap me up in my larpaulin jacket,
And say a poor buffer lies low, lies low.
And six stalwart lancers shall carry me,
With step, solemn, mournful and slow.

He was probably singing it mechanically for a few coppers outside the Kern Arms. There was no melody in the deep hoarse carrying voice, nor any tone save for that gruff and careless defiance. Yet, oddly, some deep string in Prosper's consciousness vibrated to it. His hand closed a little more tightly on the girl's.

"An old soldier fallen on evil days, Marjorie May," he said. "Listen!"

And get you six brandies and sodas
And lay them all out in a row,
And get you six jolly good fellows
To drink to this buffer below.

came the distant voice through the warm gloom, as it might have been the voice of the ghost of some long-forgotten soldier singing to cheer itself and a ring of spectral comrades, around a lambent will-o'-the-wisp campfire in some remote and unfamiliar bivouac.

Prosper's thoughts moved back, hovering over the man in the lake.

And then in the calm twilight,
When the soft winds whispering blow,
And the darkening shadows are falling,
Sometimes think of this buffer below.

Marjorie shivered a little.

"Somehow that sounds sad. Please, shall we go home, Prosper?"

Her mother was standing by the pillar of the veranda of Mavisholme, looking almost as slender and graceful as Marjorie May herself against the warm yellow background of the lighted doorway.

"I came back through the wood in the dark with Prosper, mother," said the girl dreamily. "I went to ask what he had said to make you restless, and he told me. I understand now, dearest." She dropped Prosper's hand and went to her mother. "And, mother darling, I hope everything you hope. Prosper and I have arranged that we are going to be friends. Do you mind, mother?"

Mrs. Merlehurst looked at Prosper, who, facing the light, was very easily to be seen. Like her daughter, she looked at his eyes and face; and she, also, appeared not to observe that his gray flannels were shabby and dusty.

"No, I don't mind," she said slowly. "I don't mind at all. I am glad you are going to be friends."

She sighed a little. "It was kind of you to bring her home again through the woods, Mr. Fair. She is too fearless."

"If that is possible," he doubted.

She understood.

"Perhaps it is not possible to you. But with the passage of years one's views change."

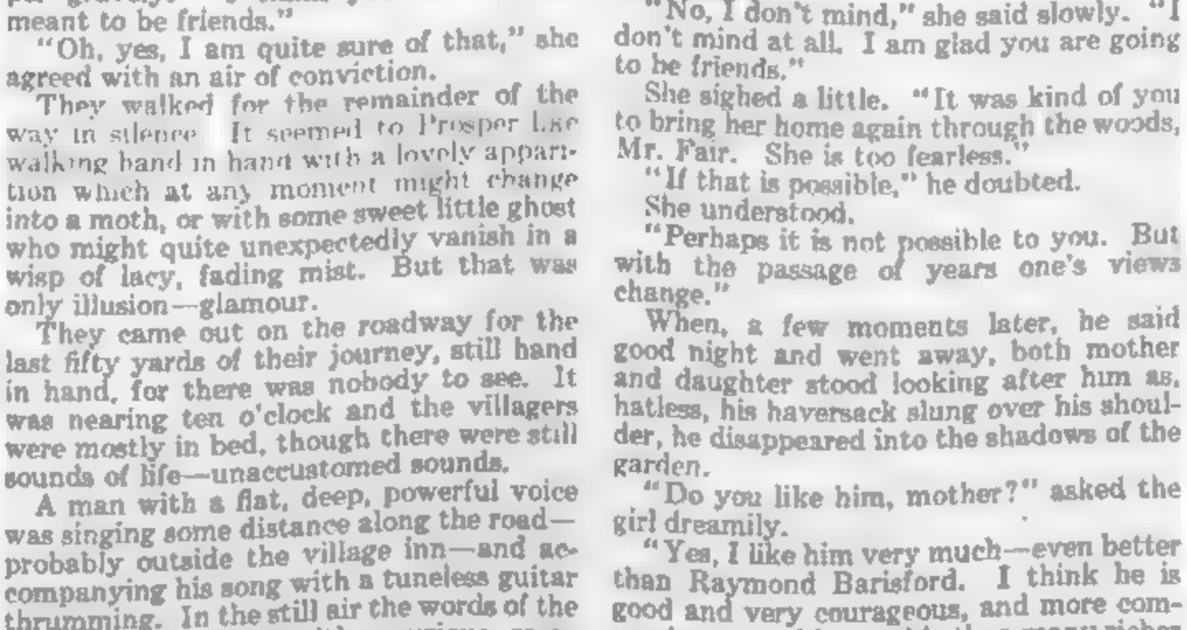
When, a few moments later, he said good night and went away, both mother and daughter stood looking after him as, hatless, his haversack slung over his shoulder, he disappeared into the shadows of the garden.

"Do you like him, mother?" asked the girl dreamily.

"Yes, I like him very much—even better than Raymond Barisford. I think he is good and very courageous, and more compassionate and honorable than many richer and more prominent men."

"Ah, so do I," said Marjorie May softly, hugging her mother.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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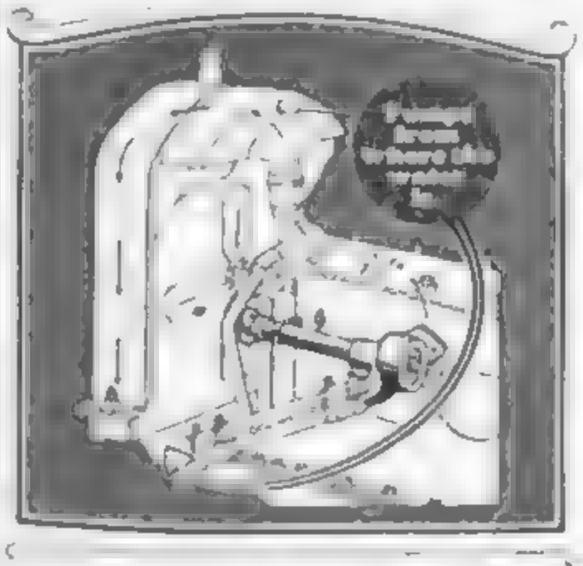

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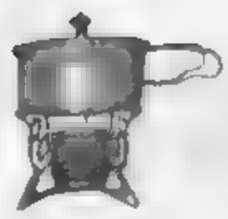

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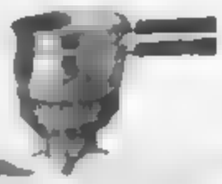

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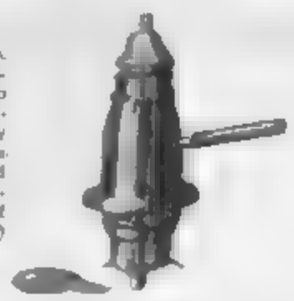

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THE MAKING OF MUSSOLINI

(Continued from Page 4

Mass meetings of reds were held to resolve that I should guarantee the freedom of the men under trial in America or be called to account—the idea being that I should discuss the matter with Saint Peter. Whenever I went out walking alone, and furtive individuals followed me, I screwed up my determination to do battle with them; and then usually discovered that I was planning violence against secret-service agents who were detailed for my protection.

Finally one day word came that the committee of reds wanted to talk with me.

I said to one of my secretaries, "I cannot recognize them by allowing them to call on me officially here. Send word that I will go to them not as an ambassador but as a private individual. They may be frightened, so say that I will come alone."

Some of my staff believed me crazy, but I felt sure that human nature is such that it almost never does violence when surprised by a friendly advance. I went to the meeting place according to the word sent me, and there I found five excited, tense, earnest young men. One of them was a student -a long-haired fellow. They were convinced that their so-called comrades in America had been, as they said, murdered already. I reassured them. They said their messages by cable had been intercepted by the government.

"But you have daily information," they said.

I explained to them that I had not bothered my Government with the affair; but I said, "There is one thing I never wish to withhold from anyone—the truth. I will make cable inquiries in your behalf. You shall have the facts. But as to assisting you, I cannot and will not. Do not count on that."

I explained the relation of our Federal Government with the states and that criminal law in cases of this kind was not a Federal but a state affair in which an ambassador should not meddle. In the end we were all laughing together, probably because human beings are human beings no matter what label they stick on themselves.

A few days later one of these young reds came into the embassy against the protest of the secret-service guards, and this was his errand—he wanted me to find him a job! He said he was tired of being a communist.

I have told this story because this boy's attitude was then the attitude of Italy. The infection of communism had not worked. Everything was cynicism and drifting. There was a ravenous yearning to begin a new day.

Giolitti Speaks of America

I have told it also to illustrate the timidity of the Italian administration. The officials of that administration might have met the agitation and the threats against an ambassador by explaining publicly that the National Government in Washington and I as its representative must keep hands off the case. An official who came to me said, however:

"We understand it. But a large part of our population is radical and we do not wish to publish anything which might appear hostile to their wishes. *Pazienza!* We will guard you. It will all blow over."

This was a good sample of the pitiful weak cloth of government.

In every direction the inevitable breakdown of a badly conceived machine of democracy could be seen. The war had concentrated power and bureaucracy in Rome. We have observed the same thing at home, where everyone and every community looks to Washington to get them out of holes from which the proper means of escape is a little individual or local effort. In order to force the hand of the national government, the people who conceive government as an instrument of benefaction begin to organize in groups to create political pressure. This ends in raids on the public funds and demands for government jobs. Then because somebody has to pay, the taxes must go up. Up they go until industry cannot keep going. Then there is more unemployment and more raids on the treasury and more demands for still legislation and—chaos.

One weak administration follows another, and all along the descending road the sheep people who think they have a democracy are fed on glittering promises and little crumbs, while it is really the wolves—the bribe givers, the campaign contributors and the large intriguers, with a bought press as an ally—who take the whole loaves of bread. This is the inevitable result of centralization and of such systems of democracy as Italy and some other countries have tried.

Giolitti, who has managed more ministries than any other living man, told me, in substance, on one occasion:

"Of course, in America you have no democracy, but instead a republic, where representatives are at least supposed to be chosen not as messenger boys but because they are fit to exercise their own judgment. Furthermore, you have the two-party system, under which you can get something done. But here we have a parliament filled by proportional voting and by groups or blocs. These minorities cannot accomplish much except by combining to vote down a ministry and turn it out of office, or by threatening to do so."

He hit the nail. The multi-party system usually results in government by blackmail.

Revolution Ignored

Giolitti was responsible for the tactics by which the government met the attack of communism. He allowed communism to have its head. He probably knew that the Italian temperament is too individualistic not to backslide from communism. The Italian is a realist; he will feed on talk and plans for a while, but he goes back to facts—even depressing, unwelcome facts. If communism does not work, he knows it; if Mussolini has a machine that works, the Italian knows that too.

The Italian is said to be emotional. Do not believe it. He is demonstrative, but not emotional.

So Giolitti, in 1920, allowed the workers in Turin and elsewhere to seize nearly 600 factories and waited to see the futile efforts of some 500,000 operatives to get coal and raw materials or to compose quarrels among themselves. All over Italy anticommunist groups like the Nationalisti and some of the early Fascisti were opposing communists. The government withdrew into a position something like a kindly neutrality which desired to please everyone. It was a clever move. I cannot remember of any other example in history of a government threatened by revolution which was clever enough to slip out of the picture. But the cost of this strategy is great; the government will probably lose all appearance of government; it will become a nice, easy, benevolent weakling—flabby hands, benign and silly smile, empty, looted purse.

In the case of Italy, the government found itself in this weakness and with a disorganized, weary people. Communism and the radical leadership might have seized the government by force.

"It would be very easy," a deputy of parliament said to me. "The reason why it is not done is that communism is even weaker than the government."

The myth of the success of the Russian revolution was punctured. The Popular Party, which some believe was supported by reactionary forces, was making concessions to socialist and radical opinions and desires, and had tolled off a large body of those who otherwise would have joined extreme action.

It was running them like sheep until their tongues hung out, and as one Popular leader, who later joined the Fascisti, said to me, "They arrived, panting for breath—nowhere."

In the spring of 1922 I was representing the United States at the seat of the Genoa Conference. One night I was returning from a conversation with Lloyd George. My secretary and I turned a corner and met a group of young men in black shirts. They were healthy, lean boys, apparently in top training. This little squadron was on the run, going on some determined errand. They turned another corner and were gone.

"Fascisti again," said my secretary.

We had seen them before often enough. We had met them on country roads in Italy, we had seen them telling profiteering shopkeepers in Naples to reduce their prices, we had run across them patrolling streets of little towns.

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"Crazy boys!" said my secretary. "This is the kind of high-handed idealism which comes to nothing."

"I wonder," said I. "I wonder."

One of the duties of a diplomat is to keep his government informed of what is happening and, if possible, of what is going to happen. In April, 1922, I sent word to Washington that I was certain that something would happen in Italy. I believed that there would be nothing which could prevent a dictatorship. I said so.

The facts upon which I based my opinion were open to anyone who looked for them. I had spent a year studying Italy. I had found out a great deal about Italy which most Americans at home never realize.

Italy is an island—not literally, but in effect. Her new boundaries at the north are a mountain defense almost as effective as water. She sits in the middle of the Mediterranean, provided with endless harbors, and is almost like a distribution center designed by destiny to scatter commerce in a circle about her—Europe, Africa, Asia. Her lack of raw materials and of coal is an old bugbear, which is used outside and inside Italy to blind Italy to her one great opportunity. Her one great opportunity is the possible combination of her two great assets—first, water power, and secondly, willing, intelligent labor. The future of Italy is not in wine and olives and overpopulation without jobs; it is in water-power and man-power industries which take raw materials and primary manufactures from other countries and convert them into goods for sale to her natural geographical markets.

I once said to Mussolini, "I know that emigration is vital to your problem now, but when that problem of overpopulation is finally solved it will be not by men going out of Italy to look for jobs, but by jobs which will grow up in Italy and will look for men."

I had begun to realize also that Italy is not an old country at all. Modern Italy, like America, is hardly out of its swaddling clothes. Like Americans, the race is made up of varied strains of blood. The swarthy Arab often looks out of Sicilian eyes and a red-haired Goth is perpetuated by a girl drawing water at the village well in the Abruzzi mountains. Spain and France, North Africa and Middle Europe, the old Roman and the Greek of centuries ago, tread the sidewalks of the cities, perhaps mingled in one human body. And Italy has come forward fast; her national life dates back only sixty-odd years. She is younger than we, and in that youth there burns an eager national spirit.

The Demand for Leadership

I made up my mind that Italy's opportunities and her spirit were too great to tolerate much longer the groping about in a wilderness of weakness and inaction. There is too much humiliation in being wheedled and cajoled by a European diplomacy aimed to keep Italy weak. It is the agencies of that diplomacy which dripe anti-Fascisti propaganda into the United States. There is too much that is intolerable in a state which internally is going into a sentimental jelly of misnamed democracy.

When a spirited people cannot stand it any longer, they act. Talk and party conferences and social theories and sentimentality are luxuries enjoyed by those peoples who do not face intolerable situations.

When a people faces an intolerable situation the real ravenous hunger is not for a program, but for a man. In modern Italy they have the tradition that when a man is really needed he will rise up from the crowd.

They had their Garibaldi, their Cavour, their Crispi.

I had never seen Mussolini when I wrote to Washington that because nothing else could break through the mess, a dictator would be inevitable. But having made the prophecy, I thought it my duty to follow it up and find the man, whoever he might be.

I did not foresee that it would be a force and a man capable of rebuilding the state by methods almost wholly within constitutional action. I could not believe that any force could straighten out the tangle which unlimited democracy and unlimited recognition of minorities had created. I did not foresee a patriot who would take power in order to turn it back; I expected an out-and-out military dictatorship.

It was not until October that I sent for Mussolini. A young Italian, who was my friend, brought Mussolini to my residence in the Palazzo Orsini.

Much had gone on since the early summer. It was now clear that the Fascisti were the force which would take a hand in affairs, and it was equally clear that Benito Mussolini was the strong leader of the expression of national spirit. And yet, even then, few foreign diplomats in Rome had ever seen him or talked with him, and a great number of foreign correspondents were sending home belittling comments on the Fascisti movement.

Until that summer the Fascisti had been an organization not well kept together nationally. They had been preceded by the Azure Shirts—the Nationalisti, composed of men, many of whom were of old titled families, who in general believed that the national spirit crystallized by the war should be kept alive for domestic purposes. The existence of the Nationalisti was sufficient to indicate something of the undercurrent of the spontaneous national loyal spirit of service running in Italian hearts.

Impressions of Mussolini

The Fascisti had no clear national program, but gradually their organization had been put together along military lines, with officers, squadron formation, uniform, drill and general purposes. Occasionally local bands of Fascisti would engage in unwarranted violence, but these instances have been exaggerated and distorted. Now and then a red newspaper would be raided; sometimes a clash with communists would take place, usually in circumstances where the Fascisti, being outnumbered, displayed a dashing heroism. In the main, a tradition of sacrifice, of discipline, of orderly restraint was being built up. Now and then customs would appear that appealed dramatically; as, for instance, whenever a squadron had lost one of its members in conflict and that member's name was shouted in the roll call, the company would all answer "Here!"

In the summer of 1922 there had been declared a general strike of the red element all over Italy. It was an utter failure. Fascisti suppressed violence, policed ugly situations, ran trains and kept things moving. From that moment the national aspect of the movement was evident; from that moment Fascism felt a new assurance of its growing power in Italy's destiny. Men began to adhere from all classes: the army, in secret; the workers, professional men, the middle classes, peasants, and even so many communists that some persons feared that the Fascisti would be absorbed by elements not steadfast.

I remember being told that a communist leader had petitioned to change his little son's name from Lenine to Benito Mussolini. There was a flood of conversions. Anyone who believes that the Fascisti were born out of capitalistic machinations and were against labor and the masses is merely ignorant of the facts. Communist zeal was exchanged for the Fascisti brand of action by thousands of industrial operatives merely because of the realization that one machine would not work and that another machine would. I discovered one morning that all the menservants in my house had joined the Fascisti; it was hope. And all the time Mussolini was rising to the surface.

I can see him now as he walked into our reception hall—a compact, short man, with dark, alert eyes; quick in movements; at one moment aggressive, powerful, and at another flashing back a signal of understanding of one's thought before it was uttered. He was not well dressed; he might have been a manual laborer who had just put on his coat to go home from work. He gave me a hand which curiously enough is always a little listless in its clasp.

My first impression of him was of a man ill at ease, suspicious of me, somewhat theatrical, and fooling himself by his manner. I thought he was the kind who deals in generalities and slogans, a good leader of crowds, possibly, but without ideas or interest in patient administration. I have never been so mistaken in any man before.

This was the son of a blacksmith. Good blood. From the north—from Forli. I knew these things about him. I knew that he had a fair education and I had been told that he had an immense capacity to add to it every day. He had been a radical himself during a good part of his life. His age and

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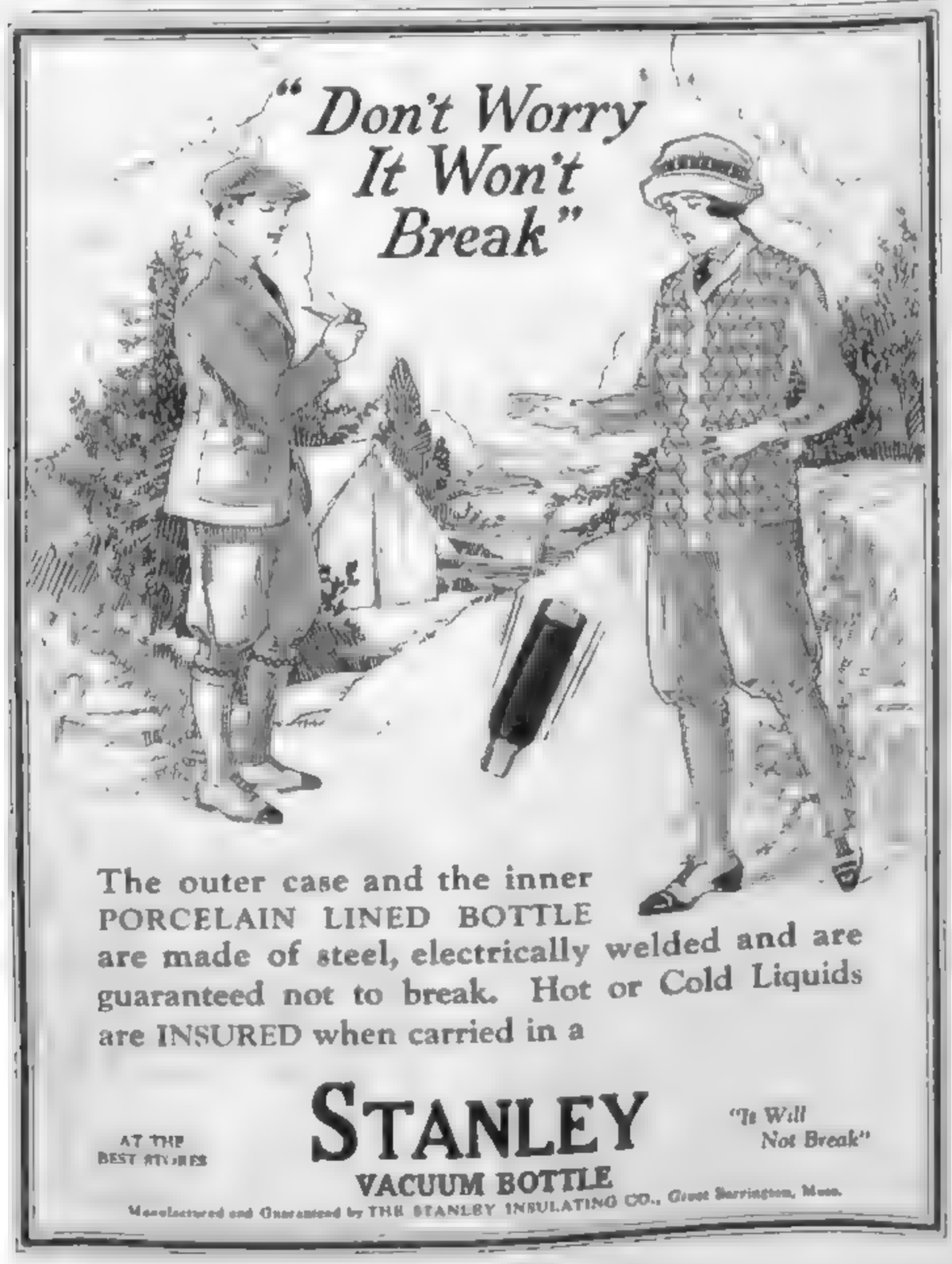

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my own were nearly the same; he was thirty-eight. He had been a radical, as we call them—a journalist of socialist publications—editor of the Avanti. He had been forced out of Italy into Switzerland; he had been shown the door in Switzerland. I had seen a photograph of two Milan detectives making the arrest of a dangerous revolutionary; it was said to be a picture of Mussolini. I knew, however, that finally his own radical colleagues had shown him the door; he, a leader, was expelled from the Socialist Party on November 25, 1914, because he wanted Italy to abandon her neutrality. He made a speech then in the teeth of that assembly of his hissing, roaring enemies.

"You think you are signing my death warrant," he told them. "Today you hate me, but it is because in your heart of hearts you still love me. But you have not seen the last of me!"

It was quite like him to say that and walk down the center aisle between howling men, out into the open, without fear; I have never seen fear in him.

This was the man who wanted Italy to go into the war. This was the man who made speeches showing that mankind had failed to make a class cleavage equal to national cleavage; that the war fought on the basis of national cleavage was a fact. His "It is necessary to act, to move, to fight, and if it is necessary, to die," rang out in December, 1914. He had accepted the realities; the emergency of war required national, not class action. He went to war in the ranks and was shredded by a shrapnel in a hundred wounds. Eight years later he was saying that emergencies of peace may also require national action, and the unity rather than the conflict, often useless, of classes, and that peace may require the same service which is given in war time. This was the man who told the people that facts made theories and not theories facts.

This man in my library chair, boring into my intentions with his luminous eyes, was the Mussolini who only three years before had run for deputy of parliament in his own Milan and had been defeated by Turati by a plurality of twenty to one. Later he was elected to the Chamber. This was the man who, I had been told, had been arrested only a few weeks before for going into barracks disguised as a soldier to spread Fascisti doctrine.

We took time for acquaintance. We walked in for tea with my wife. We laughed together about various phases of European politics. Mussolini tears the cover off all pretenses; it is his foremost characteristic. Veneer is nothing; he rips it away and looks at the wood. We got on.

Finally he turned to me and said, "What do you want to know?"

"I want to know what your program is."

"What we are going to do? We are assembling a national congress at Naples," he said.

He tore off the cover again. He discussed the power of the Fascisti and its limitations. Nothing can ever convince me that at this moment he was seriously planning a march on Rome, even though it was a possible venture. He was too interested in the possibility of having a Fascisti government by obtaining a majority of the portfolios in the ministry.

I asked him if he would occupy one. He shook his head.

"No, I would have more power outside the government."

After a moment he asked me how an American would view the policy of trying to get a Fascisti government which would have only the majority of portfolios; which would hold no control of parliament and necessarily be less skilled in the old-line political tricking.

I said, "The greatest man I have ever worked with would have said, 'Where there is no necessity, do not compromise; when there is a principle, hew to the line!'"

He leaped up; there was a long silence, while he paced up and down, thinking.

"Well," I said, "what is the Fascisti program? It is easier to snatch the tiller than it is to steer the boat."

He nodded as he does, vehemently, a quick, silent assent, which I have learned is better than most sealed documents.

"Program?" he said. "My program is work, discipline, unity." He shot another look at me and saw that I was doubtful about vague slogans. He said with tremendous conviction, "Programs are endless. It is the organization—it is men. It is action, not talk—it is men!"

He might well have said leadership—courageous, fearless leadership. I had been sent by my Government to the Conference of Genoa, and later I went as the chief United States delegate to the Conference of Lausanne. I was thrown into close contact with the statesmen of more nations than have ever come around conference tables before. And I used to wonder what was the matter. Somehow everything went along the road of feeble panic. Somehow almost everyone was looking back over his shoulder at the people at home, fearing to displease the least one of them. Somehow faith was pinned on writings and words, and all the time during twenty-one weeks of conferences I could feel a hunger all over the world. I knew finally that it was the hunger for leadership.

When Mussolini left me that day there was the beginning of an understanding between us. I do not believe that he foresaw then the strangest entry into a besieged capital which the world has ever known, or that he planned it. Circumstances neither of us could know or weigh drove events faster and into a new path.

I watched Mussolini go down the red-carpeted stairs. He turned and waved his hand.

The next time I saw him, not many days later, he came into my embassy office. He held out his hand and smiled. Rome had been taken. He was the Premier of Italy.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Mr Child about Mussolini. Open the Gates, a narrative of personal observation of the taking of Rome, will be the second of this series.

ON THE ROAD

(Continued from Page 36)

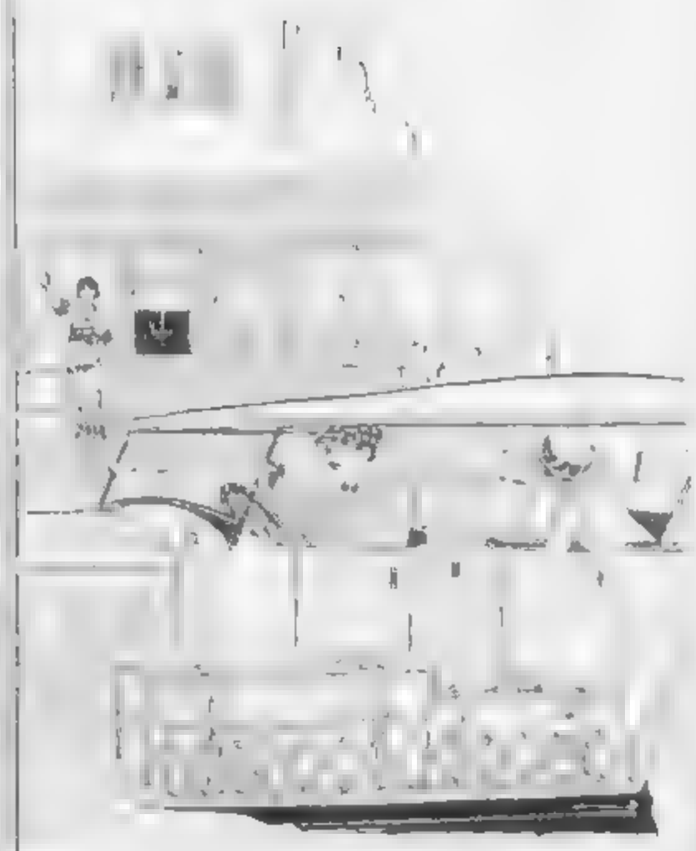
must be some catch to my offer: but I told themjust to go ahead and try me out, and if they didn't think I was good for any engagement I might make they could send a committee down to the bank and find out. The upshot of it was that they decided to try me out; and for two years now I have been unofficial secretary of the farmers' coöperative society on a salary of nothing a year and supplying the members with their feed and fertilizer at exactly the same prices that are quoted by any other coöp in the state.

"Of course, I make a little something out of it or I couldn't afford to do it. The coöperatives can't distribute stuff to their members at the exact price charged by the mill or factory, for the simple reason that when you go into business of any kind there are certain expenses that you can't escape no matter how you figure. Somebody has got to write the letters; to watch out that the railroad delivers the stuff when it is needed; to collect the money and remit it to the manufacturer.

"Of course these expenses have to be added to the price the farmer pays his coöperative, and that is where my profit comes in. I can do the work cheap because I am already in business and equipped to do just that sort of thing. When we first started it some of the farmers thought because they were getting their stuff at my place they could do business along old-style lines—come after it when it suited their convenience or tell me to charge it. But when they did that I told them it was not the coöperative way; if they expected coöperative prices they would have to do their part, which was to come after their purchases within three days after the arrival of the car, and also to lay down the cash when they loaded it on their wagons.

"After the thing had been going a while I made some rules to fit these cases. For instance, if a farmer orders a ton of feed, and is short of cash when the car arrives, I let him owe me for it, charging him a dollar a ton extra and bank interest if the account runs more than thirty days."

By this time the boys had checked up on the merchant's stock of feed which he kept on hand for customers who do not buy through the coöperative. The star salesman signed up an order for a carload to be shipped in two weeks. The last I saw of him he was sitting on a baggage truck on the station platform reading a cow-feed journal, pursuing the rollicking, carefree life of a traveling man.



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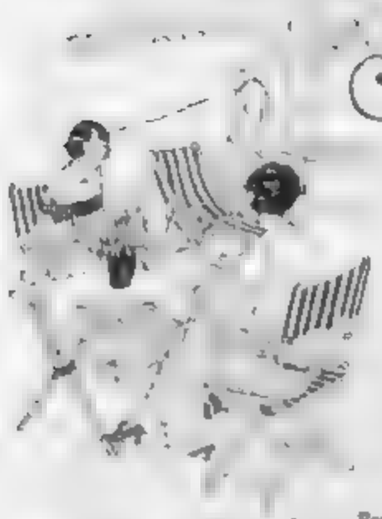

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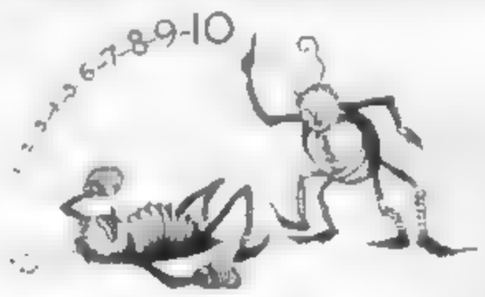

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TYRANT—WOMAN

(Continued from Page 13)

"Very well, dear—thank you," said Mrs. Maynard, "for the use of my own car."

His face flushed darkly and he kicked at pebbles.

"Gosh! A person don't know what really belongs to him in this house!"

"Doesn't, Johnny. And don't kick up the gravel like that," she replied, driving away in the elderly coupé, whose deliberate and serene movements accorded so well with her own.

The thoroughly sanitary market at which Mrs. Maynard was accustomed to shop every morning was crowded when she arrived there half an hour past her usual time.

"You're late this mornin', ma'am," was the greeting of her favorite vegetable man when she came to his stall.

Mrs. Maynard cast a critical and practiced eye over his wares, greeting him pleasantly.

"I'll take a couple of nice, large, fresh cauliflowers, Mr. Pryor," she announced "Let me see them, please"

He scratched his head.

"Well now, Mrs. Maynard," he confessed, "I can't let you see none because I ain't got none."

"You haven't any—cauliflowers!"

Her accents held incredulous horror.

"Sold out," he replied. "Sorry."

"You have sold all your cauliflowers, Mr. Pryor, before I got here?"

"Why, yes, ma'am. Sorry."

"Don't you think, Mr. Pryor"—her tone took on an added shade of dignity—"that for an old customer ——"

"But, Mrs. Maynard, I didn' know you wanted cauliflowers. You didn' telephone or nothin'"

"I never telephone my orders. You know that."

"Yes, ma'am. But how was I to know you wanted cauliflowers?"

'Mr. Pryor, kindly don't take that tone with me."

"What tone?" he cried, aggrieved. "I only said how was I to know you wanted cauliflowers—an' how was I? I don' know what you're talkin' about, Mis' Maynard, I don', reely. I ain't used no tone excep' to say what any man in a free country's got a right to say ——"

"That will do, Mr. Pryor," Mrs. Maynard cut him short magnificently. "Please don't trouble yourself any further on my account. There are other vegetable stalls in the market."

And she passed serenely down the aisle, ignoring his expostulations. However, she found no cauliflowers worthy of the Maynard table, so naturally she felt a reaction against the rebellious daughter who had upset her schedule.

"I'll just run in to Clara's a minute," Mrs. Maynard decided as she got into the coupé with her bundles. "She's such a comfort after Dorcas, though of course I love all my children equally."

The smell of moth balls and Clara's rather shrill telephone voice greeted Mrs. Maynard as she entered her daughter's house, which, like her own, glittered with white enamel, and constantly renewed varnish, and highly waxed floors, and sparkling window-panes.

"No, Billy!" Clara was saying as her mother came in. "No, indeed. It's out of the question. Well, just don't bring them, that's all!"

She hung up the receiver and turned a flushed, irritated face toward her mother.

"Billy does provoke me so!" she cried. "Wanting to bring people home to dinner in the midst of spring cleaning!"

Mrs. Maynard sat down calmly and took off her gloves, sweeping her practiced eye over the room, which was heaped with winter clothing and furs.

"Putting your things into moth balls, Clara?" she approved. "That's right. I always start with the clothes closets."

"Aren't men too irritating, mother?" exclaimed Clara. "The way they always say, 'Oh, don't take any trouble; just make it a little home dinner!' Honestly, haven't they got any sense at all?"

"No, they are perfect babies," replied Mrs. Maynard soothingly, "and we have to take care of them. But, Clara, if I were you I wouldn't speak to Billy that way. I always let daddy think he's master in his own house. Men like it, you know. And after all, it's just a little bit of harmless flattery."

"I don't care what they like!" cried Clara. "They'd like to make slaves of us if we'd let them. Here I am, with only two servants besides the nurse, and baby, and spring cleaning, and he wants to bring friends home from the office! You wouldn't care so much if it was anyone of any importance—but those bachelor chums of his! They'll never amount to anything."

"No man amounts to anything without a good woman to help him," said Mrs. Maynard complacently. "But you ought to be sweet to Billy, Clara. It always pays to be tactful."

"You'd think he might appreciate my making his home so pleasant for him," complained Clara. "Besides, those friends of his aren't a good influence. All day Sunday playing golf with them, when I want him to drive the car! As I tell him, if we can't afford a chauffeur, he might at least ——"

"Yes, Clara, dear, of course you are right. But don't quarrel with Billy. It only makes them stubborn. Just be sweet and patient. You know, in the end, dear, the dripping of little drops of water can wear away the hardest stone."

"Oh, dad never was the problem Billy is, mother! You had an easy time."

Mrs. Maynard cast her eyes heavenward.

"That's all you know about it," she retorted gayly. "Why, daddy used to have some of the craziest notions! He actually objected to my going through his wardrobe and bureau!"

"No! Why?"

"Said he had no privacy." She gave her indulgent laugh. "'All right,' I said, 'if you want privacy for your socks and shirts, then you'll have to do without having them mended.'"

"Will you stay to lunch, mother?"

"Oh, dear, no! I'm not eating lunch nowadays. See, I've lost five pounds! I'll just get a cup of tea at grandfather's. I've got to run over there, anyway, and see how that new maid I sent him is doing. He wouldn't know if she never dusted."

Mrs. Maynard's father, called grandfather ever since her children's infancy, was one of those tall, ruddy, stalwart old men, with white waving hair and beard, who seem to have come straight out of the Bible. His fine, sensitive face had grown more and more beautiful with age, until at seventy-five he was far handsomer than in his youth; a distinguished, an impressive figure, as he sat at the luncheon table in his small sun-filled apartment. And though he was quite alone, there was nothing pathetic about his solitary old age. In fact, he seemed both supremely well and happy. In front of him, on the table, was a large, luscious Boston cream pie; and the happy old man was just about to help himself to a slice of it when Mrs. Maynard entered his living room after a very perfunctory ring at his bell.

"Oh, so it's you, Irma!" exclaimed the polite old gentleman, rising to greet his daughter with a kiss and a show of enthusiasm. "Won't you join me?"

Mrs. Maynard saw the pie.

"Grandfather!" she exclaimed in horror.

"Yes, dear?"

"Pie!"

"Yes; isn't it a nice one?" he replied, beaming. "That girl you sent me is excellent—excellent. Thank you so much."

"But, grandfather, you mustn't eat pie!"

"No? Not eat it?" he faltered.

"Certainly not!"

Mrs. Maynard rose and seized the pie firmly. He watched her, dismayed, as she marched toward the kitchen. Her voice could be heard lecturing the servant.

"This is not the proper sort of food for my father. You must not give him desserts for luncheon—be more careful of his diet in the future."

She marched back. He had drooped at the table.

"You ought to be put in a corner, you bad little boy," she admonished playfully. "You know you aren't to have sweets, grandfather."

"I'm perfectly well, Irma," he pleaded.

"Yes, I know; but you were seventy-five years old your last birthday."

He made a slight grimace of distaste.

"So I am told," he sighed.

"I wish you would come and live with us, grandfather," she said. "Then I could take care of you properly."

Alarm crossed his eyes. He spoke hastily.

"No, Irma, thank you; thank you very much. But—your mother—took such good care of me ——"

His eyes went fondly about his solitary domain.

"You see, I've got a lot of room here for my books and things," he explained; "now I mean, that I'm alone. I can spread things out and know they won't be disturbed."

"Why, grandfather! Do you mean I'd disturb you?"

She was terribly hurt.

"No, no, dear," he hastened to say. "But I'd be in your way. Besides, the girl you sent me is so very nice. She never bothers anything."

"I knew it!" cried Mrs. Maynard, jumping up and running her finger over the surface of a table. Then, quite mechanically, almost unconsciously, she began straightening a pile of miscellaneous objects that lay there.

He rose apprehensively, almost trembling.

"Irma!" he exclaimed. "Please don't touch anything there!"

She turned around, hot color in her cheeks.

"Why, grandfather! As if I were meddling!" she reproached. Then, her indignation mounting at his ingratitude—"You act as if you had a guilty conscience, really!"

He hung his head like a child found out.

"It's only my butterflies," he mumbled. "Collecting—of course I know it's silly "

"I'm afraid poor father is in his dotage," Mrs. Maynard told a friend who was passing as she got into her coupé. "Or else dear mother's death unbalanced him."

"Every man needs a woman to take care of him," agreed the friend.

"A good woman," amended Mrs. Maynard, fussing with the brakes until her friend was out of sight, for she did not want anyone to guess where she was going.

There was one street down which Mrs. Maynard never drove. It was the unfashionable, the out-of-the-way and badly paved street on which her son Christopher lived. Mrs. Maynard had not been near it for a year, but now she turned her coupé in that direction, for she had made up her mind at last to forgive Christopher for his marriage.

Kit, as he was nicknamed by the family, had always held a peculiar place in his mother's heart. Of course it was not that she loved Kit more than the other children, but somehow differently. It was impossible for anyone to feel toward Kit just as one felt toward other people. You loved him or you hated him—or both. Yes, even Mrs. Maynard admitted that sometimes she had hated Kit.

"Not my son, but his behavior," she would amend, wishing to believe this was true.

She always spoke of "poor Kit's unfortunate marriage," and her friends had taken up the phrase, though, as a matter of fact, none of them had met Kit's wife. Not that there had been a vulgar quarrel or a definite break between the Maynards Senior and Junior. Kit had dutifully brought his wife to meet his parents—after he had most undutifully married her, quite without asking permission. And they had been polite to her, though of course she must have known of their disapproval. But there the relations ceased.

"I don't see why I should go to them," Mrs. Maynard would stubbornly repeat. "Kit knows they are welcome here at any time. It's for him to make the advances, I think, after his behavior."

"But, Irma," George would plead, "after all—his wife—a stranger here. Oughtn't you to invite them?"

"What do you want me to do—give a coming-out party for my—my very undesirable daughter-in-law? Advertise poor Kit's unfortunate marriage to all my friends?"

And Mrs. Maynard's lips would tighten. At the very remembrance of her daughter-in-law's face a curious thrill of hate would quiver in her heart. Strange, almost like the hate she felt for Kit—that is, for Kit's behavior.

But when spring came round again an ache to see her son Christopher overcame Mrs. Maynard, and a desire to do her duty and to forgive, and to see what sort of house Kit had, and how he was being taken care of. And so Mrs. Maynard knocked at the door of his very old house that afternoon—there was no bell—and as soon as she was inside she knew Kit was not being taken care of at all. Not that the hall seemed dirty, in fact it was as clean as so old a place could ever be without repainting. But

"Where is Mrs. Maynard?" asked Mrs. Maynard of the small black maid, who seemed struck dumb with surprise at a caller.

The maid rolled her eyes in the direction of the narrow, steep staircase and mumbled incoherently:

"Gittin' hay wash'. Gup'n tell huh?"

"Never mind," replied Mrs. Maynard. "I'll go right up. You run along back to your kitchen. I'm sure you've plenty to do there."

And she began the ascent of the stairs, calling out as cheerily and matter-of-factly as possible.

"Leonora! Le-o-no-ra!" For it seemed less embarrassing to pretend that this was not the first visit.

A tall woman came out into the upper hall, and as she bent over the staircase well, her long, straight hair fell in a dark, soft cloud about her. And her face, looking down, was like that of the Blessed Damozel. Yes, she was beautiful—even a mother-in-law must admit that. She gave one a strange ache like spring—love and hate and regret curiously mingled.

"I hope you don't mind my just dropping in like this," said Mrs. Maynard, reaching the head of the stairs. "I've wanted to come before, but I—well " She broke off, confused under her daughter-in-law's steady, dark eyes. "So this is Christopher's house!"

"Yes, this is our house," said Leonora. "Won't you come into my room? I was having my hair done, and a manicure."

Her voice, slow and sweet, was perfectly composed, and she smiled very slightly and led the way

Like so many old houses, this was narrow, with only two rooms on a floor, one at the front and one at the back. Leonora's boudoir, the front room on the second floor, was large, high-ceilinged, with bunches of plaster fruit, two enormous mirrors set into the wall, a marble mantel, violet satin curtains at the long windows, and a faded blue sofa. Mrs. Maynard looked about doubtfully.

"Won't you take this chair?" asked Leonora. "It's nice, isn't it? We bought it at an auction. Please excuse me for one moment."

She moved swiftly, with smooth, flowing grace, toward a door, and spoke to someone in the next room; and there was an answering murmur and the clink of silver coins.

Leonora came back and sat on the sofa, pinning up her hair, which seemed to fall naturally in the right lines about her oval, creamy face—Italian in suggestion.

"I sent the girl away who washed my hair," she explained. "Pardon my appearance."

A soft robe of violet satin was wrapped about her tall, splendid body, which rippled when she moved with a pantherish grace.

"You look all right, I'm sure," Mrs. Maynard said stiffly, vaguely offended by the beauty of her daughter-in-law's body.

"Do you like this house?" asked Mrs. Maynard.

"Oh, very much! Kit and I were so happy when we found it."

"But it must be—rather inconvenient, isn't it?"

"Inconvenient? But we so seldom go anywhere."

"No, I meant inconvenient for housekeeping."

"Oh, well ——" She laughed. There was just the faintest trace of a foreign flavor in her voice. "Azalie attends to that."

"Who?"

"The little colored girl you saw downstairs. She is most amusing. Not a very good cook, but sympathetic. We like her."

"I'd rather my cooks could cook," replied Mrs. Maynard dryly.

"Yes? Kit has told me what a splendid housekeeper you are."

"He has!" cried his mother joyously.

"Oh, yes." Leonora smiled strangely.

"I wonder if I could see my son's—your house—all of it?"

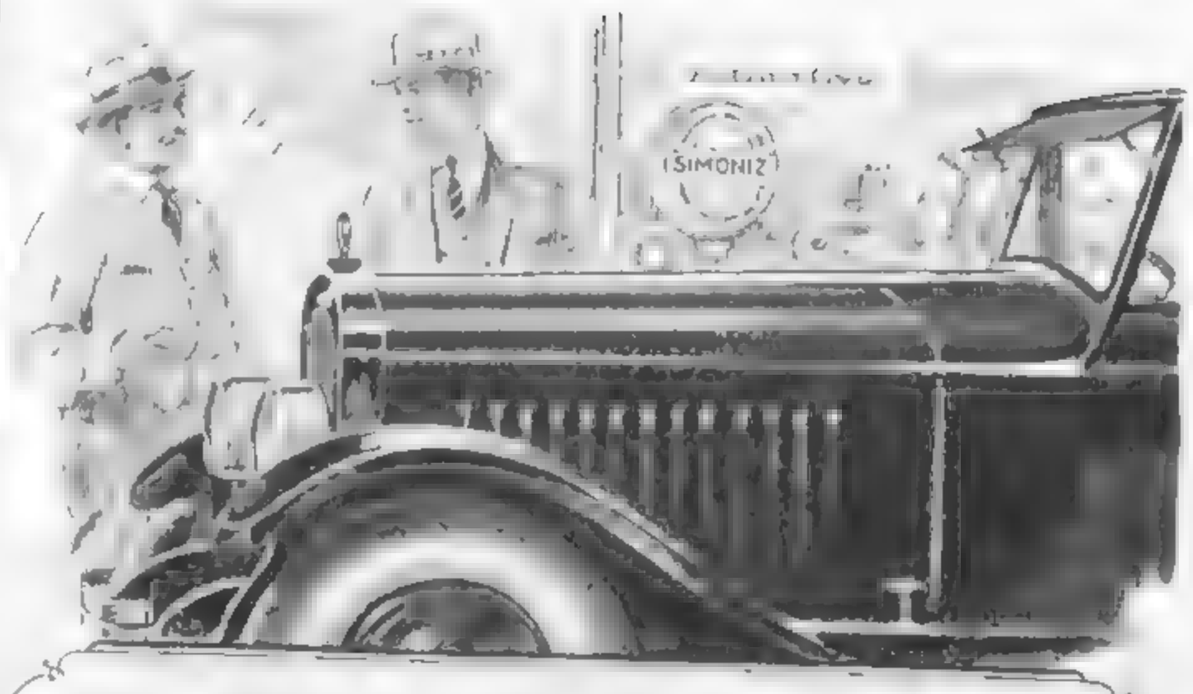
"Oh, certainly, with pleasure. We think it is beautiful. And we had such fun finding things for it—the right things. And without any money!"

She laughed. Mrs. Maynard looked distressed.

"Isn't poor Kit doing—any better?" she asked in a low, shamed tone.

"But he is doing splendidly!" cried Leonora.

"Making money? Really?"



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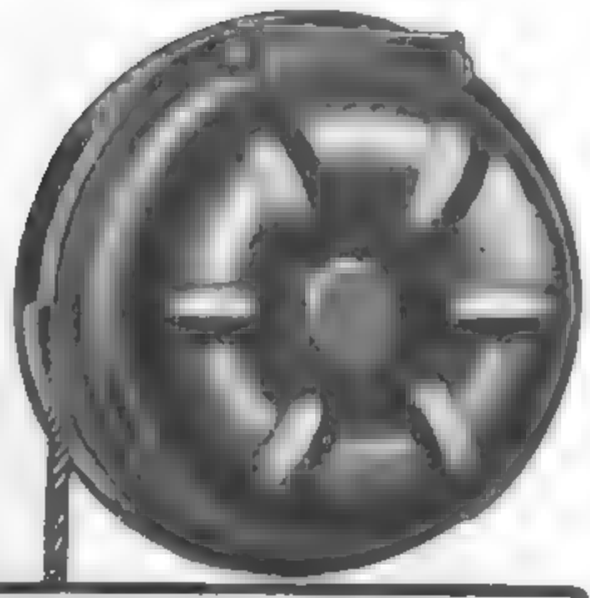

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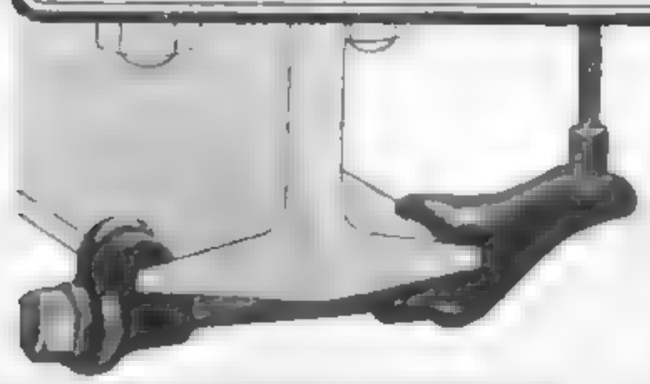

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"Oh, no—no money. But he is so happy."

"Yes, of course," said Mrs. Maynard grudgingly.

"In his work, I mean," said Leonora.

"If he should want to come back with his father, into his father's business again, you know ——"

"Oh, no! No! Never! Impossible!" Mrs. Maynard drew back offended.

"If he isn't making any money ——" she began stiffly.

"We need so little," his wife pleaded. "And it was torture for Kit there—in that business."

"Torture? Isn't that word a little strong?"

Mrs. Maynard's brows went up.

"No—but you see—with Kit," said his wife, "everything is different with Kit!"

"Yes, I know. I'm his mother. You don't need to explain Christopher to me."

"I'm so glad you do understand."

"Naturally I understand my own son." Leonora looked at her doubtfully.

"But I know it was a great mistake for Kit to leave his father's business," continued Mrs. Maynard, "and try to set out for himself. Why he ever thought he could make a success as an architect —— If he hadn't gone to New York to study architecture ——"

"—— he would never have met me," said Leonora calmly.

The eyes of the two women met and held.

"I know how you feel," said Leonora gently. "I am older than Kit, and I was divorced, and an actress. I know how you must feel. But—Kit wanted me; and of course I wanted Kit. Who could help wanting him?"

"It's just that—you're so different," said Mrs. Maynard. "You and Kit—so—different."

"No; we are very much alike."

"I mean—in the—circumstances of your lives—your upbringing."

"No; for I, too, was brought up most conventionally."

"Really? Is that true?"

"You see, I was very poor when Kit met me," said Leonora. "I had to make my living somehow, and as there was no kind of work I knew how to do —— Well, like so many other women, I thought I might be an actress. But I was a very bad one—if that will excuse me."

"But your husband ——"

"I was already divorced when I met Kit."

"Surely, though, your husband must have ——"

"Oh, please, don't speak of him! No! I wouldn't take money from him! Please don't let's speak of him!"

"I am not asking you to tell me anything that you do not wish to tell, of course," replied Mrs. Maynard with dignity.

"It is just that I want to forget entirely—that part of my life," said Leonora. "It was—unspeakable! I am sure you would not wish to hear of it."

"No, of course not," replied Mrs. Maynard with a gleam of disappointment in her eyes—the disappointment of the good woman who can know evil only vicariously.

"And now let me show you the house," said Leonora.

She led the way downstairs, explaining, seemingly unaware of her caller's increasing stiffness and unresponsiveness.

"This is the drawing-room," said Leonora of an utterly bare room on the first floor. "That is, it will be the drawing-room when we can buy some furniture for it. And the dining room back of it, and kitchen. Would you like to see the kitchen?"

"Please," said Mrs. Maynard firmly.

Leonora opened the door and they looked into a large old room, where the colored girl was languidly pushing a mop over the worn floor boards.

"Oughtn't you to have linoleum?" asked Mrs. Maynard. "And I'd paint all that old woodwork white."

"Perhaps we shall get around to it some day," agreed Leonora carelessly.

"My kitchen requirements come first when I'm planning expenses," said Mrs. Maynard, studying with disapproval the scanty array of saucepans. "Azalie"—she addressed the girl directly—"if you'd get down on your hands and knees, with a good stiff scrubbing brush ——"

The girl rolled her eyes resentfully and Leonora interrupted

"Do come and see our funny bathroom!"

Mrs. Maynard stared at her daughter-in-law.

"Funny?" she echoed feebly.

"You see, it must have been added later," Leonora explained. "This is a very old house, of course. One has to go downstairs—it is most inconvenient." Her tone was quite cheerful. "And the tub is tin, with flakes of enamel peeling off—it is quite a test of courage to bathe—like lying among pins and needles."

She laughed gayly.

Mrs. Maynard stopped short in the hall.

"And yet you have silk curtains, and a manicurist!" she could not help exclaiming.

Leonora looked puzzled.

"Don't you think it is extravagant to pay a girl to do your hair and nails when you can't afford a new bathtub?" asked her mother-in-law bluntly.

"Perhaps it is," agreed Leonora amiably. "But, you see, I must look nice for Kit; tonight especially, because this is our anniversary."

"Oh!" said Kit's mother. "I didn't know—I'd forgotten—yes, it is just a year."

And her face set, hard and cold, at the remembrance of Kit's disobedience.

Leonora was leading the way upstairs. She turned a face radiant with happiness.

"It was nice that you came on our anniversary," she said. "Now I'll let you look in at Kit's quarters."

"Kit's quarters?"

"Yes, he is on the third floor. You have seen my rooms on the second."

"Do you mean to say ——"

"Kit has his workroom and his bedroom on the third floor—there are just two rooms to each floor, you see. It is nicely arranged, isn't it?"

They were climbing the last flight of stairs. Leonora opened a door, only a very little way.

"I'll just let you have a peep," she promised.

Mrs. Maynard looked over her daughter-in-law's shoulder into a large room with a studio window, furnished with chairs and a long table, cluttered with books and papers and drawing boards and architectural models.

"It's fascinating, isn't it?" whispered Leonora. "I wish Kit were here to show you everything."

"I might look about for myself," suggested Mrs. Maynard dryly, "if I were allowed to."

She took a step forward.

"Oh, no! We mustn't go inside!" exclaimed Leonora.

"There isn't anything secret about Kit's work, is there?" retorted Mrs. Maynard sharply.

"It's just that I never disturb ——"

"My dear Leonora, you surely don't think I shall disturb any of his little toy villages!"

Mrs. Maynard gave her indulgent laugh.

"I am sorry," said Leonora firmly. "But I never go into Kit's rooms unless he asks me."

She closed the door.

"Then may I ask who cleans my son's rooms?" said Mrs. Maynard, her voice quivering with suppressed anger.

"Azalie, if Kit wants her to; but he usually prefers to take care of them himself."

"Himself? A man!"

"Why not—if that pleases him?"

"Because they can't be kept properly."

"But if Kit prefers privacy, with a little dust, to immaculate rooms without any privacy?" asked Leonora, smiling.

Mrs. Maynard faced her daughter-in-law at the head of the stairs, her anger no longer suppressed.

"Are you trying to insinuate, Leonora, that Christopher had no privacy in my house?"

"Perhaps Kit is more than ordinarily sensitive," murmured Leonora. "But even so, I like to respect his wishes. What harm is there in letting him have his way even if it is not quite the way of other people—your way?"

"You think there is no harm in spoiling Christopher like that?"

"Spoiling him?"

"Giving in to all his whims!" cried his mother indignantly. "He always had them—even as a child. What if I had given in to all his absurd little notions? I—I don't imagine! ——"

"No," said Leonora, looking directly at her. "Kit has told me."

"Kit has told you what?"

"About his childhood."

"What about it?"

(Continued on Page 164)

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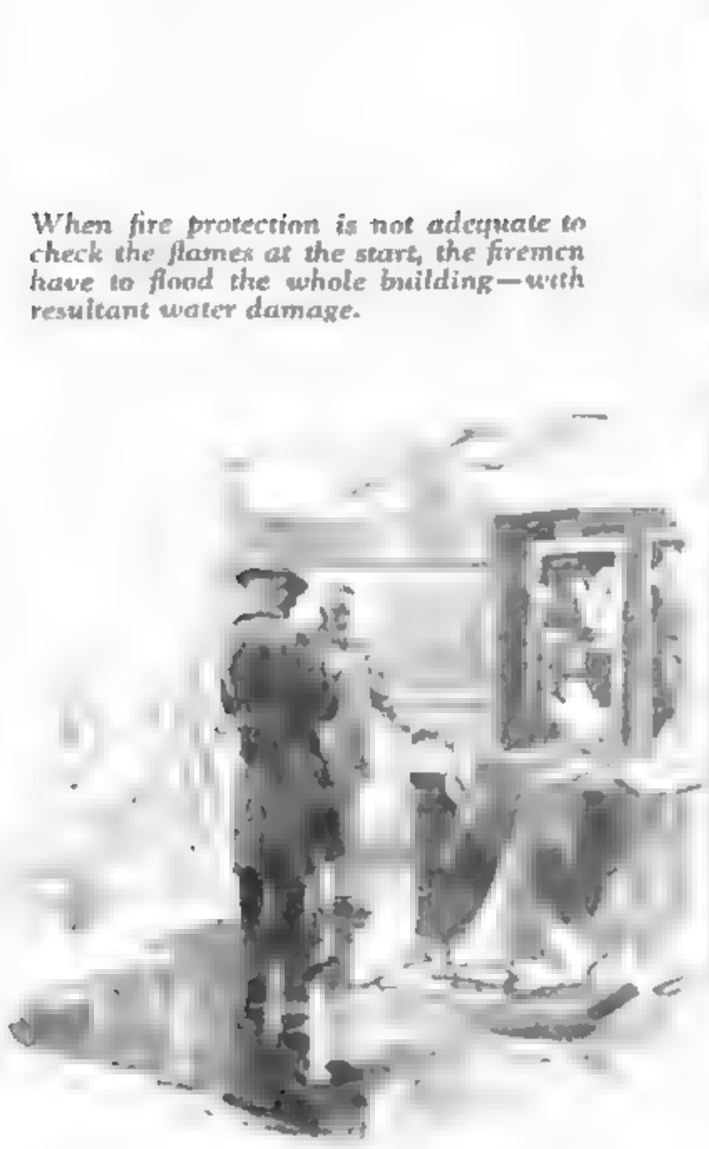

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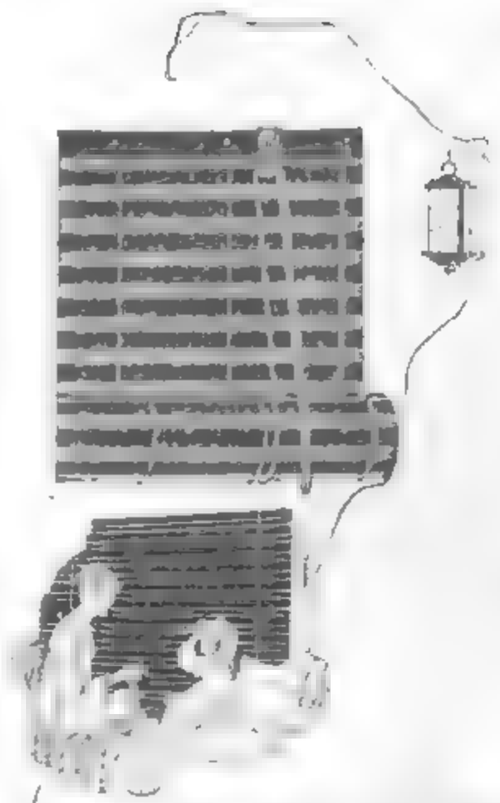

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(Continued from Page 162)

"Some things that I had rather not repeat," said Leonora steadily.

Mrs. Maynard trembled with anger.

"I shall have to demand an explanation of that statement, Leonora."

"Please, let's not speak of it," said Leonora. "I am sorry. Come downstairs into my room, won't you, and Azalie will bring us some tea?"

"I don't want any tea, and I can't stay," replied Mrs. Maynard. "But before I go, I must have an explanation of your most extraordinary statements."

"What were they—my extraordinary statements?"

"That Christopher—my own son Christopher—had an unhappy childhood!"

"I am sorry to have implied that."

"So I am to learn, after all these years, that I was a bad mother—that I mistreated my own children!"

"Kit was different. I am sure he was a most difficult child."

"You don't need to tell me that. I suppose you will admit I know more about Kit as a child than you could. Just tell me what he said!"

Leonora was silent.

"I suppose," flung out Kit's mother defiantly, "it was all about that time I broke his foolish little plaster cathedral because he was wasting time on that when I'd told him to study! Well, I am glad I did it! You can tell him that from me."

"No, I shall not tell Kit that," said Leonora quietly.

"I did what was right! Spoiling children isn't being a good mother to them. I'd rather know I'd done my duty than have people love me. You tell Kit that. But how unmanly of him to cherish a grudge against me after all these years! And over a foolish little toy too! Besides, I was right!"

When Mrs. Maynard reached the front door, after her angry, hurried descent of the stairs, something seemed to be pulling her back.

It was not Leonora's protesting voice; it was not even the thought of Kit. Perhaps it was the sadly thwarted impulse to be generous and forgiving which had sent Mrs. Maynard to her son's house that afternoon. But at any rate, she turned back. She faced the pale, distressed Leonora, still repeating apologies, and she made a magnificent gesture.

"Come to dinner," ordered Mrs. Maynard grandly.

"To—dinner?" stammered Leonora, completely surprised.

"You and Kit. Come to our house tonight. It's your anniversary. We'll let bygones be bygones."

She waited, dramatically, for the shower of gratitude which should have followed such magnanimity. But, instead, Leonora's face held a strange, blank expression, strikingly like dismay.

The dramatic moment passed, fell flat.

"Thank you," stammered Leonora at last. "I—I'll ask Kit."

"Ask—Kit?"

Mrs. Maynard's brows went up.

"We were planning to go to a restaurant, you see."

"To a restaurant! On your wedding anniversary!" Mrs. Maynard's tones held horror.

"It's quite a good one," Leonora explained. "With music. Kit likes it."

"But—on your wedding anniversary! You two poor children! You shall come to me," decided Mrs. Maynard firmly.

The strained, uncomfortable meal was over at last—— "Thank God!" whispered Dorkie to John. Kit, who had sat in frigid semi-silence; Leonora, with her beautiful, unhappy face and her desperate attempts at gayety; poor dad, who in trying to smooth things over had only succeeded in getting snubbed by mother; grandfather, with his fine, quiet way of pretending to see nothing, his withdrawn, tolerant smile; Billy and Clara, who had prattled obliviously of their house and child—all went into the drawing-room.

Mrs. Maynard, quite flushed, her eyes gleaming triumphantly, detained her sister Dorcas with a hand on her arm.

"Well, Dorcas," she said, "quite a success, wasn't it?"

"The food was excellent," replied Aunt Dorcas in her precise, clear tones. "Those were the first strawberries I've had this season—and fresh asparagus too. But you always have the best of everything on your table, sister."

"No, I meant the party!" exclaimed Mrs. Maynard impatiently. "Didn't you think everything went off well, considering ——"

"All I can say is," replied Aunt Dorcas, "and it's not sour grapes, either, I thank my stars I haven't got a husband and children."

"Why, what do you mean by that?"

"Ingratitude!" said Miss Dorcas. "Base ingratitude! Kit with his sulking! After all you've done for him! Forgiving him, taking his wife up, giving this party just for them ——"

"And on their anniversary," added Irma. Her face flushed darkly. The look of happiness had gone. "If you consider Kit ungrateful now," she cried, "I wonder what you would think if you knew all!"

"All?"

"If I told you, Dorcas, how I had simply to force them to come here tonight——"

"Why, what can you mean, sister?"

"And George!" cried Mrs. Maynard bitterly, tragically. "George has been deceiving me!"

"Not really!" gasped Miss Dorcas.

"Oh, don't be evil-minded, Dorcas! Not that, of course," said Mrs. Maynard. "But come upstairs and I'll tell you all about it."

It seems that Mrs. Maynard had rushed home eagerly that afternoon to prepare for her son's party. John had been dispatched for extra delicacies from the market; cook had been ordered to bake a sort of postponed wedding cake, with white icing and candy hearts—there had been quite a scene with cook—Dorcas had been pulled away from the piano to get out the best Italian lace tablecloth and polish the heirloom silver, which was only used on great occasions; Mrs. Maynard herself had arranged the flowers. And, after all that, a perfect scene with Christopher over the telephone!

"But wait a minute before I go into that," said Mrs. Maynard. "I want to tell you about George."

George had come home an hour earlier than usual; dashing in with an excited, youthful air and two bottles of gin from the club, which he explained he'd brought for the cocktails.

"Cocktails?" asked his wife coldly, annoyed by his youthful manner. "What cocktails?"

"But don't you want cocktails for your party?" asked George.

"And that's where I had him!" explained Irma to her sister. "For of course I asked him at once how he knew I was giving a party. And then it all came out."

"What did?"

Mrs. Maynard's face took on a look of tragedy.

"He's been seeing them all the time!" she cried.

"Seeing whom?"

"Why, Kit and Leonora!"

"Really?"

"Yes. Would you have believed it of George? Without letting me know! Worse than that really—concealing it from me—deliberately deceiving me! But he's just like a child. He can't keep a secret. And so he let it all slip with that remark about the cocktails."

"Oh!"

"For I said to him, 'How did you know I was giving a party, pray?' And then he had to confess he'd seen Leonora. He'd stopped by their house for a moment this afternoon, he said, and Kit was out; but Leonora had told him about my visit and invitation. So I said to him, 'And may I ask how many other times you've stopped at their house before this, George?' And it seems—oh, of course it took quite a long while to pry it out of him, but he finally confessed—he's been seeing them regularly ever since their marriage!"

"I consider that most disloyal of George!" said Miss Dorcas. "When you ——"

"That's exactly what I told him. 'What is the use of my forgiving Kit,' I said, 'if you have been seeing them all the time, George?' You know he always did try to break down my discipline with the children. But I never thought he would deceive me like that. As I said to him, 'A marriage with secrets is just no marriage at all!'"

"Well," remarked Miss Dorcas complacently, "thank goodness I've no one to look out for but my cat! They say cats don't love you; but at least they purr when you set down a saucer of cream. You're the best wife and mother I ever knew, Irma, and yet just look how you're treated!"

"I don't mind the self-sacrifice," sighed Mrs. Maynard, "as long as my husband

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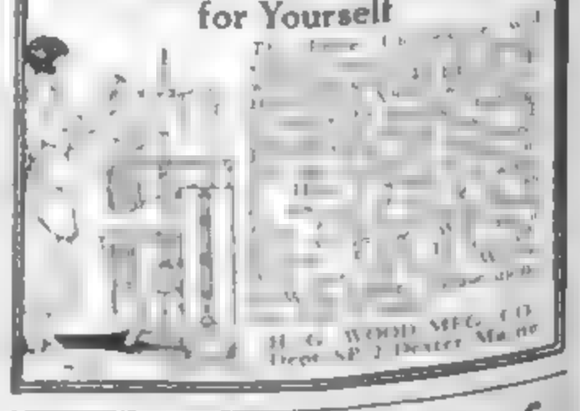

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and children need me. But that's just the trouble with Kit. He never seemed to need me as the others did. And so willful and stubborn. You simply wouldn't believe, Dorcas, the scene he made over coming here tonight!"

"And why should he make a scene about it?"

"Heaven alone knows! I shall never understand what it was all about—a tempest in a teapot! Leonora had accepted my invitation, and I'd prepared everything, as I told you; and then Kit—Kit telephones at the last moment that they aren't coming, if you please!"

"No!"

"At a quarter past five, mind you! Though the time really makes no difference—it would have been equally horrid at any hour after my goodness to Leonora. Well, he started off as pleasantly as you please—how he'd come home very late, and Leonora had just told him, and he was sorry to be so late in telephoning—all that sort of thing. I was suspicious at once. 'Well, Kit,' I said, 'never mind, since you are coming.' Then I got the truth. He didn't want to come."

"Did he say so as rudely as that?"

"Oh, no, no. There was some excuse about plans they had already made. Well, I knew what those plans were—they were only going to a restaurant. Fancy! On their wedding anniversary! How horrid! And I told him; then his voice began to freeze up—you know the way Kit's does—and he said, 'I'm very sorry, mother, but we will come some other time.'"

"Oh? Do you think perhaps Leonora ——"

"Well, I shouldn't be surprised. But of course she would hide behind Kit. However, it was Kit who had chosen to talk to me in that fashion and so it was Kit I told straight out ——" She paused dramatically.

"Yes?"

Mrs. Maynard's tones assumed oratorical proportions.

"—— that they could either come to my house tonight, or—never!"

"No? Really? You really said that to Kit?"

"Yes, and meant it too. You know how I am, Dorcas; and fortunately Kit does too. He knew I would stick to my word all the rest of my life, even if it killed me."

"So that's what made him come?"

"Well, naturally, he couldn't afford to cut himself and Leonora entirely off from his own people. I had him there, you see, and he knew it. 'You may come to my house tonight, Kit, or never!' I said. And then I could tell he was worried, because he got so very angry—you know how his voice gets colder and colder the angrier he is—and he said, 'Need we make an issue out of a trifle, mother?' And I said, 'It isn't a trifle, and I'm not making an issue. It's you who are making a simply ridiculous scene over nothing!'"

"So then he agreed?"

"No. First he said—of course he only did it to hurt me—'Has it ever occurred to you, mother,' he said, 'that Leonora and I might want to be alone tonight?' And I replied, perfectly calmly, 'Very well, Christopher, you may be alone all the rest of your lives if you choose. It's for you to decide what's best for yourself—and for Leonora.' He knew what I meant by that, of course. Leonora hasn't a friend in town, and not likely to meet anyone except through me. That brought him around. But one always had to be firm with Kit; even as a tiny child he was so fearfully headstrong."

"Well," said Miss Dorcas, "I really can't see much pleasure in having him here when he behaves so. His face like a stone, and as polite to all of us as if we were no kin to him."

"It was just the principle of the thing," explained Mrs. Maynard, who had recovered her good humor through the recital of her woes. "Of course, it didn't make any real difference whether they came tonight or some other time—I would have had just the same dinner anyway—but it was just to show Christopher—and Leonora, too, if she was back of it—that I will not consent to be treated in any such high-handed fashion."

She rose and, after a glance in her mirror, said, "Let's go down, Dorcas, or they'll think I'm angry with Kit. And I don't want to give him the satisfaction of knowing I mind his behavior. When he was a child I always ignored his naughtiness when I knew he did it just to annoy me. It's the best way. Besides, how can you expect your child to keep his temper if you lose yours?"

In the drawing-room there was a relaxed and pleasant atmosphere, with a sparkle of animation around Leonora, who was surrounded by admiring men; while Dorkie, Clara, John and the girl from next door played mah-jongg in a corner.

"Just look at George!" whispered Mrs. Maynard, pausing in the hall. "Isn't it strange what a goose a pretty woman can make of them? He shaved again after he came home, though he never needs shaving twice; and if it hadn't been for me he'd have put on his new dinner coat, just home from the tailor's. 'Your old one is quite good enough for a family party,' I told him."

She advanced into the room and joined Leonora's circle.

"Where is Kit?" asked Aunt Dorcas dryly.

"Out on the porch, smoking. He knows you don't like it in here, Irma," explained George hastily. "I think I'll join him."

Mrs. Maynard's brows went up quizzically as her husband left the room.

"Dear, dear!" she said indulgently. "These men with their sulks and tantrums! How ever do you manage, Leonora?" And she patted her daughter-in-law's hand.

Leonora looked at her gravely with her beautiful dark eyes.

"Kit and I had our first quarrel tonight," she said, and tried to smile. "On our wedding anniversary!"

"Have you heard about old Frank Satterlee, Mother Maynard?" asked Billy jovially. "We were just talking about him when you came down."

"No. What?"

"He's run away with a dancer!" crowed Billy. "Can you imagine that old boy having the courage?"

"Courage, Billy?" Mrs. Maynard's brows went up and her tone held horror. "Is courage the right word for a man who deserts his wife!"

"One can't help sympathizing with his escape, though," remarked grandfather gently.

"Why, grandfather! And Mrs. Satterlee such a good woman!"

"Yes, dear," he agreed. "She would not do a wrong thing, but she does the right things in a very unpleasant manner."

"Why, grandfather! How unlike you to invent malicious remarks about anyone!"

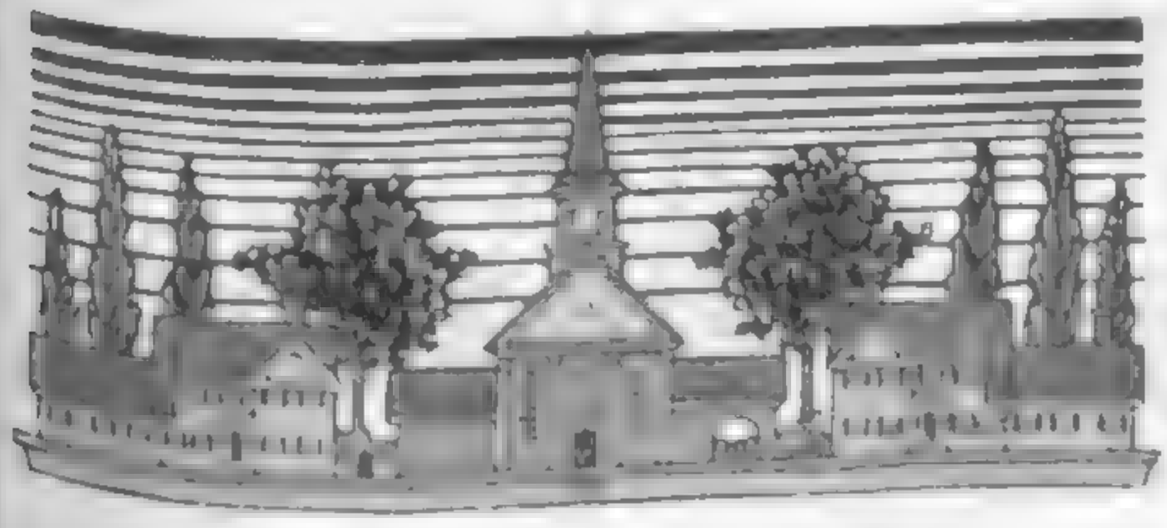
"I didn't invent, dear, I plagiarized. That was first said by Queen Montagu in the eighteenth century. It continues, however, to be apropos."

Mrs. Maynard's eyes wandered. She was not interested in bon mots of the eighteenth century.

"Dorcas," commanded her mother, "play for us, dear."

"It will break up our game," objected Dorcas.

"Never mind—there's all evening for mah-jongg. Do as your mother tells you, dear. Play something pleasant; none of your modern music, please."



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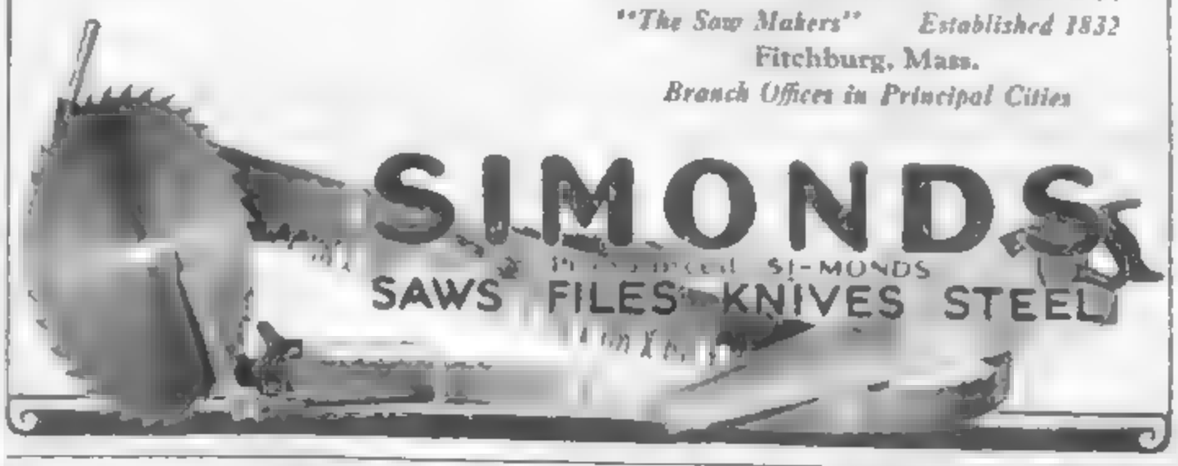

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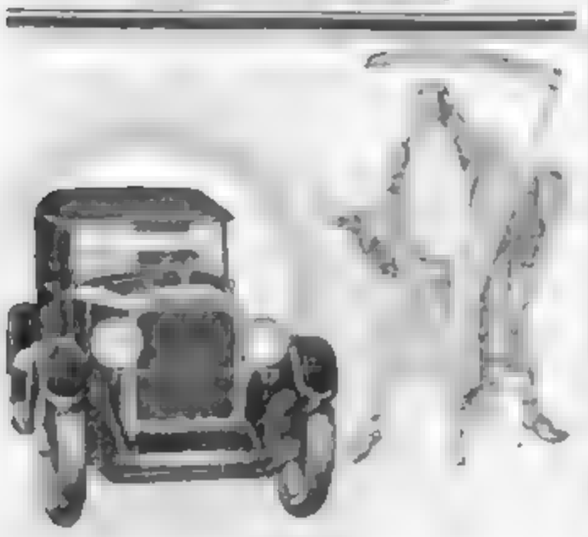

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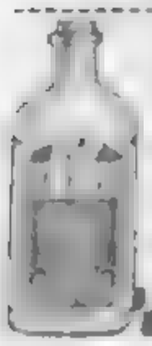

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On the porch, under cover of the music that rippled out from the drawing-room, the two men, father and son, were talking earnestly.

"I'd never have come if it hadn't been for you, dad," Kit was saying. "Ever since I was born mother has tried to hold some sort of big stick over me. And why, will you tell me—why must she always charge into one's most cherished plans and scatter them into bits? What if Leonora and I were only going to a restaurant? It's our anniversary—not hers! Why must she always manage everything for one—even one's happiness?"

"Never mind, Kit," replied his father, pulling at his pipe contentedly. "I've got a plan for you—but you don't have to take it unless you want to."

"What, dad?"

"How long could you and Leonora—I know you're not extravagant—how long could you two live in Paris on five thousand dollars?"

"Forever!" replied Kit with conviction. "If I could ever get my hands on such a fortune!"

Mr. Maynard's fingers went into his pocket, and he brought out a slip of paper which he pressed into Kit's palm.

"There it is," he whispered. "Don't tell your mother."

"What? Good Lord!"

Kit stared at the check by the light of his cigarette.

"I made it playing the stock market!" whispered Mr. Maynard excitedly.

Kit burst out laughing.

"What wouldn't mother do to you if she knew!"

"That's why I can give it to you. She doesn't know—it's velvet."

"But I say, old top, I can't take it. At first I thought you were joking."

"Oh, my God, Kit, don't be proud with me too!" groaned his father. "I've never stepped on you. Friend to friend, you know, no parent stuff—no strings attached. Use it any way you want, but I thought Paris was what ——"

"It's what I've always wanted," said Kit in a very low voice that had turned husky; "all my life."

"Then go ahead. I couldn't spend it anyway or your mother would find out. Besides, I've got everything I want," said Mr. Maynard. "Everything money can buy, I mean. And—well, I'll feel as if I were there too. You know, I've always sort of wanted to live in Paris."

The music had ceased. Dorcas rose with a flushed defiant face.

"I suppose I may stop now, mother?" she asked. "If you want any other tunes, there's the phonograph."

Mrs. Maynard elevated her brows and was about to speak, but grandfather quickly held out his hand to Dorkie.

"Come, sit by me," he coaxed. "And thank you very much, my dear, for your music."

She went to him with a softened face. There was great sympathy between them. Aunt Dorcas watched critically as her namesake snuggled up against grandfather. She exchanged glances with her sister, which seemed to say, "How sharper than a serpent's tooth ——" and so on. And then she rose briskly.

"Well," said Aunt Dorcas, "I'm afraid I must tell everyone good night. I'm sorry to run away like this, Irma, but I'd promised to attend the meeting of our Women's League before you invited me. There's to be a lecture tonight by our president, and they want a crowd. I don't suppose I could persuade any of you to go with me?" she added, looking around hopefully.

"Not me!" replied John rudely. "I get enough lectures at school."

"And at home," whispered Dorkie to grandfather.

"For shame, Johnny!" reproved his mother. "You ought to be thankful to accept your Aunt Dorcas' invitation and improve your mind. You must drive her down to the hall, anyway. What's the lecture about, sister?" she added.

"Tyrant Man," replied Aunt Dorcas, with conviction.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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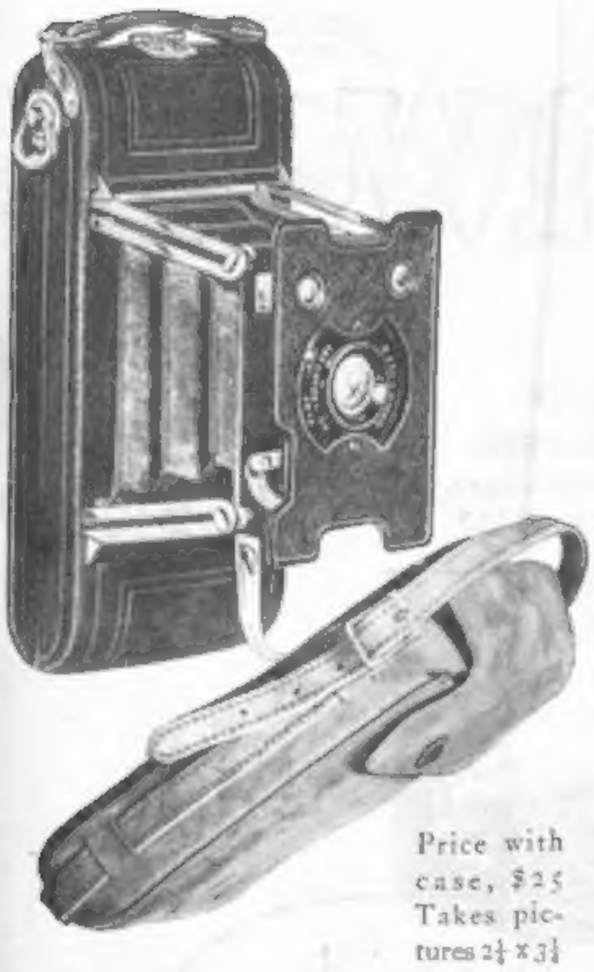

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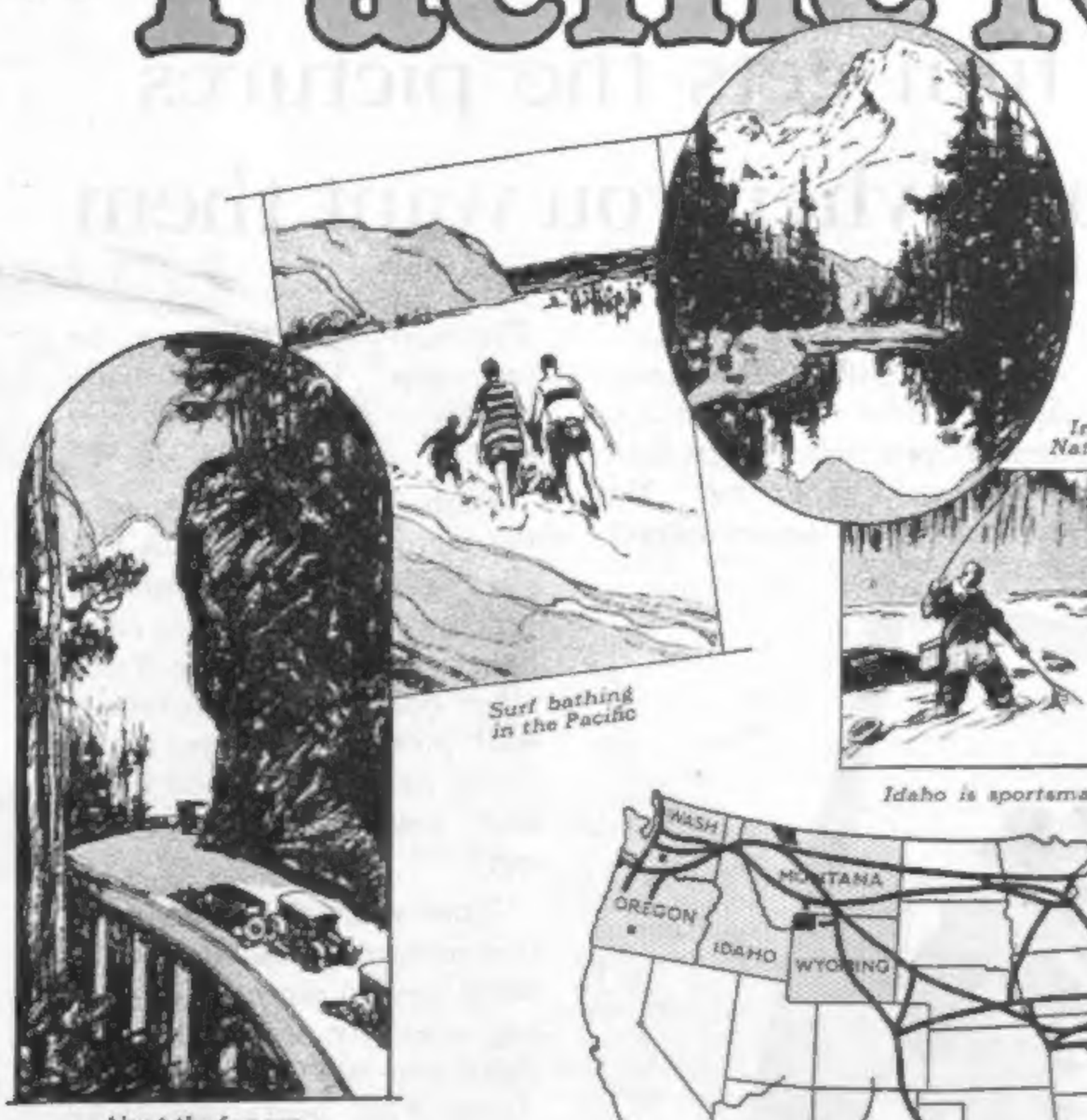

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